00043031

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 09 July, 2016

2 Ep 34
1937

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON

WITH A MEMOIR AND CRITICAL REMARKS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS

By JAMES MONTGOMERY

AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS BY JOHN THOMPSON, S. AND T. WILLIAMS, O. SMITH, J. LINTON, ETC. FROM DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

NEW EDITION.

WITH AN INDEX TO PARADISE LOST;
TODD'S VERBAL INDEX TO ALL THE POEMS;
AND A VARIORUM SELECTION OF EXPLANATORY NOTES
By HENRY G. BOHN.

IN TWO VOLS. VOL. I.

PARADISE LOST.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1861.

821.4.
mil/poe
43031

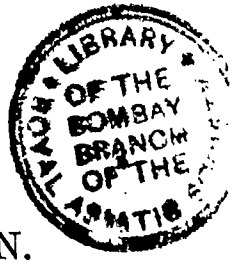
PARADISE LOST.

A Poem.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY

JOHN MILTON.



WITH A MEMOIR,
AND CRITICAL REMARKS ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS,
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY;

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS BY JOHN THOMPSON,
S. AND T. WILLIAMS, ORRIN SMITH, J. LINTON, ETC.
FROM DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

43031.

NEW EDITION.

WITH AN INDEX, AND A SELECTION OF EXPLANATORY NOTES
BY HENRY G. BOHN.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1861.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

PREFACE.

THE present edition of Milton's Poetical Works is a repetition, with additions, of that originally published by Messrs. Tilt and Bogue, in 1843, and since by Messrs. Kent and Co.

The beautiful embellishments of that edition, and the accuracy of the text, which was carefully revised by the late Mr. James Montgomery, the poet, have long since engrafted it on public favour. Nevertheless, it seemed to the present publisher to lack student-helps, and these he has now endeavoured to supply.

The additions which have consequently been made are very considerable, and amount substantially to more than one-third of the book: they consist of—

1. A selection of explanatory and critical notes to Paradise Lost, adapted to the use of students.
2. An Index of subjects to Paradise Lost.
3. Todd's Verbal Index to the whole of Milton's Poems; extending to upwards of 150 closely printed pages.

It was at first intended to add Addison's Series of Criticisms on Paradise Lost; but as these would have occupied more room than could well be spared, and are readily accessible in every edition of the Spectator,* it has been thought advisable to dispense with them here.

* See Spectator, Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369. The whole are contained in Vol. III. of Bohn's Edition of Addison's Works, published at 3s. 6d.

A minor but not unimportant improvement is the numbering of the lines in Paradise Lost and Regained, which, strange to say, had been previously omitted, and without which the Notes and Indexes would scarcely have been applicable.

With regard to the Notes, they have been selected from every available source, more especially from the Commentaries of Patrick Hume, Bishop Pearce, the Richardsons, Bishop Newton, Todd, Hawkins, Sir Egerton, Brydges, Mitford, and Prendeville ; with occasional references to the recent editions of Major and Keightley, and to Classical and Biblical Dictionaries. But no note has been adopted without duly weighing all that has been said on the subject, and scarcely one without alteration, either by way of abridgment or enlargement. For this reason, as well as to compress the matter into the smallest possible compass, authorities have rarely been annexed.

The Index of subjects to Paradise Lost is common to several editions; but Todd's Verbal Index to the whole poems, which accompanies our Second Volume, may fairly be adduced as a remarkable feature, inasmuch as it has not been given (on account of the expense of printing) in any edition of Todd's Milton since 1809, when it first appeared in its present comprehensive form.

Notwithstanding these material additions, the book is now published at considerably less than half its former price, and will, it is hoped, find sufficient favour with the public to reimburse the labour and expense bestowed upon it.

HENRY G. BOHN.

March 28th, 1861.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN MILTON,

WITH STRICTURES ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS.

LITTLE more than a brief memoir, and a few strictures on the principal poems of the Author of "Paradise Lost," can be attempted here.

JOHN MILTON was born December 6th, 1608, in London. His father was a scrivener in large practice, and his mother a lady from Wales. Of them he has left this testimony in reference to his own origin:—"Born in London, of honourable parentage, my father a man of the highest integrity, my mother of most virtuous character, and especially distinguished throughout the neighbourhood for her charities." His father, besides possessing a fine taste in literature, excelled in music, "equalling in science, if not in genius, the best composers of the age." His talents are gracefully recorded in the Latin verses addressed to him by his greater son, who, in after life, however he may have disappointed certain paternal hopes of his advancement, through the law or the church, abundantly compensated for this by his transcendent excellence in the highest of the polite arts.

Successively, under the roof of his parents, afterwards at St. Paul's School, and in due course at the University of Cambridge, young Milton received his education, and so profited by his diligence, that he came forth, in the issue, "a ripe scholar and a good one," before he had arrived at his twenty-first year. Through all his writings, whether prose or verse, his learning appears in the array of his thoughts, as well as in their adornment; however original, unborrowed, and independent of precedent or authorities these may have been. His vein for poetry showed itself early; but, till he approached manhood, this was principally exercised in Latin compositions, though occasional experiments in his own tongue strengthened and prepared his style for greater achievements in the sequel. At the age of ten years he was a poet, says Aubrey; and his fond father, to encourage him in "the idle trade" that was to "cross" his own "hopes," employed Cornelius Jansen to paint the portrait of so promising a son, "a half-length, in laced ruffles," at the price of "five broad pieces:" no small sum for the honour of the little minstrel.

During this period of his life, and onward, he thus speaks of his studies:—"I must say that, after I had, for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues, and some science as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that, whether aught was imposed on me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But, much later, in the private academies of Italy,

whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had composed at twenty, or thereabout * * * * met with acceptance above what was looked for;—and other things, which I had shifted (in scarcity of books and conveniences) to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side of the Alps;—I began thus to assent both to them, and divers of my friends at home, and not less an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), I might, perhaps, leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die."—*Preface to the Second Book of Church Government.* A noble purpose truly, and so fulfilled in "after-times," that his countrymen will never cease to utter what he has taught his native tongue to say.

From the time of leaving Cambridge, in 1632, Milton resided five years with his father, on an estate which the latter had purchased at Horton, in the county of Bucks. This was the golden age of his life, when he was more at home, at peace, and in the enjoyment of health and happiness, than during any following period. Here, too, the most precious portions of his poetry, in point of richness of imagery, brilliance of colouring, and liveliness of description, were the fruits of that lucid interval of retirement. Whatever may be surmised in disparagement of his temper, either in domestic or public life, Milton must have been a dutiful and amiable son, to have continued with his parents through so long a term, in "the prime of manhood, where youth ended."

In 1637, on the death of his mother, he obtained permission to visit Italy on a musical, as well as poetical, tour, to collect for his father the compositions of

the great masters in the one art; while, for himself, he hoped to gather inspiration towards excelling in the other, by personal intercourse with the most accomplished literati there. By these he was everywhere courteously welcomed, and many poetical compliments were exchanged between the stranger and his new friends, of which several have escaped oblivion, by being usually bound up with his better productions. This circumstance proves that, though he had not then appeared as the author of any considerable work, his reputation for genius and learning was already established at home; and his claims on that account were generously recognised by illustrious foreigners in that land from which the Muses had last departed, when the northern barbarians converted Italy into a southern Scandinavia —the first land, also, to which they returned on the revival of letters in western Europe, after ten centuries of suspended animation.

It had been his purpose, on setting out, to proceed to Greece, yet more celebrated for arts, if not for arms, than Rome itself. But a voice from the far distant isles —by his classical prototypes despised and described as "cut off from the civilised world"—reached his ear. The cry of his country in distress called him home, and home therefore he hastened, after an absence of fifteen months, fully purposing, whatever that might be, to do his duty by the exercise of one of his talents, which, though not yet proved, he had assiduously cultivated from his youth upward; as he bravely avowed on a certain occasion—"I have determined to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of good old age, if God vouchsafe it to me, the honest liberty of free speech."

On the next long and arduous stage of Milton's life, during "the Great Rebellion," as it has been called,

and under the Commonwealth, from 1638 till the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, he was incessantly engaged in political controversy on all manner of debatable subjects, in that civil war of words as well as swords; or else more soberly employed in official business as Latin secretary to Cromwell.

Whatever honour he may have won, with a due proportion of obloquy, at the time, and each cleaving to his memory with a tenacity not likely to be neutralized,—in either case, with parties less prejudiced than his antagonists and his admirers (to one or other of which classes all his biographers hitherto have belonged), Milton does not seem to have enriched himself with any considerable share of the spoil that fell to the disposal of Cromwell, beyond the moderate salary for his secretaryship; a thousand pounds, received by him for one of his most obnoxious publications (which had the further honour of being burned by the hands of the common hangman, after the return of the Stuarts); and the small fragment of a forfeited estate, of which he was afterwards deprived.

How zealously soever affected he may have been in what he deemed a good cause, while fighting the pen-and-ink battles of his country, he confesses that it was at a great sacrifice of feeling, as well as convenience, that he engaged in the strife. These are his words: "If I were wise only to my own ends, I would certainly take such a subject [for literary composition] as of itself might catch applause (whereas this hath all the disadvantages on the contrary), and such as the publishing whereof might be delayed at pleasure, and time enough to pencil it over with all the curious touches of art, even to the perfection of a faultless picture." Here he evidently alludes to the cherished

idea of an immortal work—probably the *Paradise Lost*, then but as a seed cast into the ground, and apparently dying before it could germinate, spring up, and grow into a tree of life. "Whereas," he continues, returning to his polemics, "in this argument, the not deferring is of great moment to the good speeding, so that if solidity have leisure to do her office, art cannot have much. Lastly, I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein, knowing myself to be inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand!"—A left hand, indeed! but it dealt tremendous blows, and such

"As made all Europe ring from side to side,"

and only less formidable than those of Cromwell's mailed hand in the battle-fields of Great Britain and Ireland, laying on deadlier strokes than poet's pen or patriot's wrath could inflict on innocent paper. In this context occurs one of those proud betrayals of conscious pre-eminence which break out in our author's prose not less than his verse. Bespeaking pardon for his egotism, he says—"Although a poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me, sitting here in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge of myself unusual things, I shall petition to the gentler sort it may not be envy to me."—*Preface to Book II. of Church Government.*

In 1643, Milton married Mary, daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., of Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire. For reasons not very clear, except a defect of congeniality in their respective habits, the lady left him a few weeks

afterwards, on a visit to her friends, from which she long delayed, and eventually refused, to return to his house. Under this injury, the indignant husband wrote four tracts "On the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," in which, endeavouring, with as much labour in vain as could be desired, to press into the service of an infirm cause Scripture authorities and antiquated precedents, he hazarded sentiments which gave great offence to honest and ingenuous minds, unaccustomed to deceive themselves with specious sophistry, and fearing to be deceived by doctors of that school more learned and subtle than themselves. To the Christian, there can be but one law on the subject—that which is laid down by our Saviour himself—Matthew v. 6.

After various negotiations, into particulars of which there is neither room nor need to enter, the poet's wife returned to him; he received her kindly, and they lived together till her death, nine years afterwards. By her, Milton had three daughters; and Dr. Johnson, whose memoir contains scarcely a paragraph without a sarcasm or a slanderous hint against his noble victim's principles, or his conduct in public or private life—even Dr. Johnson adds on this subject—"It were injurious to *omit*, that Milton afterwards received her father and mother into his house, when they were distressed, with other royalists." The Doctor himself might have made many meritorious *omissions* in his biographical narrative, and the accompanying strictures, which abound with assertions, assumptions, and inuendoes, cruelly injurious to the memory of him to whom it was his duty to do justice, and who, had he been living, would not have accepted mercy at the hands of so inveterate an enemy.

Milton was now blind, and in need of a helpmate. He, therefore, soon afterwards married Catharine, the

daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. She, too, as his former wife, died in childbirth, within twelve months, and her husband honoured her memory with what Dr. Johnson calls "a poor sonnet." Be this as it may, it would not be easy to show, by examples, that a hundred wives, since the days of Adam and Eve, have been so "ensepulchred" in verse, which cannot be cancelled, "that (queens) for such a tomb might wish to die!" He speaks of her as his "late deceased saint," who appeared to him in a dream, her semblance being such

> "————as yet once more I trust to have
> Full sight of her in heaven, without restraint."

Moreover, she

> "Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
> Her face was veil'd; yet, to my fancied sight,
> Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
> So clear, as in no face with more delight:
> But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
> I woke—she fled—and day brought back my night."

There is nothing more tender and delicate in all Petrarch's sonnets. To compensate for this loss, Milton entered a third time into the bands of matrimony with Elizabeth Minshull, of a good family in Cheshire, but "probably without a fortune," says Dr. Johnson. She has been represented as being a harsh mother-in-law to his children; and, unhappily, some circumstances of litigation between her and them, relative to the disposal of the poet's small property, on his decease, give colour to the imputation.

After the death of Cromwell, the retirement of his son Richard, and the restoration of Charles II., Milton was too conspicuous an object for retributive vengeance, not to fear a heavy visitation for his republican offences.

He escaped, however, rather by being overlooked than unsought for, if the contradictory statements are at all to be reconciled to truth or probability. Sir William Davenant, his brother-poet, and a zealous cavalier, had owed his life to the friendship of Milton, during the commonwealth's reign of terror; and now, on the turning of the scale, he repaid the obligation in kind, by interposing to save his quondam protector. This story is worth repeating, though, perhaps, not worth believing; yet (if apocryphal) it is one of those things concerning which we should not like to be undeceived. Another tradition, in a work called "A History of England" (Cunningham's), is, that, during the first keen search for victims, "Milton, Latin secretary to Cromwell, distinguished by his writings in favour of the rights and liberties of the people, pretended to be dead, and had a public funeral procession. The king applauded his policy in escaping the punishment of death by a seasonable show of dying." That the "merry monarch" would have laughed heartily at the hoax, if it had been successfully practised, is far more probable than that it was at all attempted.

It is pleasing to find that Dr. Johnson himself manifests something of kindly feeling, on this occasion, towards the man whom he openly or insidiously persecutes in every other stage of public or private life; though he ungraciously affects to disguise that very feeling from himself, saying, "It is not certain that Milton's life ever was in danger;" and, under this notion, adds—"It required no great interest to exempt Milton from a censure little more than verbal. Something may be reasonably ascribed to veneration and compassion; to veneration of his abilities, and compassion for his distresses, which made it fit to forgive his malice for his

learning. "He was now poor and blind, and who would pursue with violence an illustrious enemy, depressed by fortune and disarmed by nature?"—There is another plea why it should be "fit to forgive the malice for the learning," not of Milton only, but of his biographer himself, throughout this whole memoir. Both probably sinned "of malice prepense," but each, it may now be believed, acted conscientiously. In the courtesy of common charity, the sincerity of neither can be questioned; and here, at least, it may be forgiven to their present censor if he no longer seeks to "draw the frailties" of either illustrious offender from their dread abode."

Milton now turned the whole force of his genius to the completion of his earliest project—an heroic poem—always in his eye, never out of his mind, though the form of it was frequently changing, but not fully undertaken till he had been driven from the field of politics and controversy. Thus, till he had reached his sixtieth year, so little impatient was he of securing celebrity by the exercise of that very gift on which he most valued himself, that the whole bulk of his published poems scarcely amounted to a hundred pages of print; and when, at length, his greatest work was achieved, he committed it to its fate as confidently as though he had foreseen its posthumous fortune

"In the clear mirror of his ruling star."

And, if that was still to be a "hope deferred," it made not *his* "heart sick;" for he felt that it was within him already, like "the desire when it cometh"—the quickened germ of a "tree of life," under the shadow of whose boughs millions should sit with delight, and with the fruits of which generations unborn should be feasted.

Paradise Lost was published in 1667; *Paradise*

Regained, and *Samson Agonistes*, a tragedy, three years afterwards. These, with *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and a series of *Sonnets*, with a few Juvenilia, in Latin, Italian, and English, completed his poetical works. Thus, though so early and passionately attached to the Muses, the products of his leisure till his thirtieth year were few and small; while, from that date till he had nearly doubled the term, he neither published, nor has there been recovered from the spoils of time, a single composition beyond the length of a psalm or a sonnet. Hence it appears that his youth and his old age he devoted to himself and his fame—his middle life to his country. The flower and the fruit of his genius were put forth and ripened in retirement; but after the flower had fallen, and while the fruit was maturing, he stood as thick of foliage, and as unpicturesque in appearance, as any orchard-tree in the dog-days; while—for here the metaphor must be dropped—he exerted, not expended his noble rage, and wielded, yet without exhaustion, his gigantic powers in polemical warfare and official drudgery as Latin secretary to Cromwell.

He died, in 1674, at his house in Bunhill-fields, and was buried next to his father, in the chancel of St. Giles, at Cripplegate.

The limits of this essay preclude any review of our author's numerous prose compositions. A few brief extracts, principally to illustrate his poetical character, may, however, be given.

In one of his bitterest controversial tracts, "The Apology for Smectymnuus," occur frequent passages of consummate beauty, referring to his early life and writings. Of his personal habits he thus speaks, in answer to his calumniators: "Those morning haunts

are where they should be—at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awaken men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or the memory have its full fraught. Then, with useful and generous labours, preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies, to stand and cover their stations, rather than see the ruin of our Protestantism, and the enforcement of a slavish life."

On the choice of modern authors in his youth, preferring the moral and the highest principled, he celebrates, "above them all, the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura (Dante and Petrarch), who never write but to the honour of those to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter, in things laudable, *ought himself to be a true poem;* that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have himself experience and practice of all that is praiseworthy."

In the next paragraph he proceeds: "That I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount, in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood, founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. * * * From the laureate fra-

ternity of poets, riper years, and the ceaseless round of studying and reading, led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal, Xenophon, where, if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love—I mean that which is truly so, whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those that are worthy,—the rest are cheated with a thick, intoxicating potion (which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about), and how the first and chiefest of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue:—with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, where there shall be no chiding."

On his studies in religion, and their result, he next expatiates; and then, in a strain of admirable eloquence, lays down the qualifications of a true preacher of the gospel. Take one glowing image:—"In times of opposition, when, either against new heresies arising, or old corruptions to be reformed, the cool, unpassionate mildness of positive wisdom is not sufficient to damp and astonish the proud resistance of carnal and false doctors; then—that I may have leave to soar awhile, as the poets use—Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot, drawn with two blazing meteors, figured like beasts, but of a higher breed than any the zodiac yields, resembling two of those four which Ezekiel and St. John saw—the one visaged like a lion, to express power, high authority, and indignation; the other of countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn upon perverse and fraudulent seducers:—with these, the invincible warrior, Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads

of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels." This is poetry of the highest proof; and the passage is manifestly a first study of more than one of the scenes and actors in the war of angels, and the model of that "chariot of Paternal Deity" which bore Messiah to the battle, when

> ——— "under his burning wheels
> The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
> All but the throne itself of God.
> * * * * *
> O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
> Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostráte;
> That wish'd the mountains now might be again
> Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire."
>
> PARADISE LOST, *Book VI.*

The most readable, and the least antiquated in subject and handling, of Milton's prose works, is entitled—"Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England." The occasion was this: the presbyterian party in the commonwealth, having planted themselves in that power from which they had uprooted both the monarch and the nobles, became as tenacious of continuing the bondage of the press, as they had been indignant against the yoke when it was found galling and intolerable to themselves. This is probably the most complete and perfect oration in our language, a few only of Burke's masterpieces being so successfully elaborated as to stand in competition with it. Between the eloquence of Milton and that of the "old man eloquent," whom the French Revolution did not indeed destroy, but converted into a prophet as inspired as Cassandra, and by the multitude as little regarded when he gave note of evil tidings, there is considerable resemblance. The characteristics

of both are intellectual strength, exuberant imagination, and impassioned utterance; while the style of each is marked by implicated sentences, with frequent parenthetic clauses breaking out, as through safety-valves of over-pressed thought, into additional illustration, or matter unexpected by the reader, and apparently unpremeditated by the writer himself.

This specimen of Milton's rhetorical power as an advocate presents a galaxy of current thought, thick sown with stars, clustered or single, of every lustre, hue, and magnitude. Argument, illustration, fancy, wit, sarcasm, and noble sentiment, are here so closely arrayed, arranged, and concatenated, as are not often found in Milton himself; while the temper of the whole—except in a few passing strokes at the prelates—is not only blameless, but commendable. The theme is magnificent—the vindication of man's prerogative on earth above the brutes that perish—his realm of reason, and his sovereignty of speech. No brief quotations can give a just idea of the force and authority of plain truths, with which the undaunted republican addresses the rulers of his own party, when they were meditating to impose on the people, whom their prowess in the field had set free, the most hateful of all tyrannies, the enslavement of the press. "Give me," he exclaims, "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, above all liberties."

This treatise exemplifies all the excellences of Milton's manner, with fewer of its perplexities of syntax, and encumbrances of phrase; whereas, on other occasions, his sentences, in verse as well as in prose, too often resemble trees so loaded with fruit, that their branches are bent down to the ground, and sometimes even trail along it; while the symmetry and grace of his finest periods are disfigured by lumbering parentheses. In

many passages of his polemics there is an intensity of eloquence that seems to fuse the multitude of his thoughts, and send them, glowing white, from the crucible of his mind into the mind of the reader, scarcely able to contain them in the mould of his narrower conception. We find also an impetuosity and impatience in Milton's prose which never occurs in his verse. The vehemence of his argument, whether as an advocate or an accuser, carries him out of himself, in acrimonious invective or rapturous panegyric. There are poets and orators who have power so to possess the faculties of their audiences, that, while under the spell, the voice of no other charmer can affect them, charm he never so wisely. Milton was one of these, but he must be deeply studied at first, and then the larger the draughts, the more inspiring they become, from the inexhaustible fountain of his soul—a soul that transfuses itself for a while through our own, as the oracle of old is said to have inspired the Pythoness. In poetry, his genius never flares out into excess, though often, as already intimated, it does so in prose. Yet how far more commanding is the splendour, fixed in a star, than that which vanishes in a meteor, though the latter may strike with more startling amaze at the moment. And how much more glorious is the wonder-working power of a sovereign intelligence, when under control, and doing without violence whatever it will, than when, rabid with rage, it falls, though in thunderbolts, from "the highest heaven of invention," to the gross regions of earthly passion.

One paragraph from this brave defence of that which is itself the defence of all other liberties, the liberty of the press, shall be offered in proof of the marvellous excellence here ascribed to that treatise: "I deny not

but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine in prison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

"And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for want of which whole nations fare worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men;—how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself,—*slays an immortality rather than a life.*"

Turning to those compositions on which his fame

irremovably rests, it seems strange that, as already stated, it was not till Milton had fought his way through middle life, in state controversies—when old, and blind, and poor, his genius, at length (to accommodate a magnificent figure of his own), "mewing," like "an eagle, her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam" of sacred inspiration—"purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance," soared "with no middle flight above the Aonian mount," while she "pursued, to the height of (her) great argument, things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," and nobly dared to

> ——— "assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."
>
> PARADISE LOST, *Book I.*

The Latin poems of Milton were, for the most part, the proofs of the early products of his learning, rather than the precocious evidence of his genius. They gained him, however, no small reputation, both at home and abroad, among scholars. These, with some maturer fruits of the same hot-house culture, are still reprinted in his collected pieces, but command little attention, except as curiosities of literature. Nor are they much better known, even in the English version, from the kindred pen of Cowper. Like all his poems, they abound in classical allusions and mythological embellishments, which (particularly the latter) are sometimes strangely, not to say profanely, blended with scriptural truths and Christian subjects.

In these juvenile essays, Milton's views of picturesque nature are more general than accurate, and more classical than just: like the ideal of beauty in sculpture, his poetical beauty is equally the offspring of

imagination; delighting the eye, indeed, and filling the mind, but seldom touching the heart with the force or reality of truth. A man born blind might, from verbal precedents (in ancient authors especially) have written all the descriptive passages in these compositions.

The earliest original poem in his own tongue, which has been preserved, bears the simple and affecting title —*On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.* She was the daughter of his sister, whom he thus apostrophizes in the first lines:—

> "O fairest flower! no sooner blown but blasted!
> Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly!"

A flower as fair as she, and one that will not fade so timelessly, has the poet planted on her grave, in this affectionate memorial. Though very elaborately wrought after the fashion of a pedantic age, and abounding with forced conceits and cold fancies, these verses give promise of better things, when his genius (he being then in his seventeenth year only) should arrive at maturity, and dare to speak, and write, and think, according to its own free will and choice, unfettered by any precedents of the schools or time-sanctioned authorities.

Our author's next performance (though, like the preceding, more in the style of Donne and Cowley than the genuine vein of John Milton) was a splendid ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, in a graceful lyric measure. A recitative of four stanzas forms a fine preamble to the hymn. After proposing his theme, the poet thus earnestly exhorts his Muse to run to Bethlehem and hail the advent of the Redeemer before the wise men from the east could reach "the place where the young child lay."

"See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet;
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
From out his secret altar, touch'd with hallow'd fire."

This Muse was surely his own "Urania" (not one of the fabled Nine), and here she tried her youthful voice in a prelude worthy of that adventurous song of Paradise, when, many a year of after-troubles past, she rose from warbling her humble Christmas-carol, to swell the hallelujahs of heaven, and the hosannas of earth, while she "with angels did divide to sing." The multitude of the heavenly host which appeared to the shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, are thus gloriously presented:

"At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night array'd;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping, in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

"Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),

And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony."

The sections of this ode, on the portentous tradition that certain heathen oracles were silenced after the birth of Christ, have been universally admired. Recording the terror and consternation of the expelled idols fleeing from their shrines, we have sketches, brief but masterly, of the principal peers of Satan's Pandemonium, which may well be compared with the finished portraits of the same infernal personages in the first and second books of *Paradise Lost*.

A fragment, *On the Passion of our Saviour*, probably attempted in the same year with the foregoing, shows that the writer had not yet disenthralled himself from the bondage of bad Italian and worse English examples in style. Witness the following stanza:—

"Befriend me, Night! best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white."

Were ever tears shed, either in writing or reading such frigid lines as these? If they sprang into the eye, they would freeze before they fell; but, hark!—the next stanza! and you will say, "that strain was of a higher mood."

"See, see the chariot and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up that Chebar flood;

My spirit some transporting cherub feels;
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
—Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit!"

In *Paradise Lost* there is not a flight more well-begun, but here the youthful poet flagged upon the wing, and, to the relique of eight verses, is appended the following affecting note:—"This subject being above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, he left it unfinished."

The little poem (twenty-eight lines only), *At a Solemn Music*, is magnificently conceived, and exquisitely finished throughout. Milton had taken extraordinary pains with this piece, of which there are extant three draughts in his own handwriting, containing seven considerable, and many minor variations, including the excision of no less than ten lines—the chippings and dust of a diamond, in the process of polishing it to perfection! Thus had he early learned the precious "art to blot;" and resolutely he exercised it, proving, by this single example, if he had left no other, that what at first appears excellent, and is so, may be made more excellent by not sparing even darling thoughts and beautiful, when they are rather expletive than essential.

Lycidas is a monody, in which the author bewails the death of a youthful friend, who had been drowned at sea. It is constructed of irregular stanzas, and, though equal in ornate diction and picturesque illustration to anything from the same pen, it is so difficult to read, even with the eye, that it is probably less perused than any other of Milton's masterpieces, though from none are a few peculiar passages more frequently quoted. Who could ever be weary of dwel-

ling, with composure of delight verging on entrancement, on such lines as close this noble rhapsody:—

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds! weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
—So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

The contrasted poems of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, the cheerful and the thoughtful man, are unrivalled in their kind, and as perfect as counterpart descriptions can be of natural scenery, artificial structures, and human feelings, under the influence of seasons and circumstances, abroad and at home, by day and by night, which affect different minds differently, or the same mind differently in different moods, through the medium of the bodily senses. While the landscapes furnish delectable subjects for the pencil of the painter, the images, allegorical as well as real, are so happily fitted for the chisel of the sculptor, that, were it the taste of those who erect stately mansions in our days, to adorn them with "cornice or frieze, with bossy sculpture graven," as temples and palaces were of old, the series of figures and groups in each of these models of diversified excellence would want only

the hand of a Canova or a Chantrey, inspired by the Euphrosyne of the bard himself in the one case, and his "pensive Nun, devout and pure," in the other, to put the poetry of Milton into marble, and give the marble more than life by making it rival the song in endurance as well as in beauty and sublimity. Music, the music of Handel, the Milton of that sister art, which, next to his own, the poet himself loved best, has already been "married to (the) immortal verse" of these harmonious twins. Illustrative of one remarkable feature of our author's genius, a passage from each of these, disclosing his enthusiastic passion for "the concord of sweet sounds," may, in this place, be opportunely quoted, out of numerous allusions to the subject occurring in all his writings. Here are exemplified the different kinds of music, and their respective influences on the merry and the meditative man.

"And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice."

From L'ALLEGRO.

"Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honied thigh,

That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep,
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
—And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters' pale,
And love the high-embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied window's richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There, let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

From IL PENSEROSO.

Which is the sweeter of these two modes of enchantment by the charms of music,—the one involuntarily exhilarating, the other deliciously soothing, yet transporting—it would be difficult to determine. Most readers, who are sensible to such refined emotions as verse like this can communicate, will choose to make the experiment for themselves, and, perhaps, repeat the trial till it shall seem less and less possible to say, whether the awakening or the entrancing strain be most delightful.

Arcades is the title of a brief domestic interlude of song and recitation, performed at Harefield, before

the Countess Dowager of Derby, by some noble persons of her family, who appeared on the scene in pastoral dresses. The speech of "the Genius of the Wood," giving an account of his offices and occupations, is admirably in the character which he assumes.

The first published verses of Milton were an epitaph *On the admirable dramatic poet, Shakespeare*, commencing thus:—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or, that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?"

It is remarkable that, while our author was himself meditating "to build the lofty rhyme," and frame a work more stately, and not less enduring than "a star-ypointing pyramid," his minor productions, whereon he exercised and perfected his skill, for that great undertaking, on materials the most precious, and wrought into the most exquisite symmetry, he left strewn about, here and there, for chance publication, without so much as giving his name, when he allowed them to escape into print. Even at the stage of prime manhood, when his Muse, in her halcyon days, had brought forth *Comus*—

"That happy miracle of her rare birth,"

he abandoned it, as the ostrich trusts her young in the wilderness, to be disclosed to the world by his friend, Henry Lawes, who composed the accompanying music, when it was performed with lordly pomp at Ludlow Castle; the principal actors being three children of the noble family of John, Earl of Bridgewater, on whose misadventure, in a neighbouring wood, the romantic fable is founded. In point of fine fancy, rich embellishment, diction of unsurpassable beauty, and high-

toned moral sentiment, this masque may be pronounced the most perfect of Milton's compositions. But to be enjoyed, it must be read as a poem, for the sake of these excellences, and not as a drama representing anything probable or possible in human life, under any imaginable circumstances, even admitting the preternatural machinery which the poet has introduced to exalt a simple incident into tragic dignity. For, were Comus and his crew, Sabrina and her nymphs, as real as the lady herself,—the elder and the younger brother, but especially the attendant spirit, would not have discoursed so learnedly, nor acted so dilatorily (though each may have felt all that each is made to express), in a crisis of such agonizing suspense and imminent peril to the captured lady, after they knew her situation. With this drawback (if it be one, except in reference to a stage exhibition) *Comus* may claim the eulogium which a critic of the purest taste, the late Dr. Aikin, has passed upon it. He says:—"The poem possesses great beauty of versification, varying from the gayest Anacreontics to the most majestic and sonorous heroics. On the whole, if an example were required of a work made up of the very essence of poetry, perhaps none of equal length, in any language, could be produced, answering this character in so high a degree as the Masque of *Comus*." It may be added, that here Milton first tried his hand in blank verse, and proved himself master of the whole diapason of rhythmical tones and cadences, through all their implications. Two or three brief extracts, without comment, will test the quality of the philosophy, as well as the poetry, of this work:—

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

* * * * *

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

* * * * *

——————"Against the threats
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness; when, at last,
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

Is not this Plato himself speaking in English, as pure and beautiful, almost, as his own fine Greek?

Our author's Sonnets are of very unequal, and some of very indifferent merit, though the principal fault of the least excellent is the uncouth intertexture of the lines, the ruggedness of the rhythm, and, in

some instances, the barbarity of the rhymes. The first is addressed to the nightingale, his favourite bird. Her he has celebrated in every one of his finest poems, and often in strains which, if the chauntress herself could have heard and understood, she would surely, like her sister in Strada's fable, have endeavoured to rival, till she broke her heart in the conflict, and fell dead upon the poet's harp-strings. Among the best of these sonnets, that *On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson* is (in the beautiful phrase of Coleridge) "beautiful exceedingly;"—the canonization in verse of a glorified saint. That *On the late Massacre in Piedmont* contains a tremendous malediction on the persecutors of those mountaineer-martyrs,

——"who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones."

Nor must the sonnet on his blindness be overlooked. Though severely simple in style, and remarkably abrupt in the cadences, it is, in quiet grandeur of sentiment, one of the noblest records of human feeling at once subdued and sublimed by resignation to the divine will. Milton is never more himself than when he speaks of himself. Here we are let into the inmost sanctuary of his mind, and hearken, as it were, to the invisible spirit there communing with itself, amidst the darkness of external nature, till light from heaven, suddenly breaking in upon him, reveals God in his "kingly state," obeyed equally by those who *do* and those who *suffer* his will.

——"Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

In many of his works, both prose and verse, Milton had avowed his purpose to give, to contemporaries and

generations to come, an heroic poem; but he was "long choosing and beginning late." The delay was of no disadvantage, for the choice which he had almost made, even in middle life, would hardly have proved a wise one. In his *Epistle to Manso* he expressly names his hero Prince Arthur, and his theme, the triumphs of the British patriot over the pagan Saxons. Had he prosecuted this subject, we should, indeed, have had—what is yet a *desideratum*—a *national epic*, but the great poem which we have, and of the glory of which time cannot rob us while we *are* a nation, would verily have been Paradise *Lost* to our literature, and never to be *Regained*, for it could never have existed. It was a happy escape for the poet himself, as well as for his country, that his discretion ran not aground on the shoals, nor split on the rocks of the former obscure and dangerous channel, with its alternate shallows, and whirlpools, and fathomless depths, utterly unnavigable by vessels of such burthen as that which bore Milton and his fortunes to the haven of immortality in song. His "heaven-born Muse," which "had angelic wings, and fed on manna," could neither have condescended to the frivolities, nor run riot in the extravagances of romance. He could neither have followed the volatile and fantastic Ariosto, the graceful and voluptuous Tasso, nor the exuberant and imaginative Spenser; though, like Cowley and Pope, he caught early inspiration from the perusal of the *Faerie Queene*, whose author has, probably, helped to make more poets than any other of our countrymen. Gothic poetry, such as that in which Arthur and his knights of the Round Table require to be celebrated, must resemble Gothic architecture. To magnificence of dimension must be added multiplicity of detail, and to grandeur of outline

efflorescence of embellishment; the minutest appendages to the mightiest proportions, yet the little in nowise diminishing the effect of the great, nor the intricate complexity of parts the august and awful spectacle of the whole. But, after all, the perfection of manual art, the consummation of architectural glory, exemplified in the Parthenon of Athens, was a structure far different;—at once simple in form, in symmetry so exquisite, and so sublime in elevation, that it appeared intellectually grand; and, even through the eye, filling the mind rather than beguiling the sense, with silent, gradual, soul-expanding admiration. The powers of Phidias would have been as uncongenially employed in constructing a cathedral of the twelfth century, as those of Milton on an epic poem from the legends of romance; how rich, abundant, and pliable soever for the purposes of heroic song these might be.

In *Paradise Lost* Milton has realized the dreams of his youth, the meditations of long years in mature life, while he was far otherwise occupied, and the revelations of his old age, when, "though fallen on evil days and evil tongues"—in darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,—and solitude,"—he yet was visited "nightly" by the "heavenly Muse," or "when morn purpled the east," and was thus emboldened "to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness" (to use his own words), "and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in the church:"—"teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look on Truth herself, unless she be elegantly drest."

The plan of *Paradise Lost* is so comprehensive as to include all that can, from obscure allusions in Sacred Writ, be conjectured respecting what came to pass in heaven and in hell before time began,—the creation of all things visible,—man's primeval state of innocence, and his fall from it by disobedience, as revelation has recorded these;—the history of the world, downward from Adam, who lost Paradise, to Christ the Redeemer, who more than restored it, when He "brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel;" with which are involved whatever prophecy had foreshown, or but dimly shadows forth, respecting subsequent revolutions of empire on the face of the globe and among its inhabitants, till the consummation of all things, when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and (the living) shall be changed."

How he has handled these themes all the world of readers may be presumed to know. How he prepared himself for the task he has left on record, while the project was yet but in embryo.—"I do not think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that, for some few years yet, I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted (an heroic poem), as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; not to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all knowledge and utterance, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all

seemly and generous acts and affairs; till which, in some measure, be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give." With what dignity of modesty are these pledges offered, and with what magnificence of execution were they redeemed!

But to the judgment of each individual, among his readers, it must be left, to determine for himself, how far, in the course of his "adventurous song," the poet's prayer for divine illumination has been answered in the sequel. The theology of the poem, in various passages of the deepest interest, may be seriously questioned, but shall here be left with one remark only (not affecting its doctrinal points), namely, that he would be a bold critic who, as a believer in the Christian faith, should venture to justify the extent to which the author has employed the doubtful, though, hitherto, undisputed license of fiction in the supernatural agency of his poem. At the same time, far be it from the present writer to arraign the poet, either of wilful or negligent impiety. It need not be mooted here, whether he considered himself fully authorized to exercise such perilous freedom, but, assuredly, he was mistaken. Tasso, Marini, Camoens, and other epic poets, have likewise intermeddled with "things that were too high for them," and these have all egregiously miscarried, their spiritual agents having been uniformly the most indifferent, and the least effective personages in their stories. Milton far transcends all his predecessors in the use of such preternatural machinery, while none, that have come after, have been able to approach the power and ability with which he has wielded it. His angels and his demons are of the

highest class of human creation of ideal beings, and there is admirable diversity and consistency of conduct in the exhibition of individuals of either species. But when he "presumes," not only "into the heaven of heavens"—"an earthly guest"—and "draws empyreal air," but into the very presence of Deity, and affects to disclose the "secret things that belong to God" alone, he has failed lamentably, and, in some places, cannot be acquitted of irreverence; for example, in Book V., when the Eternal Father, in the night of the conspiracy, while Satan and his malcontent legions are meditating treason in the north, thus speaks to the Son, whom, on the previous day, he had proclaimed as his anointed king, and commanded all the angels to worship him:—

"Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, * * * * *
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill."

The Son replies in a less offensive vein of irony.

Again, in Book X., the Almighty, on occasion of the operations of Sin and Death following the track of Satan from hell gates to the new world, and forming a bridge across the desolate abyss, addresses his Son in language of human passion, too gross to be read without horror, and, therefore, not necessary to be quoted here.

In other discourses between the two divine personages, while there is godlike authority in the speeches

of the Father, and a majesty of meekness, most beautifully characteristic of the Redeemer, in the replies of the Son, it may be allowed to the adventurous poet, that what *man* could do, *he* has done; and if even there he fell short of "the height of (his) great argument," he stopped only where

"The force of nature could no further go."

In describing the glories and felicities of heaven, and recording the songs of the angels, he has exceeded, both in splendour and sanctity of thought and utterance, all precedents of forerunners and imitations of successors on similar themes. In Book III., after the long and abtruse colloquy, in the presence of all the hierarchies around the throne, wherein the Father foretells the fall of man, and the Son offers himself as a sacrifice for the sinner, in the scene that follows, Milton transcends himself, and seems only to lack inspiration to stamp authenticity on the record:—

"No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold:
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through 'midst of heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams:

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.
'Thee, Father,' first they sung, 'Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King,'" &c.

The reader may turn, for himself, to the song. In describing the persons and deeds of angels, Milton has excelled Dante, Tasso, Marini, and other Italian poets, though to each of these he has been indebted for some traits of beauty or grandeur. Uriel, Raphael, Gabriel, Ithuriel, Zephon, Abdiel, and Michael, are each as individual as though they were beings of flesh and blood. With yet stronger features and bolder strokes of the pen, or, rather, of the pencil, has he portrayed "the apostate host." Satan, Moloch, Beelzebub, Chemos, Thammuz, Ashtaroth, Belial, Mammon, and others,—fiends in hell, who were worshipped as gods in Palestine, are each represented to the life, and each distinct in wickedness. Satan alone is complete in all the elements of evil.

One of the wonderful faculties of Milton's mind was the power of finding fit employments for the actors and sufferers in his song, the scenes of which are laid either "beyond this visible diurnal sphere," among spiritual beings, without bodily parts and passions, or with the first human pair in their state of innocence. The various modes in which the fallen angels, during Satan's absence, try to find—"truce to (their) restless

thoughts, and entertain the irksome hours, till (their) great chief return," display singular invention. The following are brief examples:—

"Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar:
As when Alcides, from Œchalia, crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore,
Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines,
And Lichas, from the top of Œta, threw
Into the Euboic sea.
Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing,
With notes angelical, to many a harp,
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.
In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The latter groups are exquisitely conceived, and adapted to mitigate the "regions of horror, doleful shades, where hope comes never," hideously yet sublimely set forth in the first quotation, and in the sequel.

The first two books are thick-scattered with grand and affecting similes borrowed from the external world, which have the happy effect of turning the reader's eye, at intervals, from the spectral abominations of hell, and relieving his imagination from horrors heaped upon

horrors, during his sojourn with the poet in that obscure and bottomless abyss,—objects which will not bear to be long looked upon in their unmitigated blackness of darkness, or contemplated by the ghastly illumination of that "dungeon," which "on all sides flamed," yet from whose flames "no light, but rather darkness visible—served only to discover sights of woe." Let the curious reader of these two books collect together, and peruse consecutively, all the embellishments of this kind which adorn and illustrate the various topics, and he will be surprised to mark the array of sublime and impressive imagery thus presented.

Of Satan himself it may be affirmed, that Milton's conception of his personal presence, his transcendent intellect, and his moral degradation,—"archangel in eclipse, and the excess of glory obscured,"—"a murderer from the beginning, who abode not in the truth,"—"a liar and the father of lies,"—that conception alone as far exceeds every other personification of the Evil One, existent in poetry, tradition, or romance, as "Lucifer, the son of the morning," falling like lightning from heaven," transcends the flickering meteors of the marsh, or the torches that flare and go out in the mephitic atmosphere of a charnel house. On the development of this character throughout the progress of the poem, there is no room to dwell here; one feature only, which has scarcely been noticed, if at all, by former critics, deserves to be pointed out, as the very sign by which he may be infallibly detected when touched by the spear of an Ithuriel,—while it is the very means, in the successful exercise of which he won his usurped dominion on earth, and maintains by it his power to deceive the nations and rule in the hearts of the children of disobedience. The poet, who well knew

his devices, has represented him, in every voluntary act of his policy, taking *a false shape*, that he might in none be suspected for what he is. From his landing on this orb till he takes flight from it, after the accomplishment of his infernal errand, he does nothing in his own form, or as himself, the foe of God and man. Thus, in Book III., he transforms himself into an angel of light, to impose upon Uriel, the guardian of the sun, —"one of the seven spirits that stand in sight of God's high throne,"—that from him he may learn the way to that new world of which he was in search. Him he effectually deludes by his fair show and fairer words. Alighting on "the mount, north of Eden," from thence he addresses that marvellous speech to the sun, which discloses all the secrets of "the hell within him." During the delivery (by a master-stroke of the poet) he is represented as unconsciously relapsing into himself, under the agony of remorse, despair, and impotent malignity. This betrays him, as "alien from heaven," and "one of the banished crew," to Uriel, whose eye had pursued him, and watched his fiendish gesticulations there. Forthwith "gliding through the even— on a sunbeam—swift as a shooting star in autumn thwarts the night," the seraph speeds to inform Gabriel and the angelic guard of Paradise of the ominous intrusion. The sequel shows the arch-traitor under another and a base disguise,—"squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, assaying, by his devilish art, to reach the organs of her fancy, and with them forge illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams." Being caught in this exercise by two of the watch, whom Gabriel had sent in search of him:—"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of force

to its own likeness: up he starts, discover'd and surprised." The interview that follows between "those two fair angels and the grisly king," and afterwards with Gabriel, to whom they bring him, reluctantly, "o'ercome with rage," and, "like a proud steed rein'd, champing his iron curb,"—is the most spirited and dramatic scene in the poem. It ends, indeed, unsatisfactorily, but could not otherwise have been ended, without marring the catastrophe of the whole.

On his first entrance into Paradise, he assumes the appearance of "a cormorant, perched upon the tree of life," from which he discovers Adam and Eve. Thence he descends among the animals that companied together, and with the human pair who dwelt in the happy garden.

"Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu *two gentle fawns* at play,
Straight couches close, then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw."

The aptness of the simile of the tiger, in respect to the two fawns, and Satan meditating the destruction of "Adam, the first of men," and "the first of women, Eve," who are immediately afterwards introduced in conversation, must strike every reader of discernment.

The grand disguise, under which, as a serpent, the Devil beguiles Eve by his subtlety, need not be dwelt upon; the passage is familiar to those with whom Milton is worthily known; the description of his form, his beauty, and his antics, is above all praise. On his return from earth through chaos, he is again seen by his

son and daughter, Sin and Death, in his most imposing disguise, as "an angel bright, betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering his zenith, while the sun in Aries rose." Arriving at home, he, through the midst of his legions assembled in Pandemonium, passes "in show plebeian, as an angel militant of lowest order," till, "from the door of that Plutonian hall, invisible ascending his high throne, * * * * * down awhile he sat, and round about him saw, unseen: at last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head and shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad with what permissive glory since his fall was left him, or false glitter:—all amazed at that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld, their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim."—But the triumph was brief; and, after all his own successful metamorphoses, an involuntary transformation was suddenly wrought upon him, and not on him only, but on all his peers, when, after he had made an oration setting forth his exploits, "he and his horrid crew" were changed into reptiles of that class which he had chosen for perpetrating his fraud upon Eve. Being met with "a dismal, universal hiss from innumerable tongues on every side," when he expected their plaudits at the close of his speech,

——— "he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain;—a greater Power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom; he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with fork'd tongue

To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot."—PARADISE LOST, *Book X.*

Of the human actors, or, rather, sufferers, throughout this poem, the war in heaven, the creation of the world, and the prophetic disclosures with which it closes, analysis or exposition would be vain in this place. The first appearance of Adam and Eve, in Book IV., is a vision of beauty, unequalled in poetry. Their innocent endearments, their conjugal affection, their sweet and delicate discourse, their pastimes, their labours, their devotions, are all conceived and expressed with consummate ability. In the first pair Milton has delineated the ideal, which he fondly cherished, but never realised, of "wedded love." "Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights his constant lamp, and waves his purple wings; reigns here and revels." In all this author's poems there are no love-verses, addressed either to a living or an imaginary mistress—no Beatrice, no Laura, no Leonora.—In some of his school-boy elegiacs, in Latin, there are allusions to a tender passion, and a very ornate dream of a lady whom he saw in sleep, and sought, in vain, through the world afterwards, but it was manifestly head-work; there is not a trace of heart-love there, or elsewhere, except in the sonnet on his "late deceased saint," his second wife, formerly noticed. And yet no man of woman born has more glorified woman, in prose or rhyme, than he has done in *Paradise Lost*, in *Comus*, and even in his *Treatise on Divorce.*

Against one insuperable difficulty Milton had to wrestle, all the way through his subject, in *Paradise Lost;*—the inexplicable and inextricable confusion continually recurring between the properties of matter

and spirit in his preternatural agency. Dante before him had bravely encountered this perplexity; and, though not in one instance has he succeeded in disentangling the knot, yet it neither fettered nor hindered him from pursuing his resolute course through a Hell, a Purgatory, and a Heaven, of his own creation, in which impossibilities on earth were the events of every day in his new universe. Milton, in the battle of angels especially, has achieved prodigies of invention, and his triumph, though far from being complete, sufficiently proves that he came short only from the absolute impracticability of any attempt to symbolize eternal realities by temporal things. The close of the conflict, by the interposition of the Messiah, is, beyond comparison, great as the record of what might have might have been, in such a case:—"So spake the Son, and into terror changed his countenance, too severe to be beheld," to the end of Raphael's narrative. The whole power of the poet's mind, and the whole strength of the English language, are here summoned to describe the one act of the conqueror, routing, expelling, and pursuing the enemy, till, from the precipice into the infernal gulf,

——— "headlong themselves they threw,
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

PARADISE LOST, *Book VI.*

Much criticism has been expended to prove that the allegorical parts of this poem are faults which no law of epic poetry can absolve. But not one of the censors has ventured to demand that execution should be done upon "Sin and Death," "Chaos and ancient Night," nor even the phantasms that people "the

Limbo of Vanity." Offences if these be, what poet would not wish to have committed them; or would not go and do likewise, if he could, at his peril?

The burthen of *Paradise Regained* is our Saviour's temptation by the devil in the wilderness. This production has been unworthily disparaged; a sober judgment will, probably, pronounce it inferior to its predecessor only in proportion as the action, passion, and moral of the subject are necessarily inferior. Our Lord's obedience, in that hour and power of darkness, was but one step in his suffering life, and towards his atoning death, by which, at his glorious resurrection and ascension, "he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

The following extracts from this neglected poem will sufficiently show, that where the theme admitted of noble expressions, there was no falling-off of genius in the author to give utterance to such. The tempter plays his part, with consummate address, under the various disguises which he assumes. Through all of these, however, Jesus discerns him, and defeats his devices; confuting his arguments, and confounding his sophistries, though both are set forth with all the splendour of eloquence, and the subtlety of perverted logic; while the Redeemer's replies are in the plainest language that human invention could put into the mouth of Him, of whom it was said, "never man spake like this man." The narrative and descriptive portions of the work are of the richest materials and the rarest workmanship.

When Satan, from "the specular mount," is showing to our Saviour all the kingdoms of the earth and their glory, the discovery of the Parthian armies in motion affords a magnificent spectacle:—

——————" 'Now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon, hath gather'd all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste: see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.'
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound.
* * * * *
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers, all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or, where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And wagons fraught with utensils of war."

Our mighty poet here marshals the words of the English language like disciplined troops, and makes them move, advance, shift, and perform all the feats and manœuvres which, in this marvellous paragraph, he represents the Parthian armies as performing. So

perfectly do the sounds, the turns, and the pauses of the verse, though addressed to the ear, convey to the eye the images which they are intended to depict.

The greater part of Book IV. is equal to anything corresponding with the subjects in the former poem. The vision of Athens excels in beauty and splendour all that her own poets, historians, and orators have said in her praise. But another scene will be as seasonable here, to exhibit the undiminished talents of the author of *Paradise Lost* in *Paradise Regained.*

——————"Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in lowering night,
Her shadowy offspring. * * * * *
Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield,
From dews and damps of night, his shelter'd head,
But, shelter'd, slept in vain; for at his head
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep.

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer.

Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God! yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there;
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round

Environ'd thee; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey;
Who, with her radiant finger, still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun, with more effectual beams,
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn."

The exquisitely touching apostrophe—

——— "Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God!"

offers an example of the most delicate skill, in turning the *description* of the horrible effects of the storm into a *realization* of it to the reader himself, who feels as though he were standing by the poet, looking on and listening, while the latter repeats, in tones of tenderest sympathy, to the divine sufferer, the hideous phenomena as they occur in succession, to "scare him with visions, and terrify him through dreams," as Job, the type of our tempted Redeemer, describes himself to be haunted withal. Then, what can be more sweet, reviving, and delicious than the breath, the brightness, and the beauty of the "morning fair," who, with the single motion of "her radiant finger," stills the storm, dispels the gloom, chases the clouds, and lays the winds and grisly spectres which the fiend had raised; while the birds,—

"Who all things now behold more fresh and green," burst into songs of joy, "to gratulate the sweet return of morn?"

Similar scenes and contrasts have often been painted by poets of every age and country, but a night more hideous, followed by a morn more lovely, never yet appeared in nature or in song.

Samson Agonistes, a tragedy, most elaborately composed, and on the severest Greek model, is uninviting both in its theme and the treatment of it; yet the dialogues abound with sublime and pious sentiments; while, though much of the versification is harsh, and scarcely reducible to metre, the diction throughout exemplifies the full strength and affluence of the English language.

Satan's address to the sun, in Book IV. of *Paradise Lost*, is, deservedly, one of the most admired passages in that poem. There the arch-fiend, broken loose from hell, emerging from chaos, and, for the first time, beholding the new-created light of another world, is thereby miserably reminded of the high estate from which he had been cast down by "pride and worse ambition." In the opening of Milton's tragedy, Samson is brought out of the dungeon, and laid down upon a sunny bank, to enjoy the warmth of the day, and the freshness of the breeze. By the way, he speaks first to his attendant, and then to himself, of his departed glory, his ignominious bondage, and his lamentable blindness. Satan and Samson thus present two most striking spectacles of angel and man, fallen, by transgression, from the loftiest eminence which either could occupy, the one in heaven, the other on earth. The contrast is awful and affecting. The fiend, racked with doubt and horror, on the threshold of his

new attempt to cope with the Almighty, not in the open battle-field, by violence, but covertly, by fraud; that fiend, carrying the hell that stirs within himself into the bosom of Paradise, looks up to the sun with rage and agony, and calls him by his name, to tell him how he "hates his beams," and recoils from his splendour as that which most annoys his sense of guilt, and aggravates his fixed despair. The Hebrew champion, on the other hand, blind and bound, and captive to the Philistines, having a breathing-space from prison-labour, and equally reflecting on lost bliss, present pain, and future hopelessness, stretches out his fettered arms, lifts up his face, as the blind are wont to do, towards the light, and longs to see and bless the sun, and tell him how he *loves* his beams. The "archangel in eclipse" is scarcely a more magnificent being than Samson, the ruin of himself, thus cast upon the earth, and bewailing his miserable thraldom, but chiefly his loss of sight.

To contrast these two addresses of Satan and Samson with each other, and then to compare both with the poet's most touching lamentation over his own bereavement, in the opening of Book III. of *Paradise Lost*, will prove a deeply interesting exercise of taste, sympathy, and nice discernment, to the sensitive and intelligent reader, who will be filled with admiration at the wealth and diversity of talent unconsciously displayed by the author on three several occasions, at once so like, and so unlike each other. A parallel example of inexhaustible resources on so trite and confined a subject, it would be difficult to quote from any other authority.

The plot of this tragedy is so artless in form and development, that it scarcely can be said to have any

plot at all. Samson, as he thus sits on the sunny bank, bemoaning himself, is visited in succession by a chorus of Israelites; his father, Manoah; Harapha, a giant, ancestor of Goliath, in a later age; and by Dalilah, his betraying wife. With each of these he holds spirited, though lengthy discourse. In the sequel, being sent for by the Philistine lords, on occasion of a high festival, to make them sport, in the temple of Dagon, their idol, he gratifies them with practical proofs of his prodigious strength. During a pause, he is permitted to "lean awhile on those two massy pillars, that to the arched roof gave main support;" which, when Samson "felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined, and eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed, or some great matter in his mind revolved: at last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—

'Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.'"

Then follows the stupendous catastrophe, which is thus related:—

"This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd:
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, councillors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,

Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without."

In conclusion, the characteristics of Milton's poetry shall here be summed up in words which were published, anonymously, by the present writer, more than thirty years ago, in a literary journal: "So much has been said of Milton and his genius, by critics of all manner of tastes and qualifications, principles and prejudices, that little need be added here. His merits have been irreversibly established by every test of sound judgment to assay and illustrate them, as well as by every ordeal which envy, hatred, or bigotry could invent to obscure or depreciate them. His genius was of the loftiest order, and qualified rather to command than to court admiration. The admiration, therefore, which it has obtained is rendered with less fervour than reverence, and more as homage to a sovereign than as gratitude to a benefactor. The sublimity of his invention overawed the Graces, and the severity of his taste made fiction itself as inflexible as truth. In *Comus*, the most brilliant, ethereal, and delightful of all his compositions, there is a dignity in the graver, and a chastened gaiety in the lighter scenes, as coldly dissimilar from the bewitching freedom and familiarity of Shakspeare in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as Sabrina and her Water Nymphs are elementally distinct from Queen Titania and her Fairies. Milton's supreme dominion lay over the mind and the imagination, and over both (in his poetry, but not in his prose) it was exercised with a moderation as marvellous as its force. When he has been displaying powers that might be deemed almost preternatural, he appears

so unexhausted and vigorous, that we are ready, in applauding the triumph, to exclaim, in his own words—

'Yet half his strength he put not forth.'

"Over the gentler passions he either had little authority, or he disdained to use it. The reconciliation of Adam and Eve, after the scene of bitter recrimination on the one part, and the most humbling confession of having unwittingly offended on the other, is, perhaps, the only passage in all his writings that can move tears; the penitence of Eve is, indeed, irresistibly pathetic. The chief excellence of his poetry is surpassing elevation of thought, sustained by unfailing strength of language: its chief defect is the absence of a charm neither to be named nor defined, which should render the whole as lovely as it is beautiful, and as captivating as it is sublime. * * His Muse has the majesty of Juno to dazzle the eye, the wisdom of Minerva to inform the understanding, but she wants the girdle of Venus to bind the affections. His poetry will be for ever read by the few, and praised by the many. The weakest capacity may be offended by its faults, but it would require a genius scarcely inferior to his own, to comprehend, enjoy, and unfold all its merits."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE VERSE.*

The measure is English heroic verse, without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

THE ARGUMENT.

The First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall—the serpent, or, rather, Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall: Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterward in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these, Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope of yet regaining heaven, but tells them, lastly, of a new world, and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven; for that angels were, long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

---

* This Preface, and the Arguments to the twelve books, were not given in the earliest copies of the First Edition, but were added by the Author in 1668, when the book was re-issued with a new title.

BOOK I.

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse, that on the secret top

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion's hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,

If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

"If thou beest he; but O, how fall'n! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail:

Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven."
So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair;
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:—
"O prince, O chief of many-throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remain
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he, our Conqueror, (whom I now,
Of force, believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,

Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:—
"Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil,
Which ofttimes may succeed, so as, perhaps,
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see, the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;

And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name, of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On man by him seduced; but on himself

Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate:
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?"
Said then the lost archangel;—"this the seat
That we must change for heaven?—this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be; all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd:—"Leader of those armies bright,
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foil'd!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."
He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
At evening, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While, with perfidious hatred, they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels; so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded! "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!"
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men, wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till at a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities;
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the book of life.

Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth
Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them, to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those who, from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar; gods adored
Among the nations round; and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,

In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonáim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to the asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine; for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aëry purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these, in troop,
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly, by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion, also, not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,

And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox—
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd, with one stroke,
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself; to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,

And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan, heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he, from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself: which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd

Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment, through the gloom, were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence, to soft pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with order'd spear and shield!
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files

Darts his experienced eye, and soon travérse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All its original brightness: nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care

Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain:
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top, their stately growth, though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak: whereat their double ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

"O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter! but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,

If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds: whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven that he, ere long,
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be, perhaps,
Our first eruption; thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell; highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,

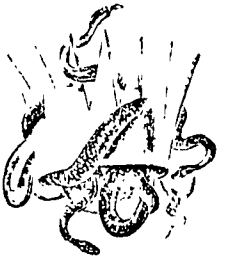
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men, also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and, with impious hands,
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour,
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude,
With wondrous art, founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and, from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound

Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tow'red structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the súpreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in the Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith, like a falling star,

On Lemnos, the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he, with this rebellious rout,
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in hell.

Meanwhile, the winged heralds, by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aëry crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room

Throng numberless, like that pygmëan race
Beyond the Indian mount: or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave, sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

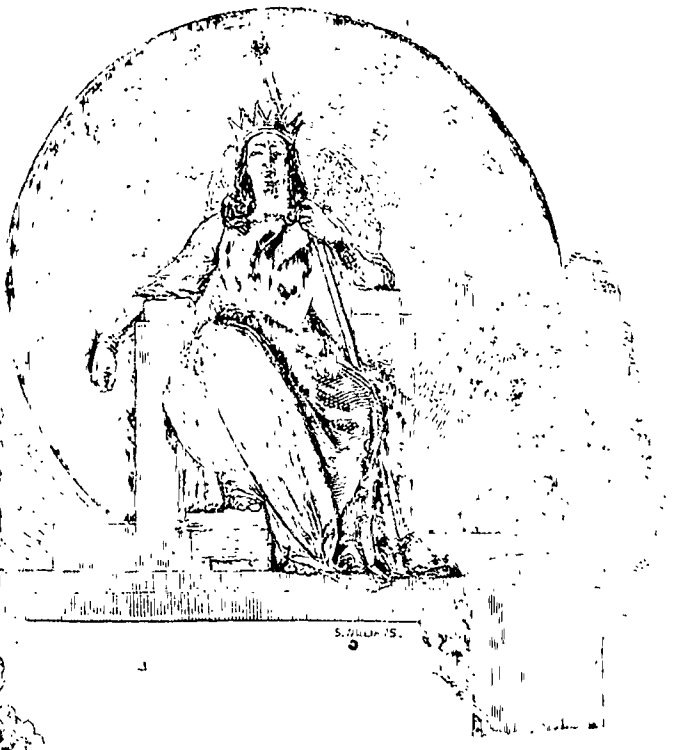


PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade; a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates: finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.



BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence: and from despair

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd:
"Powers and dominions, deities of heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice;
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark; and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precédence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage, then,
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,

Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak."
He ceased; and next him, Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength; and, rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake;
"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need; or when they need, not now:
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No!—let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sank thus low? The ascent is easy then:
The event is fear'd. Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed. What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Call us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we, then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential (happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being):
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up rose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:
"I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted: and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope

Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure—
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being—
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we, then?
Say they who counsel war, We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more—
What can we suffer worse? Is this, then, worst—
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? This hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds; or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire?

Impendent horrors! threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides:
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we, then, live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree;
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe, in time, may much remit
His anger, and, perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness, light;
Besides what hope the never-ending-flight
Of future days may bring; what chance, what change,
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill; for ill, not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:
"Either to disenthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek

Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft, amidst
Thick clouds and dark, doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And, with the majesty of darkness round,
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell;
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements, these piercing fires,
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper, which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark, by chance,
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them, and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:
"Thrones, and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain

In strictest bondage, though thus far removed
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude; for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting?—peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment,
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,
With dangerous expedition, to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What, if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race, call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn

What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset; either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss—
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent

They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
" Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which, from the lowest deep,
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat: perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send,
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aëry flight,
Upborne, with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,

Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:
"O progeny of heaven! empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,

Terror of heaven, though fallen; intend at home
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once, was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven.
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief;
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element

Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolved, and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then, of their session ended, they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice

Leads him, perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle! and complain that fate
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then:
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for awhile, or anguish, and excite

Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime, perhaps,
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate:
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets—
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile, or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine

Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound,
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose,
In sweet forgetfulness, all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death; which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.

As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting; about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing, bark'd,
With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,

For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward, came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.

The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
Admired not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look, thus first began:
"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven."
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:
"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith till then
Unbroken; and in proud, rebellious arms,
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or, with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the artic sky, and from his horrid hair

Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air;
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and, with hideous outcry, rush'd between.
"O father, what intends thy hands," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore: then these to her Satan return'd:
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:

I know thee not, nor ever saw, till now,
Sight more detestable than him and thee."
To whom thus the portress of hell-gate replied:
"Hast thou forgot me, then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seized
All the host of heaven; back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becamest enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile, war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven: wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyréan: down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hands was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat

Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out, Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, Death!
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,
And in embraces, forcible and foul,
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope

To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist."
She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:
"Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here shew'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us, unforseen, unthought of; know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and, one for all,
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply,
Perhaps, our vacant room; though more removed,
Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
"The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and, like a furnace-mouth,
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and, perhaps, her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd

Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss, the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair ascending, rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon falling, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half-flying: behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who, by stealth,
Had, from his wakeful custody, purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length, a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted, to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come, no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heaven; or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King,
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed no mean recompense it brings

To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night:
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."
Thus Satan: and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art;
That mighty leading angel, who, of late,
Made head 'gainst heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard: for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
To that side heaven, from whence your legions fell;
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock

Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once pass'd, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven),
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb,
Of this frail world: by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now, at last, the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,

With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created: shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice: man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him. They obey, and by hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile, Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where, wandering, he first finds a place, since called the "Limbo of Vanity:" what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun: he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on mount Niphates.

BOOK III.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!

Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp: but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind, through all her powers,
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he sits
High throned above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works, and their works, at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop, with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd

Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:
"Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created world,
And man there placed, with purpose to essay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert:
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? What praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also 's choice),

Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They, therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination overruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge: they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain, unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free: and free they must remain,
Till they inthral themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved: man falls, deceived
By the other first: man, therefore, shall find grace;
The other, none: in mercy and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious: in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and, without measure, grace
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest:
For should man finally be lost, should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought?
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence."
To whom the great Creator thus replied:
"O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand

On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them, as a guide,
My umpire, conscience; whom, if they will hear,
Light after light, well used, they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This, my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting godhead, and, so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die.
Die, he or justice must; unless for him
Some other, able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction; death for death.

Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime; and just, the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?"
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now, without redemption, all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd:
"Father, thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me, then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage.
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die: yet, that debt paid,

Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave,
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I, through the ample air, in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down, and smile,
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience; as a sacrifice
Glad to be offered, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:

"O thou, in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou,
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.

Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored; without thee, none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him, raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright, Son of God—
Found worthiest to be so, by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;

Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence: hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need;
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
Adore him who, to compass all this, dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd

The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,

And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams:
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness, where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee, like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee, next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein,
By thee created; and by thee threw down

The aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drovest of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit, thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;
Not so on man: him, through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined;
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin!
Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclosed
From Chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless, exposed, and ever-threat'ning storms

Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which, from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walked the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture, on Imaüs bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roying Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter, from the earth
Up hither, like aërial vapours, flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life:
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here:
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'

Those argent fields, more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits, hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those giants came,
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he, who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more, too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they, who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved;
And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags; then relics, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,

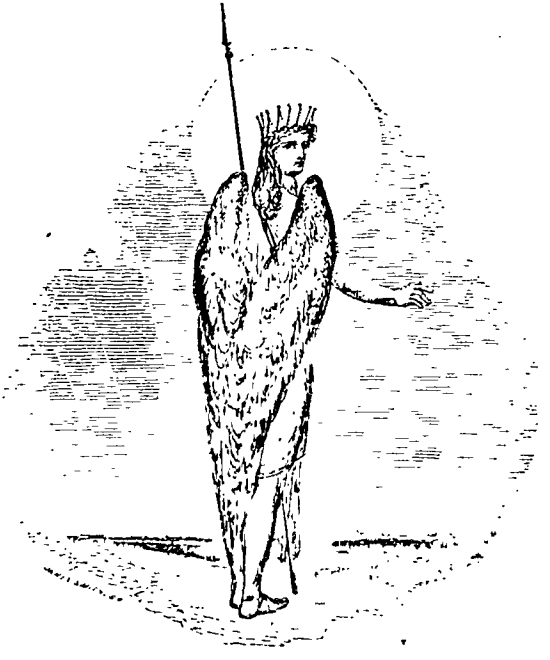
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heaven, a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of heaven."
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,

A passage down to the earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land, to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis,
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams;
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade), from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause

Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds, with ease,
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way,
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales;
Thrice happy isles! but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all,
The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
Allured his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude), where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far: they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which, perhaps,
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,
Through his glazed optic tube, yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;

If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz; or the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate: and a stone besides,
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen—
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,
In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder, then, if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,
The arch-chymic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind,
Illustrious, on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.

Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair,
In curls on either cheek, play'd; wings he wore,
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
The archangel Uriel, one of the seven
Who, in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:
"Uriel! for thou, of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first, art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest, by supreme decree,
Like honour to obtain, and, as his eye,
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know



All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour—him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat; or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;

That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways."
So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:
"Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some, perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works!
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all

Had in remembrance always with delight.
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when, at his word, the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements—earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side,
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,

As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leavè, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aëry wheel;
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions—fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation are described; overleaps the bounds: sits, in the shape of a cormorant, on the tree of life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile, Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere, in the shape of a good angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there, doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

BOOK IV.

FOR that warning voice, which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
"Woe to the inhabitants on earth!" that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd

The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth,
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards heaven and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,

Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King:
Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome; still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?

43031

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay, me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore, as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell fear;

Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good: by thee, at least,
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold:
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign,
As man, ere long, and this new world, shall know."
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warn'd: whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befal
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round;
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when, to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
Who came their bane: though with them better pleased
Than Asmodëus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd

All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side; which, when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd; and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since, into his church, lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what, well used, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea, more;
A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted: Eden stretch'd her line

From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings;
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd:
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath, ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote

The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers; thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Prosérpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,

Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed),
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he, and valour, form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;

Then was not guilty shame; dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life—
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So, hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in Love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed

His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass
Couch'd, and, now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To the ocean isles; and, in the ascending scale
Of heaven, the stars that usher evening rose;
When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad:
"O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born, perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue, and this high seat, your heaven,
Ill fenced, for heaven, to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling, haply, may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; he gave it me,

Which I as freely give; hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me, loth, to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire, with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."
So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand, on that high tree,
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end,
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight crouches close, then rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw; when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow:
"Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal, and free as infinite;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness; who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge: of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit

So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights;
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty; following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve replied: "O thou, for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end; my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,

Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that, to me, seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,
Under a plantane, yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou, following, cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half. With that thy gentle hand

Seized mine: I yielded; and, from that time, see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother; and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd:
"Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths; all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds

With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die; what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair! enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures; for long woes are to succeed."
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began [roam.
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his
Meanwhile, in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays; it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games
The unarm'd youth of heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shew the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste:
"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aëry gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have overleap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."
So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd, on that bright beam, whose point now raised

Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volúble earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,

And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours; yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty 'dorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
All things to man's delightful use: the roof

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly choirs the hymenean sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts; and, O! too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,

Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence;
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some—leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, in all things common else!
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,

Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd—
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair! and, O! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
  Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone,
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim,
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
  "Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north:
Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:
  "Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid, perhaps, asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arrived
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped

The bars of hell, on errand bad, no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought; him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise,
At least, distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up, in his own shape, the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels, half amazed
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon:
"Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and transform'd,
Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"
"Know ye not then," said Satan, fill'd with scorn:
"Know ye not me? ye knew me once, no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar,
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?"
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn:
"Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in heaven, upright and pure;

That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now,
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."
So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he,
"Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
"Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee, wicked, and thence weak."
The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front, thus call'd aloud:
"O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel, and Zephon, through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,

Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake:
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"
To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:
"Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee: but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will, who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied:
"O loss of one in heaven, to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,

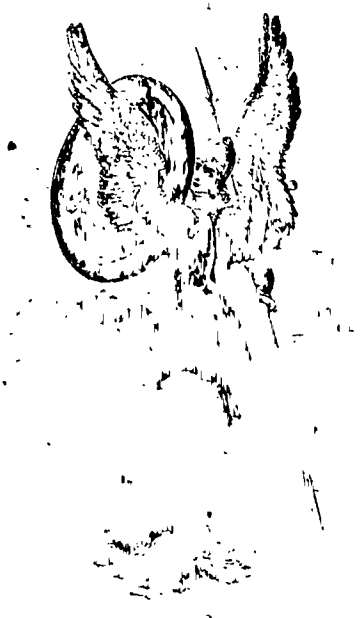
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
The fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience, what behoves,
From hard assays, and ill successes past,
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger, by himself untried:
I, therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers

To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight."
To whom the warrior-angel soon replied:
"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan: and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now—Avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fled'st. If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd."
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, replied:
"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains
Proud limitary cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King

Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star-paved."
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the thrashing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise,
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heaven, perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:
"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given; what folly then

To boast what arms can do! since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her; they come forth to their day labours; their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

BOOK V.

NOW Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd: for his sleep
Was aëry-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,

Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."
Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird that, now awake,

Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and, with more pleasing light,
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge; fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia: on that tree he also gazed;
'And, O, fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?'
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy'd; 'O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men;
And why not gods of men; since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,
But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.'
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked
To find this but a dream." Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:
"Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear,
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that, in the soul,
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these, Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call

Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when Nature rests.
Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd, then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first from under shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,

Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they, to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse;
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels: for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row
Of fruit-trees, over woody, reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.
"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on earth
Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,
Hath raised in Paradise; and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go, therefore, half this day, as friend with friend,
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state;
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,

Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd."
So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
Flew through the midst of heaven; the angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road; till, at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'reign Architect had framed.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,
Delos, or Samos, first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A Phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his relics in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights; and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade

His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch: and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets! for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectareous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd:
"Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold,
Eastward, among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven

To us, perhaps, he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And, what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare."
To whom thus Eve: "Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use, hangs on the stalk;
Save what, by frugal storing, firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel-guest, as he,
Beholding, shall confess, that here on earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven."
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinöus reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers; tribute large! and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meathes

From many a berry; and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.
Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said: "Native of heaven, for other place
None can than heaven such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile
To want, and honour these; vouchsafe with us
Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest; and, what the garden choicest bears,
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline."
Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild:
"Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,
To visit thee: lead on, then, where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid hours, till evening rise,
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells; but Eve,

Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from heaven; no veil
She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel "Hail!"
Bestow'd, the holy salutation used,
Long after, to blest Mary, second Eve:
"Hail! mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb

Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table." Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square, from side to side,
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. Awhile discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author: "Heavenly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caused
The earth to yield: unsavoury food, perhaps,
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all."
To whom the angel: "Therefore, what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man, in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure,
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational: and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste;
Tasting, concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest, first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.

The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs, each morn,
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain; yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so, with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist—the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile, at table, Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence,
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.

Thus, when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw

Transcend his own so far; whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:
"Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?"
To whom the winged hierarch replied:
"O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure,
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aëry, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.

Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend,
Ethereal, as we; or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly paradises dwell,
If ye be found obedient, and retain,
Unalterably firm, his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill, what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied:
"O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference; whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, 'If ye be found
Obedient?' Can we want obedience, then,
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here,
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel: "Son of heaven and earth,
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;

And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
In sight of God, enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from heaven to deepest hell: O fall,
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"
To whom our great progenitor: "Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs, by night, from neighbouring hills
Aërial music send: nor knew I not
To be, both will and deed, created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in heaven, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun

Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heaven."
Thus Adam made request: and Raphael,
After short pause assenting, thus began:
"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many, glorious once,
And perfect, while they stood? how, last, unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests,
Upon her centre poised; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future), on such day
As heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable, before the Almighty's throne,
Forthwith, from all the ends of heaven, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear emblazed

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom, in bliss embosom'd, sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:
"'Hear, all ye angels, progĕny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United, as one individual soul,
For ever happy: him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union; and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep engulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.'
"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd
(For we have also our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need);
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food; and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink; and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil), and roseate dews disposed
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread
(Such are the courts of God), the angelic throng,
Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,
Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who, in their course,
Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
Alternate all night long: but not so waked
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,

In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear,
Through pride, that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:
"'Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep can close
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
Of heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how, then, can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve; new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou,
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief;
Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy clouds withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands;
Who speedily, through all the hierarchies,
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.'
"So spake the false archangel, and infused

Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words, and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd

The wonted signal, and superior voice,
Of their great potentate; for great, indeed,
His name, and high was his degree in heaven:
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heaven's host.
Meanwhile, the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:
"'Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'
"To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer: 'Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain;
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate

Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.'
"So spake the Son: but Satan, with his powers,
Far was advanced on winged speed; a host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions, to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which, having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal seat,
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which, not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending, so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come; and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:
"'Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engross'd
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
Too much to one! but double how endured,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heaven, possess'd before
By none: and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason, then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who, without law,
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.'

"Thus far his bold discourse, without control,
Had audience: when, among the seraphim,
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,

Stood up, and, in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury thus opposed:
"'O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou, with impious obloquy, condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven
Shall bend the knee, and, in that honour due,
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all, with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heaven
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignity,
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom,
As by his word, the Mighty Father made
All things, even thee; and all the spirits of heaven
By him created in their bright degrees;
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,

Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made; since he, the head,
One of our number thus reduced becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
The incensed Father and the incensed Son,
While pardon may be found, in time besought.'
" So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash: whereat rejoiced
The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:
" 'That we were form'd, then, say'st thou? and the [work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? Strange point, and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who [saw
When this creation was? remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
By our own quickening power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own: our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begird the Almighty throne,
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to the anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'
" He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
Through the infinite host: nor less for that

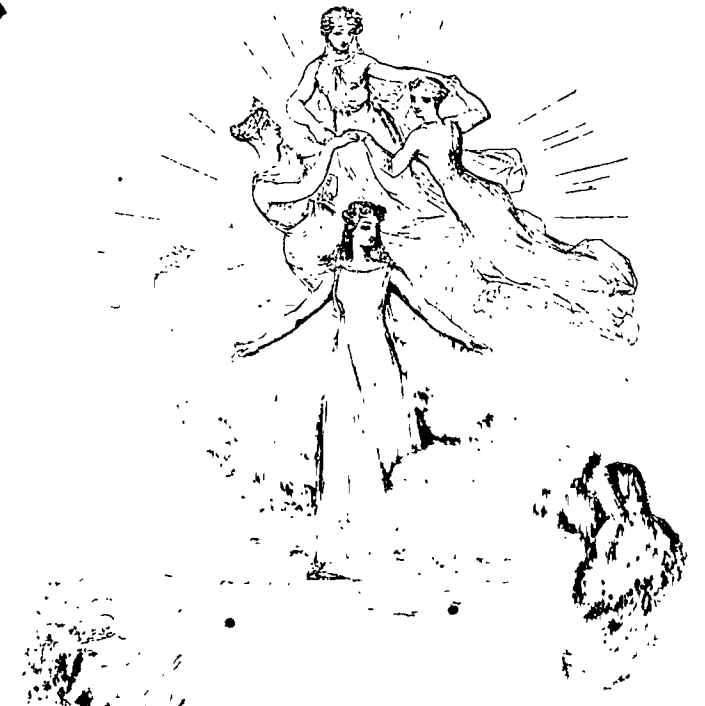
The flaming seraph, fearless, though alone,
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold:
"'O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah: those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted; lest the wrath,
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.'
"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud towers, to swift destruction doom'd."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm both the force and machines of Satan: yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory; he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.



BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadless angel, unpursued, [Morn,
Through heaven's wide champaign held his way, till
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness, in perpetual round

Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [heaven
Light issues forth, and, at the other door,
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceived, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly, then, he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him, high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:
"'Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee: aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than scorn'd thou didst depart: and to subdue

By force, who reason for their law refuse;
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince;
And thou in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed saints,
By thousands and by millions, ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.'

"So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on,
In silence, their bright legions to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,

Came summon'd over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in the horizon, to the north, appear'd,
From skirt to skirt, a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid-way; though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a god,
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,

Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold:
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:
"'O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails? or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
That he who, in debate of truth, hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force; yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.'
"So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed, and thus securely him defied:
"'Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aspiring unopposed;
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue. Fool! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who, out of smallest things, could, without end,
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness! but thou seest

All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all; my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.'
"Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answered: 'Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,
Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert: who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comest
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast), to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and heaven,
To heavenly souls, had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song:
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.'
"To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern replied:
'Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,

When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly darest our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serve,
In heaven, God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile,
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'
"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if, on earth,
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded; and, had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army 'gainst army, numberless, to raise
Dreadful combustion warring; and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,
From his strong hold of heaven, high overruled
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior, single as in chief; expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then

Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sway,
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued,
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed, first thus began:
"'Author of evil unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest, by just measure, on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false? But think not here
To trouble holy rest; heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence, then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,

Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'
"So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary: 'Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight? or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd; easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heaven itself into the hell
Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile, thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.'
"They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles: two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,

Two planets, rushing from aspéct malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The grinding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot where it stood retired
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,

Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
"Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,

And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphémous; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms,
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing,
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow,
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
Seek not the praise of men; the other sort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame;
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

"And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap

Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd
And fiery-foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd,
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,
Defensive scarce; or with pale fear surprised,
Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience; till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence moved.
"Now Night her course began, and, over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his angels, prevalent
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round
Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodged; and, void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began:
"'O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence! but, what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown:
Who have sustain'd one day, in doubtful fight,

(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future, we may deem him, though, till now,
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endured, and pain,
Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable; and, though pierced with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil, then, so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.'
"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn;
And, cloudy in aspéct, thus answering spake:
"'Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our rights as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms, to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He who, therefore, can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.'
"Whereto, with look composed, Satan replied:
'Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believest so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us, who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious heaven, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow,
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spirituous and fiery spume; till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These, in their dark nativity, the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which, into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm, whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labour: yet, ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd,'
" He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived:
The invention all admired, and each how he
To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race,
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found; they mingled, and, with subtle art,
Concocted and adjusted; they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all, ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.
" Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms

The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast, light-armed, scour
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodged, or whither fled; or if for fight,
In motion or in halt; him soon they met,
Under spread ensigns, moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion: back, with speediest sail,
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and, in mid air, aloud thus cried:
"'Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit.
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.'
"So warn'd he them; aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
And onward moved embattled: when, behold!
Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube,
Training his devilish enginery, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:
"'Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see, who hate us, how we seek

Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however, witness heaven!
Heaven! witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud, that all may hear.'
"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd);
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each, behind,
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving, tipt with fire; while we, suspense,
Collected stood, within our thoughts amused,
Not long; for sudden, all at once, their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate, in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell

By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd,
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd, they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forced rout;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:
"'O friends! why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps,
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.'
"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
'Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'

"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale),
Light as the lightning glimpse, they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines' triple row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised,
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised;
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son avenged
Upon his enemies; and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus began:
"'Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd:
For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,

And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd; which makes
Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are, therefore, past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In heaven and hell thy power above compare:
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep;
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed King.'
" He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd,
Ineffably into his face received;
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake:
" ' O Father, O supreme of heavenly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son; I always thee,
As is most just: this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou, in me well pleased, declarest thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lovest:
But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd;
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and the undying worm;
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints, unmix'd, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'
"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all,
And wings, were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat, eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow

And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystálline sky, in sapphire throned,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen: them unexpected joy surprised,
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
Aloft, by angels borne, his sign in heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head embodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepared;
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious: heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled.
"This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell,
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move, the obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last: and now

To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake:
"'Stand still in bright array, ye saints; here stand,
Ye angels arm'd; this day from battle rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause:
And as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despised,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom, in heaven supreme,
Kingdom, and power, and glory, appertain,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd:
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves; they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'
"So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,

Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;

O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostráte;
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid-volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him, thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven; which, opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
"Hell heard the unsufferable noise; hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted: but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout

Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd heaven rejoiced, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
"Sole Victor, from the expulsion of his foes,
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him, all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
"Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid:
The discord which befell, and war in heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those, too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him,
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.

But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into heaven.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top

Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest, from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodopé, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphael,

The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostasy, by what befell in heaven
To those apostates; lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange; things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
With such confusion: but the evil, soon
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose; and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him; how this world
Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began;
When, and whereof created; for what cause;
What within Eden, or without, was done
Before his memory: as one, whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest:
"Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine Interpreter! by favour sent
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,

Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;
For which, to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovereign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently, for our instruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less, perhaps, avail us known:
How first began this heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfused,
Embracing round this florid earth: what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon
Absolved; if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence; and sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild:
"This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
Obtain; though, to recount almighty works,
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing; such commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond, abstain
To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know;
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
"Know then, that, after Lucifer from heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:
"'At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,

He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due, and solemn rites:
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be, to lose
Self-lost; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried;
And earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile, inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth;
Boundless the deep, because I Am, who fill
Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,
Though I, uncircumscribed myself, retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not; necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.'

"So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake,
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift

Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without procéss of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing were in heaven,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
"So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine: sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth,
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord: heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
"'Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,'
Said then the omnific Word: 'your discord end!'
Nor stay'd; but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!'
Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purged
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.
"'Let there be light,' said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,

Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
To journey through the aëry gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light, the day, and darkness, night,
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:

LIBRARY OF THE PONTIFICAL

Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth: with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works: Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
"Again, God said, 'Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters;' and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters, calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed; lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And heaven he named the firmament. So even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
"The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appear'd not; over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle; but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
'Be gather'd now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods; as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard; so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth; and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd seas:
And saw that it was good; and said, 'Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept

The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades; though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem. God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.

"Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there be lights
High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the earth;' and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For, of celestial bodies, first the sun,

A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould; then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heaven, thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With her bright luminaries, that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
"And God said, 'Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:

And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Displayed on the open firmament of heaven.'
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds;
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.'
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that, with their fins, and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea: part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats, dropt with gold;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food,
In jointed armour, watch: on smooth, the seal
And bended dolphins play; part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg that soon,
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud

In prospect: there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aëry caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings, mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aërial sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours; and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

"The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said,
'Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
Each in their kind.' The earth obey'd, and straight
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full-grown: out of the ground up rose,

As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, and walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness; fleeced the flocks, and bleating, rose
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land,
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart enclosed;
Pattern of just equality, perhaps,
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming, next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gavest them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

"Now heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone
And brute, as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright, with front serene,
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous, to correspond with heaven;
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither, with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:
"'Let us make now man in our image, man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.'
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.
Male he created thee; but thy consort,
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, hence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee: all sorts are here that all the earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest:
Death is the penalty imposed: beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death.
" Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
' Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung;
' Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in

The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world:
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending: he, through heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father: for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things: and, from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work;
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.

Creation and the six days' acts they sung:
'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater than, created, to destroy.
Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence createst more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heaven,
From heaven-gate not far, founded, in view,
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star, perhaps, a world
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced!
Created in his image there to dwell
And worship him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!'
"So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With hallelujahs: thus was sabbath kept.

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning: that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know: if else thou seek'st
Aught not surpassing human measure, say."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge; Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon, who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

BOOK VIII.

HE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:
"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine

Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension, to relate
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of heaven and earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes; this earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire,
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater, so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution, day by day
Repeated; while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."
So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve

Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleased her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,
Benevolent and facile thus replied:
"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether heaven move or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets, to be scann'd by them who ought

Rather admire; or, if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes; perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model heaven,
And calculate the stars; how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive,
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less, not bright; nor heaven such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines;
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there first received,
His beams, inactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious; but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heavens' wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition; and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,

That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning hour set out from heaven,
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if, seventh to these,
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,

Enlightening her by day, as she by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns, perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb, perhaps, with some that live:
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not;
Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance,
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds; what creatures there
Live in what state, condition, or degree;

Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven."
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied:
"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of heaven, angel serene!
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now, hear me relate
My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard;
And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven;

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."
To whom thus Raphael answer'd, heavenly meek:
"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee; and each word, each motion, forms:
Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with man;
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell;
Squared in full legion (such command we had),
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt:
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovereign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong;
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song;
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine."
So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire:
"For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,

In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?'
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense; untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers; that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree,
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wandering, had not he, who was my guide

Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell [am,'
Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st I
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree, whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden, by the tree of life—
Remember what I warn thee—shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,

Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.'
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold,
Approaching two and two; these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I named them as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature; with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension: but in these

I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heavenly vision thus presumed:
"'O, by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming; how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man? for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things; but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?'
Thus I, presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:
"'What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.'
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied:
"'Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power;
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received; but, in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove

Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all.'

"Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeased:
'A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam! and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou, then, of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not, who am alone
From all eternity? for none I know
Second to me, or like, equal much less.
How have I, then, with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?'

"He ceased; I lowly answered: 'To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not so is man,
But in degree; the cause of his desire,
By conversation with his like, to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But man by number is to manifest

His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet, so pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deified:
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone; nor in their ways complacence find.'
Thus I, emboldened, spake, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine:
"'Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased;
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself;
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute:
Whose fellowship, therefore, unmeet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spakest,
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee; for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'
"He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd;
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which, from that time, infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things, from her air, inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure;
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:
"'This turn hath made amends: thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,

Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all thy gifts: nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me. Woman is her name; of man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul!'
"She heard me thus: and, though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn: all heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence: the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star,
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.
"Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,

Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmoved; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or, from my side subducting, took, perhaps,
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand, in the prime end
Of nature, her the inferior in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward, also, her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded: wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."
To whom the angel, with contracted brow:
"Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident

Of wisdom: she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
For, what admirest thou, what transports thee so?
An outside; fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection; weigh with her thyself;
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well managed; of that skill, the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulged, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied:
"Neither her outside, form'd so fair, nor aught

In procreation, common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul:
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blamest me not; for love, thou say'st,
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love
Express they, by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"
To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd. "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun,

Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian, sets; my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love; but, first of all,
Him, whom to love is to obey; and keep
His great command: take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which, else, free-will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. "Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"
So parted they: the angel up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night, into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her, found alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields; the serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now: the serpent answers that, by tasting of a certain tree in the garden, he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge, forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit: relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

BOOK IX.

NO MORE of talk where God, or angel guest,
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach

Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience: on the part of Heaven,
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow, Death and Misery,
Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
Not less, but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued,
Thrice fugitive, about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering; or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect,
With long and tedious havoc, fabled knights,
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name

To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be my,
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night; and now, from end to end,
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round;
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence, full of anguish, driven,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness: thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On the eighth return'd, and, on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not; though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose,

Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd, and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic: and, in length,
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien; thence to the land where flow
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep,
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute,
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose,
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake,
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolved; but first, from inward grief,
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
"O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what god, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial heaven, danced round by other heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,

Centring, receivest from all those orbs: in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught! sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries. All good to me becomes
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no, nor in heaven,
To dwell, unless by mastering heaven's Supreme:
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making; and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though, perhaps,
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed,
From servitude inglorious, well nigh half
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng

Of his adorers: he, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue, spent of old, now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his created; or, to spite us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth; and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed,
He effected; man he made, and for him built,
Magnificent, this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounced: and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service, angel-wings,
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: of these the vigilance
I dread; and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspired!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite;

Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."
So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him, fast sleeping, soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round, self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfear'd, he slept: in at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From the earth's great altar, send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands' dispatch of two, gardening so wide;
And Eve first to her husband thus began:
"Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but, till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop, overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,

One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
Let us divide our labours; thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if, so near,
Looks intervene, and smiles, or objects new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?"
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me, beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear!
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food;
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk; till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse, perhaps,
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee, sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us; what malicious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere, nigh at hand,
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need;
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which, perhaps, no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied:
"Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's lord!
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not; being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is, then, thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced:
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?"
To whom, with healing words, Adam replied:
"Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire;
Not diffident of thee, do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight; but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul; supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself, with scorn
And anger, wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not, then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue: in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on

Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised, unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"
So spake domestic Adam in his care,
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:
"If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false; find peace within,
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not, then, suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so;
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."
To whom thus Adam fervently replied:
"O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect, or deficient, left
Of all that he created; much less man,

Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force. Within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect;
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; the other who can know?
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But, if thou think trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all:
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:

"With thy permission, then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,

May find us both, perhaps, far less prepared,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self,
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardening tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd; Pomona, when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long, with ardent look, his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated: she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose!
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find

The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half-spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping, unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold; now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more:
As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms

Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:
"Thoughts, whither have ye led me? With what sweet
Compulsion, thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us? hate, not love; nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts;
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,

Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath hell debased, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely; never since of serpent kind
Lovelier; not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
He, with Olympias; this, with her who bore
Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train

Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye: she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,

Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began:
"Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if, perhaps,
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admired; but here,
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be
A goddess among gods, adored and served [seen
By angels numberless, thy daily train."
So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length,
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:
"What may this mean? language of man, pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first, at least, of these, I thought denied
To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.

Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,
How camest thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown, above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due."
To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:
"Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd:
What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd,
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze:
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree,
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting, so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure, till that hour,
At feed or fountain, never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers, and speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in heaven,
Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld: no fair to thine
Equivalent or second! which compell'd
Me thus, though importune, perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declared
Sovereign of creatures, universal dame!"
So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved:
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth."
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:
'Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,

Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."
"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far;
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which, when she saw, thus to our guide she spake:
"Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such effects!
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law."
To whom the tempter guilefully replied:
"Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?"
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: "Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat:
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst

The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but, with show of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and, as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when, of old, some orator renown'd,
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height upgrown,
The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd, however, wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die;
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the Threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,

Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why, then, was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers. He knows that, in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall presently be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are gods, that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
I question it; for this fair earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things, who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell

In heavenly breasts? These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste."
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which, with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused:
"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired;
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue, not made for speech, to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us, then, to taste: but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had; or, had,
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits, then,
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!

How dies the serpent? he hath eaten, and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good or evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders, then,
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent; and well might; for Eve,
Intent now only on her taste, nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought.
Greedily she engorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began:
"O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,

And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give:

For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,
Best guide: not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st Wisdom's way,
And givest access, though secret she retire.
And I, perhaps, am secret: heaven is high;
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care, perhaps,
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me; or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power,
Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal; and, perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for, inferior, who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more!
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her, enjoying; I extinct:
A death to think! Confirm'd, then, I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe;
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure—without him live no life."
So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam, the while,
Waiting, desirous her return, had wove

Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd:
"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence; agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such: the serpent, wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration: and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I

Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond: opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought; without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal lot
May join us—equal joy, as equal love:
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."
  Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland, wreathed for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed;
Speechless he stood and pale; till thus, at length,
First to himself, he inward silence broke:
  "O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works! creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance? how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:

How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus, in calm mood, his words to Eve he turn'd:

"Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred food, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past, who can recall; or done, undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first
Made common, and unhallow'd, ere our taste:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works; which, in our fall,

For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependant made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose:
Not well conceived of God, who, though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph and say: 'Fickle their state, whom God
Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?'
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own;
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."
So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied:
"O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate; but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else

So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love, unequall'd: but I feel
Far otherwise the event; not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."
So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits), from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge: not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original: while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel

Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth; but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:
"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part;
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious; I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten;
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!"
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,

The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
  Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That, with exhilarating vapour bland,
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them: up they rose
As from unrest; and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd; innocence, that, as a veil,
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty shame: he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength; they, destitute and bare
Of all their virtue, silent, and in face
Confounded; long they sat, as stricken mute:
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd:
  "O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
False in our promised rising; since our eyes
Open'd we find, indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost and evil got;
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know;
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs

Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O! might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may, for the present, serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seems most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, together sew'd
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts; that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."
So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as, at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;

And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist: vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O, how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such, of late,
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep: nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise; high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once,
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For understanding ruled not, and the will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who, from beneath,
Usurping over sovereign reason, claim'd
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd:

"Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy; not as now, despoil'd
Of all our good; shamed, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe: when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail."

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve
"What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe?
Imputest thou that to my default, or will

Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd, thou being by,
Or to thyself, perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,

Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile, then, thou didst not much gainsay:
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:
"Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I;
Who might have lived, and 'joyed immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
It seems, in my restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force;
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and, perhaps,
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befal
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then, in pity, clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him; proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed, with himself also, suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her, with him, to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise; and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart

Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd:
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'
The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they, not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
Up into heaven from Paradise, in haste,
The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,
For man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From earth arrived at heaven-gate, displeased
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arrived, in multitudes,
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they, towards the throne supreme,
Accountable, made haste, to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approved; when the Most High,
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice:
"Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent;
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed

On his bad errand; man should be seduced,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounced that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And, destined Man himself, to judge man fall'n."
So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blazed forth unclouded deity; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:
"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will
Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertook

Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me derived; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
Those two: the third, best absent, is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory. Him, thrones and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to heaven-gate; from whence
Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth, now waked, and usher in
The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
To sentence man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:

"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming, seen far off? I miss thee here;
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!"

He came, and with him, Eve, more loth, though first
To offend; discountenanced both, and discomposed;
Love was not in their looks, either to God,
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair;
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief:
"I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, replied:
"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoiced; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"
To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:
"O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge; either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,
And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;

She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."
To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied:
"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was, indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd;
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied:
"The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accused
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation: justly then accursed,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:
"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;

Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."
So spake this oracle, then verified,
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from heaven,
Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave,
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show; and, with ascension bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise:
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd:
"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof,'
Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns, also, and thistles, it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."
So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,

Removed far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him, naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;
As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him, with swift ascent, he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassumed,
In glory, as of old; to him, appeased,
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judged on earth,
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:
"O son, why sit we here, each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers; since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large,

Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return, perhaps, over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world,
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead,
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon:
"Go, whither fate, and inclination strong,
Lead thee: I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live;
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:

So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air;
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both, from out hell-gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great),
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Toss'd up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil,
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on,
Over the foaming deep, high-arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art

Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place, where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable! And now in little space
The confines met of empyrean heaven

And of this world; and, on the left hand, hell
With long reach interposed; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguised he came; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape,
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act,
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
The present; fearing, guilty, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and, listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd;
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
"O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies! which thou view'st as not thine own;

Thou art their author, and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divined
(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet)
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee, with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track:
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay,
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd,
With odds, what war hath lost, and fully avenged
Our foil in heaven: here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudged, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad:
"Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both;
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heaven's Almighty King),
Amply have merited of me—of all
The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door

Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm,
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore—while I
Descend through darkness, on your road, with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice—
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell, and reign in bliss: thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air,
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now,
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be strong."
So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan;
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The causey to hell-gate: on either side
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those,
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls

Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd:
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he,
Departing, gave command, and they observed.
As when the Tartar, from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen; so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst, unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne, which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen:
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy

Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand,
Silence, and with these words, attention won:
"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard,
With peril great, achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd; with what pain
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which,
By Sin and Death, a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme; thence, how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heaven
Long had foretold; a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection! therein man,
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator; and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple: he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up
Both his beloved man and all this world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,

To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived!—that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance; what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"
So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause,
To fill his ear; when, contrary he hears,
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. He wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell
A monstrous serpent, on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue: for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,

And dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fall'n, in station stood, or just array;
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief.
They saw, but other sight instead—a crowd
Of ugly serpents! Horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for, what they saw,
They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd, by contagion; like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter; on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;
Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks

That curl'd Megæra. Greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as man [plagued,
Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed,
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling, certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for man seduced.
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the heathen, of their purchase got,
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve, perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
  Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arrived; Sin, there in power before,
Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her, Death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began:
  "Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!
What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travail difficult? not better far

Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved?"
Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon:
"To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or paradise, or heaven;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet:
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast un-hide-bound corpse."
To whom the incestuous mother thus replied:
"Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
No homely morsels: and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared;
Till I, in man residing, through the race
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."
This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice:
"See, with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly; and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,

At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till, cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin and Death, and yawning grave, at last,
Through chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heaven and earth, renew'd, shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes."
He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heaven descend." Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five
Their planetary motions, and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd

Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous; to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial hall.
Some say, he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe. Some say, the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else, how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now, from the north

Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blasts upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer, black with thunderous clouds,

From Sierra Liona; thwart of these, as fierce,
Forth rush'd the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduced, through fierce antipathy.
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or, with countenance grim,
Glared on him passing. These were, from without,
The growing miseries which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:
"O miserable of happy! Is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory? who now, become
Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve:
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply;'
Now death to hear! for what can I increase,
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? 'Ill fare our ancestor impure!
For this we may thank Adam!' but his thanks

Shall be the execration; so, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound;
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign, and render back,
All I received; unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refused
Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient; and, reproved, retort,
'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:'
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him, not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:

O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life—the spirit of man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd: what dies but what had life
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me, then, shall die. let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows;
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held; as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfied never? That were to extend

His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward—which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me—and so last
To perpetuity: ah, me! that fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both:
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands cursed; fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they, then, acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me—me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear—
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope

Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future;
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
O conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror; on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation; death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But death comes not at call; justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."
Whom thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd;
But her, with stern regard, he thus repell'd:
"Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended

To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
Though by the devil himself; him overweening
To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befal; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:

Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."
He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness, Heaven,
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart,

I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant,
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress
My only strength and stay; forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen;
On me, already lost, me than thyself
More miserable. Both have sinn'd; but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Me—me only, just object of his ire!"
She ended, weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid:
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:
"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desirest
The punishment all on thyself; alas

Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited;
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil—
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By death at last (and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring

Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That, after wretched life, must be at last
Food for so foul a monster); in thy power
It lies yet, ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And, with desire, to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire; which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek death; or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears
That show no end but death; and have the power,
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had raised; and thus to Eve replied:
"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,

Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,
So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head: piteous amends! unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan, who, in the serpent, hath contrived
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge, indeed! which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we,
Instead, shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd, then, of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God, and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judged,
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when, lo! to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,

And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided; and his hands
Clothed us, unworthy, pitying while he judged;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain; while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth, to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment;
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.

What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him, reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy, shone?"
So spake our father, penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him, reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground; and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

BOOK XI.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer

Inspired, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair,
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began:
"See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man; these sighs
And prayers, which, in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him—me, his Advocate
And Propitiation; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom (which I

To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
"All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,
As a distemper gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness,
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death: so death becomes
His final remedy; and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heaven and earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest [hide
Through heaven's wide bounds: from them I will not
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd."
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since, perhaps,

When God descended, and, perhaps, once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amarantine shade, fountain, or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats: till, from his throne supreme,
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will:
"O sons, like one of us man is become,
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever (dream at least to live
For ever) to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise;
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,
Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair—
From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint

At the sad sentence rigorously urged
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them, not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And, on the east side of the garden, place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life;
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude."
He ceased; and the archangelic power prepared
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim: four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To resalute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalm'd
The earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above; new hope to spring
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:
"Eve, easily may faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from heaven descends;

But that from us aught should ascend to heaven
So prevalent, as to concern the mind
Of God, high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence, hail to thee,
Eve, rightly call'd mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour, meek:
"Ill-worthy I such title should belong
To me, transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare: to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night; for see! the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress, smiling: let us forth;
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,

Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious till day droop: while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."
So spake, so wish'd, much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclipsed,
After short blush of morn; nigh, in her sight,
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill, the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake:
"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, shows,
Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn
Us, haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight,
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? Why, in the east,
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?"
He err'd not; for, by this, the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;

A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake:
"Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps,
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host, and by his gait,
None of the meanest; some great potentate,
Or of the thrones above, such majesty
Invests his coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide,
But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."
He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof;

His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:
"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may, then, thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim:
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."
He added not; for Adam, at the news
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen,
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire:
"O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank

Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:
"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes; gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And, in performing, end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place (our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes); all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if, by prayer
Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,

Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me; that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
'On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:'
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."
To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:
"Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth;
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power, and warm'd:
All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not, then,
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise, or Eden; this had been,
Perhaps, thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come,
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.

But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain,
God is, as here, and will be found alike
Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.

Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee, and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wakest,
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."
To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:
"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening; to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain." So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top,
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect, lay.
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Cham,

And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin, of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra, and Lahor, of Great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian Czar
In Moscow; or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born: nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
Monbaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south:
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit, perhaps, he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd;

"Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds."
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reap'd; the other part, sheep-walks and folds;
In the midst an altar, as the landmark, stood,
Rustic, of grassy sward: thither, anon,
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:
His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
Consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life: he fell, and, deadly pale,
Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried:
"O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed;
Is piety thus, and pure devotion, paid?"
To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:
"These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins: the unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found

From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be avenged; and the other's faith, approved,
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore." To which our sire:
"Alas! both for the deed, and for the cause!
But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"
To whom thus Michael: "Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave; all dismal, yet to sense

More terrible at the entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear, that thou may'st know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long,
Dry-eyed, behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd:
"O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather, why

Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
The image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debased
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?"
"Their Maker's image," answer'd Michael, "then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced;
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves."
"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit:
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"
"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of 'Not too much,' by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
Till many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:

This is old age; but, then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life." To whom our ancestor:
"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent, rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michael replied:
"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:
And now prepare thee for another sight."
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved
Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch,
Instinct through all proportions, low and high
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From under ground); the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepared, from which he form'd,

First, his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort,
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended; by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works

Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold,
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, though grave, eyed them; and let their eyes
Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they liked; and each his liking chose.
And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat,
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:
"True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse:
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."
To whom thus Michael: "Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare;
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them: but they his gifts acknowledged none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large: and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:
"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between;
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise:
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged,
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;
One way a band select from forage drives

A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies,
With carcasses and arms, the ensanguined field
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.
In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council, in the city gates; anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,
In factious opposition; till, at last,
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above; him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands;
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting, turn'd full sad: "O what are these?
Death's ministers, not men! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?

But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"
To whom thus Michael: "These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd.
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils, with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory; and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;
And what most merits fame, in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints; him the Most High,
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds,
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good; the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."
He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed;
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game

To luxury and riot, feast and dance;
Marrying or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways: he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which, when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off:
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when, lo! a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: last, the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation, dusk and moist,
Sent up amain. And now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure, with beaked prow,
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their pomp,

Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore: and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled: of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swum embark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Thee, another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to the angel utteredst thus thy plaint:
"O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Lived ignorant of future: so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear: those now, that were dispensed
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befal
Him or his children; evil, he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past;
Man is not whom to warn; those few escaped,
Famine and anguish will, at last, consume,
Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,
When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd,
With length of happy days, the race of man;

But I was far deceived; for now I see
Peace to corrupt, no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? Unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end."
To whom thus Michael: "Those, whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent,
And great exploits, but of true virtue void,
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd, also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd,
In sharp contest of battle, found no aid
Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried:
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved;
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish; and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return

Of them derided. But of God observed,
The one just man alive, by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
To save himself and household from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep,
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills; then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang;
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now, what further shall ensue, behold."
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north wind, that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole,
With soft foot, towards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,

Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies;
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light:
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train:
Then, with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous, with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth:
"O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, heavenly instructor, I revive
At this last sight; assured that man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect, and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven
Distended, as the brow of God appeased?
Or serve they as a flowery verge, to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?"
To whom the archangel: "Dextrously thou aim'st

So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man depraved;
Grieved at his heart, when, looking down, he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way: yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant, never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

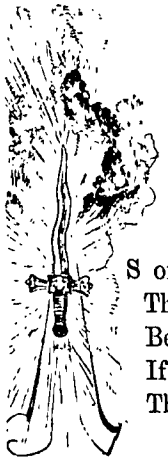
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed: then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall: his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

BOOK XII.



SO ONE who, in his journey, bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here the archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
If Adam aught, perhaps, might interpose;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:
"Thus thou hast seen one world begin, and end,

And man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend:
"This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crops,
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth:
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game),
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous;
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as, in despite of heaven,
Or from heaven, claiming second sovereignty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him, to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find

The plain, wherein a black, bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven,
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispersed
In foreign lands, their memory be lost:
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct heaven-towers, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls,
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm. Great laughter was in heaven,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din. Thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased:
"O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren; to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation: but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance! Wretched man! what food

Will he convey up thither, to sustain
Himself and his rash army, where thin air,
Above the clouds, will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"
To whom thus Michael: "Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells,
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being.
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires,
And upstart passions, catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits,
Within himself, unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords,
Who oft as undeservedly enthral
His outward freedom: tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty;
Their inward lost. Witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
'Servant of servants,' on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God, at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert

His holy eyes, resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways,
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol worship. O that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch lived who 'scaped the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! yet him, God the Most High vouchsafes
To call, by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him; and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there, by promise, he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed);
From Hermon east, to the great western sea—
Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold

In prospect, as I point them: on the shore,
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head: whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth—a son, whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and, now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron), sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return,
With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;

Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus, with ten wounds,
The river-dragon, tamed, at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls;
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire:
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud,
God, looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by command,

Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war; the race elect
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, advance
Through the wild desert; not the readiest way,
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them, inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life,

To noble and ignoble, is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness; there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd;
God, from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice; informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets, in their age, the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle—
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn

Seven lamps, as in a zodiac, representing
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest
Were long to tell; how many battles fought;
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou, moon, in the vale of Ajalon,
Till Israel overcome!' so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."
Here Adam interposed: "O sent from heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become
Of me and all mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not; why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given?
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?"
To whom thus Michael: "Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And, therefore, was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up

Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man;
Just for unjust; that in such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant, disciplined
From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear
To filial; works of law to works of faith.
And, therefore, shall not Moses, though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back,
Through the world's wilderness, long-wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell and prosper; but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive

Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure: the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last; for of his reign shall be no end.
But first, a long succession must ensue;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll:
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years; then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, 'stablish'd as the days of heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings,
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for awhile
In mean estate live moderate, till, grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow:
But first among the priests dissension springs;
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself; at last they seize

The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire

Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High: he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens."
He ceased; discerning Adam, with such joy
Surcharged, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words; which these he breathed:
"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
Why our great Expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail!
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain; say where and when
Their fight; what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel?"
To whom thus Michael: "Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not, therefore, joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death; and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow:

So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death;
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd,
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind with him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light,
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death form man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
In sin for ever lost from life: this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep,

A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befal,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend,
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead;
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."
So spake the archangel Michael; then paused,
As at the world's great period; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:

"O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done, and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few,
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who, then, shall guide
His people—who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the angel; "but from heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win

Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heaven: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn,
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given
To all believers; and, from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; laws, which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they, then,
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty? what but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for, on earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere,
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith

Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promised to thy aid,
The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;
Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be reveal'd,
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."
He ended; and thus Adam last replied:
"How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
Measured this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;
Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love, with fear, the only God; to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things; by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory;

And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."
To whom thus also the angel last replied:
"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause, for evils past, yet much more cheer'd

With meditation on the happy end."
He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:
"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied, I fell asleep: but now lead on—
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I, unworthy, am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now, too nigh
The archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist,
Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which, with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

END OF VOL. I.

NOTES TO PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Lines 6, 7. *Secret top of Oreb, or of Sinai.* Horeb and Sinai are two summits of one mountain; Sinai being the highest, which, according to Josephus (Jewish Antiquities, iii. 5), "cannot be seen without straining the eyes;" hence it may be called 'secret.' Milton, however, more probably refers to what is said in Exodus xix. and Ecclus. xlv. and other places, namely, that when God gave the law of Moses on the top of Mount Sinai, it was "covered with dark clouds and thick smoke," and no creature was permitted to come near it till after a given signal, and even then "not to ascend it" on pain of death. The Latin meaning of *secretus* is, set apart, consecrated.

8. *That shepherd who first taught.* Moses was a shepherd in the land of Midian forty years, and by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit wrote an account of the Creation and other matters for the instruction of God's chosen seed, the children of Israel.

11. *Siloa's brook.* Siloa was a small stream which flowed near the temple of Jerusalem (Isa. viii. 6), and has been identified by modern travellers. Milton here invokes the muse that inspired David and the prophets at Jerusalem and on Mount Sion, on which stood the royal palace and the ark. The temple is called the oracle of God, as the high priest occasionally received there the gift of inspiration.

15. *Aonian mount.* Aonia was the ancient name of Bœotia, and contained Mount Helicon, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. Milton means here that his flight, or rather perhaps theme, will be far above that of the ancient poets. See ix. 13; as also, "Paradise Regained," i. 14, where he invokes the muse "to tell of deeds above heroic."

21. *Dove-like sat'st brooding,* &c. See a sublime amplification, vii. 235. Allusion is made to Gen. i. 2: "And the Spirit of God moved on the surface of the waters." The word we translate "moved" properly signifies "brooded," like a bird on her eggs; and Milton says like a dove, rather than any other bird, as the descent of the Holy Ghost is compared to a dove. As our poet studied the

Scriptures in the original languages, his images and expressions are oftener borrowed from them than from the English translations.

73. *As far removed from God.* It is curious that Homer places Hell as far beneath the earth as he places heaven above it; Virgil makes it twice, and Milton here thrice as distant.

81. *Beelzebub.* Beelzebub is called, in Matt. xii. 24, "the prince of devils;" hence he is appropriately represented by Milton as the nearest mate of Satan. The name signifies "the god of flies." He was worshipped at Ecron, a city of the Philistines, and was believed to guard the people from the flies in that hot and humid district.

82. *In Heaven call'd Satan.* The word "Satan" in Hebrew signifies an enemy, he being eminently the enemy of God and man.

84. *If thou beest he,* &c. "Beest" is a common grammatical error; for the present subjunctive is properly "be." 86. *Didst* should be "did," as the relative refers to "him," and therefore requires to have the verb in the third person. 87. *He* ought strictly to be "him," being governed by "hath joined," in line 90. These grammatical niceties are, however, generally covered by the licence of poetry, and will but seldom be noticed.

93. *He with his thunder.* There is great beauty in this expression. Satan disdains to utter the name of God, though he cannot but acknowledge his superiority. This mode of indicating what you do not wish to name in direct terms is called a euphemism.

117. *And this empyreal substance.* That is, formed of pure fire or light; thus it is said in Ps. civ. 4, "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire." See book ii. line 771.

139. *The mind and spirit remain.* Milton's own editions, followed by many others, read "remains;" and this use of a singular verb where the plural is manifestly required has been defended by some, on the plea that the two nouns are nearly synonymous. But Lindley Murray deems such phraseology a violation of the first rule of syntax.

174. *Thunder hath spent his shafts.* This is a Latinism, as thunder is neuter in English. But it may be a personification, and mean the god of thunder.

196. *Lay floating many a rood.* A rood being the fourth part of an acre, the bulk of Satan must have been excessive! A giant, in Virgil, is said to have covered nine acres of ground.

198. *Titanian.* The sons of Titan were of a very gigantic stature; they made war on Jupiter, but were subdued.

199. *Briareus.* Another giant, who had a hundred hands! Typhon, or Typhœus, a monster with a hundred heads, fearful eyes, and terrible voices, was one of the rebel giants, and imprisoned by Jupiter under Mount Ætna, or, as others say, in a cave near Tarsus, a city of Cilicia.

200, &c. *That sea-beast, Leviathan.* Though the Leviathan, mentioned in Job xli. 1, is generally considered by biblical critics to be

the crocodile, from the mention of scales in that passage, yet it is evident that Milton here means the whale, as the crocodile is not found on the Norway coast, and is too small and agile to answer the description here. "Scaly rind" is but a poetic figure to express the rough, wrinkled, hard skin of that animal.

207. *Under the lee.* Lee is the sheltered side of a ship, or what is opposite to the weather side. When a ship is under the lee of the shore, the wind is blowing off shore; when she is on a lee shore, it is blowing on the land.

232. *Pelorus.* The ancient name of the northern cape of Sicily, now called Cape di Faro.

239. *Stygian flood.* An adjective formed from Styx, the principal river of the nether world, round which it flows seven times.

254. *The mind is its own place.* This was a maxim of the Stoics (the most obstinate and uncompromising sect of all the old philosophers), who often carried it to a preposterous extent. It is here quite characteristic of the doggedness and vanity of Satan. Horace, in ridicule of the maxim, represents a Stoical cobbler as maintaining that he was a king. (B. i. Sat. 3.)

263. *Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.* Thus Julius Cæsar said, he would rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome.

288. *Tuscan artist.* Galileo, a native of Tuscany, who first applied the telescope to celestial observations, and discovered the rotation of the sun upon its axis. He was persecuted and imprisoned by the Inquisition to the day of his death, for asserting that the earth revolved round the sun. For an account of Milton's personal interview with him, see his Areopagitica, or "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," in Milton's prose works (Bohn's Ed.), vol. ii. p. 82.

289. *Fesolé*, usually written Fiesole, is a town situated on a steep hill commanding a fine view of Valdarno, or the valley of Arno, near Florence, the birthplace of Galileo.

292. *The tallest pine hewn on Norwegian hills.* The loftiest timber, fit for masts, grows in Norway. Homer compares the club of Polyphemus to the mast of a ship.

294. *Ammiral.* The principal vessel in a fleet. Any great capital ship.

299. *Nathless.* Na th' less (Saxon), *i. e.* not the less, or nevertheless; a word often used by Spenser and Chaucer.

302. *Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa.* An "umbrageous valley" in Tuscany, remarkable for the cool shades afforded by the trees which grew there in great abundance. This is a favourite and oft-quoted passage. There is a tradition that Milton resided for some weeks in a convent on the summit of Vallombrosa. For an interesting description of the spot, see Mrs. Eaton's "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," vol. i. p. 21. (Bohn, 1852.)

305. *Orion,* a constellation represented in the figure of an armed

man, is supposed to be attended with stormy weather; and the Red Sea abounds so much with sedge, that in the Hebrew Scripture it is called the "Sedgy Sea," or Sea of reeds.

307. *Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.* Busiris here means Pharaoh, for which Milton has the authority of previous writers. "Chivalry," from *chevalerie*, means all those who fought on horseback, and from chariots. So 765; and Par. Reg. i. 343.

308. *With perfidious hatred they pursued.* Pharaoh's pursuit is called "perfidious," because, after having agreed to allow the Israelites to depart unmolested, he pursued them as fugitives.

309—311. *The sojourners of Goshen.* Goshen was the district allotted to the Israelites in the kingdom of Egypt. Milton, in imitation of Homer and Virgil, goes off here from the main purpose of the similitude, and by the introduction of the floating carcases gives an additional beauty and a new image.

314. *He called so loud, that all the hollow deep of hell resounded.* This magnificent call of Satan could have been written, says Sir Egerton Brydges, by nobody but Milton. The preponderance of vowels and liquids give it a most musical effect.

318 and 322. *Or . . . or.* This passage, obscure to many readers, has not been explained by the commentators. This structure of sentences is strictly on ancient classical principles: the first conjunction "or" does not join the clause which it commences with the preceding, but is an inceptive, and refers to the latter "or" (322). It begins the first clause of a logical disjunctive proposition, and means "either" or "whether." So in Latin, "Ne . . . an," "Seu . . . seu," "An . . . an," are used as reciprocally referential.

335. *Nor did they not perceive.* A double negative, equivalent to a full affirmative; often used by Homer and Virgil, and deemed highly poetical.

340. *A pitchy cloud of locusts.* This refers to one of the plagues brought on Egypt by Moses (Exod. x. 13) when he stretched forth his rod in consequence of Pharaoh's refusal to allow the Israelites to depart.

341. *Warping*, a nautical term, meaning here an undulatory or zig-zag motion. A ship on being warped into harbour against wind or tide would necessarily have to sheer out of a direct line. Webster explains warping to be "the means by which a ship is usually drawn in a bending course."

348. *Sultan*, a Turkish word signifying mighty, is the title of the supreme ruler among the Turks and Arabians, equivalent to that of Emperor among Europeans. It is probably adopted here as the designation of Satan, because the Mahometan despots were the greatest enemies of Christianity.

351. *A multitude like which the populous North.* Alluding to the Goths, Huns, and Vandals, who inundated the southern provinces of Europe about the fourth century, spreading across the straits of

Gibraltar down to the Libyan or African sands, and barbarously destroying every vestige of art and learning.

353. *Rhene* and *Danaw*, in place of the common names, Rhine and Danube, as being more ancient and classical.

367. *By falsities and lies.* That is, by the worship of false idols, and thus belying the true God.

392. *First Moloch, horrid king.* That is, first after Satan and Beelzebub. "Moloch" means *king;* and "horrid" refers to the sacrifices offered to him. He was the chief god of the Ammonites, whose capital city was Rabba, "the city of waters;" and the southern boundary of his country was the river Arnon. The rites observed in his worship varied according to place and circumstances; sometimes children and grown-up persons were obliged to pass through the fire, kindled in his honour, by way of purification, consecration, or charm against disease. Human victims were often sacrificed to him; either by being burned on a pile before his image, or shut up within the idol, which was made of brass, and heated to such a pitch that the wretched victim was consumed. Sometimes the image was wicker, or of wood, and set on fire, together with the victims inclosed in it, until both were destroyed.

398. *Argob* was a city to the east of the Jordan, in the district of Bashan.

403. *On that opprobrious hill.* Solomon built a temple to Moloch on the Mount of Olives, 1 Kings xi. 7, therefore called "that opprobrious hill," and "hill of scandal," 416, also "offensive mountain," 443.

404. *Hinnom* lay south-east of Jerusalem, and is called *Tophet*, from the Hebrew "Toph," a drum. This noisy instrument was used to drown the cries of the miserable children who were sacrificed to the idol. *Gehenna* is in several places of the New Testament made the type of hell, on account of the fire constantly kept up there to Moloch, and of the groans and outcries of the human sacrifices.

406. *Chemos*, the idol of the Moabites, is joined to Moloch in Scripture. See 1 Kings xi. 7. Some interpreters take 'Chemos' for the sun, others for Bacchus, others for Thamnus or the Adonis of the Assyrians; and others for "the obscene god." See Calmet's Dict. of the Bible.

407, &c. *Aroer*, a city upon the river Arnon, the boundary of the Moabites to the north, afterwards belonging to the tribe of Gad. *Nebo*, a city eastward, afterwards belonging to the tribe of Reuben. (Numb. xxxii. 38.) *Abarim*, a ridge of mountains, the boundary to the south. *Seon*, or *Sihon*, King of the Ammonites, took *Iesebon* and *Horonaim* from the Moabites. The Asphaltic Pool was their boundary to the west. As the Moabites and Ammonites were neighbours, Chemos and Moloch are properly mentioned in succession.

411. *Eleälé* is a town of the Reubenites, east of the Jordan, named by the prophet as a city of the Moabites.

411. *The Asphaltic Pool,* sometimes called the Lake of Sodom, as standing on the site of the ancient Sodom, derives its name from the quantity of *asphaltus,* a species of bitumen, which floats in masses on its surface. This pool or lake is about seventy miles long by about twenty broad, and though receiving the large river Jordan, and several others, it has no visible outlet, and does not overflow, which is supposed to arise from the evaporation of the inflowing fresh water. It is also called "the Dead Sea," because it was believed that fish could not live in it, or even birds fly over it with safety. But admitting that it is not so utterly destructive of animal life, the gloom and stagnation of the water, the sterility of its high and rocky shores, the paucity of animals seen about it, and the horrid desolation that reigns upon it and all around, would well entitle it to that name. See a full account of it in Kitto's "Scripture Lands," p. 120.

413. *Sittim,* or *Shittim,* in the plains of Moab, where there died of the plague 24,000, who had joined themselves to Baalpeor. See Numb. xxv.

419, 420. *Old Euphrates,* because mentioned Gen. ii. 14, in the earliest accounts of time; and denominated "bordering flood," as being the utmost limit or border eastward of the promised land.

422. *Baalim and Ashtaroth* (plural forms of Baal and Ashtoreth); the general names of the gods and goddesses of Syria, Palestine, and the neighbouring countries. They are supposed to mean the sun and the heavenly host.

435. *Bestial gods:* literally so, as the "golden calves," Exod. xxxii. 1—6; "the brazen serpent," to which the children of Israel offered incense, 2 Kings xviii. 4; "the sea-monster Dagon," Ezek. viii. 10, &c.

438. "*Astoreth* or *Astarte* was the goddess of the Phœnicians, and the moon and the planet Venus were worshipped under that name. She is rightly said to 'come in troop' with Ashtaroth (the plural of her name), as she was one of them, 'the moon with the stars.' She is called 'queen of Heaven,' Jer. xliv.; 'the goddess of the Sidonians,' 1 Kings xi.; 'the abomination of the Sidonians,' 2 Kings xxiii. 13, as she was much worshipped in Sidon, a famous city of the Phœnicians. Solomon, who had many foreign wives, was prevailed upon by them to introduce the worship of this goddess into Israel, and built her temple on the Mount of Olives, hence called 'the mount of corruption,' 2 Kings xxiii. 13, and by Milton, 'the offensive mountain,' 'that opprobrious hill,' and 'that hill of scandal.'"

446. *Thammuz* was the god of the Syrians, the same as the river-god Adonis, who was said to have been slain by a wild boar in the mountains of Libanus, from which the river Adonis flows. At certain seasons this river became of a ruddy hue, which the inhabitants supposed to proceed from the blood of Adonis rising and mixing with it. This was the signal for celebrating the feasts of Adonis, when the

women performed all the ceremonies of frantic grief, as if for a dead relation, and then celebrated funeral obsequies in honour of him. On the next day it was reported that he revived and ascended into heaven; after which succeeded rejoicing and festivities. The discoloration of the water is produced by a red earth, washed by the rain from the adjacent heights into the river. "Tamuz" means "secret;" hence Adonis was so called from the mystery observed in some of his rites. Tammuz is mentioned in Ezekiel viii. 14.

462. *Dagon*, the god of the Philistines. He was worshipped at Azotus (the Ashdod of Scripture), Gath, Askalon, Ekron, and Gaza, five cities of the Philistines. Milton refers to the passage, 1 Sam. v. 4, "Behold Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord."

466. *Gaza's frontier bounds*—being the southern extremity of the promised land towards Egypt.

467. *Rimmon*, a god of the Syrians, probably of fruit (like the Roman divinity Pomona), as the Hebrew name signifies Pomegranate; but he had a temple at Damascus, the most flourishing city of Syria.

469. *Abbana and Pharphar*. The valley of Damascus, which lay between Libanus and Antilibanus; it was washed by five rivers, the two principal of which were Abana and Pharphar. Damascus is perhaps the most ancient city in the world 'now standing' which retains its first name; for we read of it in Abraham's time, above 3,600 years ago (Gen. xv. 2).

471. *A leper once he lost*. Naaman the Syrian, who, upon his becoming a leper, abandoned all false gods.

472. *Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror*. Ahaz, King of Judah, with the assistance of the King of Assyria, having taken Damascus, saw there an altar, and sent a pattern of it to Jerusalem to have another made like it. On his return he removed the altar of the Lord from its place, and set up this new altar in its stead, and offered thereon; and instead of the God of Israel, sacrificed unto the gods of Damascus, whom he had subdued. *Sottish*, from the French *sottise*, here means foolish.

478. *Osiris*, and *Isis* his wife, are Egyptian deities, probably the sun and moon. *Orus*, their son, is frequently confounded with Apollo. They were worshipped by the Egyptians under the form of animals. Osiris was typified by Apis, a sacred bull which was maintained with great reverence and pomp at Memphis. It was all black, except a crescent-like white spot on its forehead, and had the figure of a beetle under its tongue. During its life it was worshipped as the personification of the divinity, and at its death was buried with great solemnity and mourning.

480. *Fanatic Egypt*. Milton applies this term because of the number of gods of horrid forms worshipped in Egypt. Fanatic is derived from fanum, "a temple," and means one who frequents temples over-much.

484. *The rebel king doubled that sin.* Jeroboam, made king by the Israelites who rebelled against Rehoboam, doubled that sin by making two golden calves, which he set up in Bethel and in Dan, the two extremities of his kingdom.

489. *Bleating gods*—alluding to sheep, which the Egyptians worshipped.

490. *Belial.* From numerous passages of Scripture, where he is called the Devil, it appears he was the idol of unmitigated and unrestrained licentiousness, the god of reckless dissipation, the concentration of Bacchus and Venus. Belial consists of two Hebrew words, and means "without yoke or restraint." See 1 Sam. ii. 3, 4.

504. *Gibeah,* a city of the tribe of Benjamin, on the highest hump of a ridge of hills, was about two leagues north of Jerusalem, and the birthplace of Saul, the first King of Judea. Milton here refers to the outrage on the Levite's wife. (Judges xix.)

508, &c. *Javan's issue.* Javan, fourth son of Japhet and grandson of Noah, is the supposed progenitor of the Ionians and Greeks, the principal of whose gods were "Heaven" and "Earth." Titan was their eldest son; he was father of the giants, and his empire was seized by his younger brother Saturn, as Saturn's was by Jupiter, son of Saturn and Rhea. These first were known in the island of Crete, now Candia, in which is Mount Ida, where Jupiter is said to have been born; whence he passed over into Greece, and resided on mount "Olympus" in Thessaly; which mountain afterwards became the name of Heaven among their worshippers. For more of this mythology see *Lemprière.*

517, 518. *Delphian cliff*—Parnassus, on which was seated the city of Delphi, famous for the temple and oracle of Apollo. *Dodona*—a city and wood adjoining, sacred to Jupiter.

519. *Doric land*—Greece, of whose people the Dorians were an important portion.

520, 521. *Adria* means Adriatic Sea, now called the Gulf of Venice; *Hesperian fields,* Italy; *Celtic,* France, &c.; *utmost Isles,* Great Britain, Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland, or "ultima Thule," as it was anciently called; the utmost boundaries of the then known world.

528. *Recollecting* is here used in the sense of re-collecting, recovering, or gathering together.

534. *Azazel,* from the Hebrew "Az" and "Azel," signifies "brave in retreating;" a proper appellation for the standard-bearer of the fallen angels. But Calmet says the name means *scapegoat.*

546. *Orient* here means bright.

548. *Serried shields.* Locked or linked together, from the French "serrer." The shields of the Roman soldiery were so made that they locked into each other, when men could walk upon them, and even horses and chariots be driven over them.

550. *Dorian mood*—alluding to ancient music, of which there were

three principal modes or measures: the Lydian, the most melancholy; the Phrygian, the most sprightly; and the Dorian, the most grave and majestic. This last, therefore, was best suited to the present awful condition of the fallen spirits.

551. *Soft recorders.* Recorder appears to have been a kind of flageolet.

572. *His heart,* &c., *hardening in his strength.* Should be "its strength." It is remarkable that Milton uses *its* but twice in the whole poem.

576. *Warr'd on by cranes.* All the heroes and armies ever assembled were no more than pigmies in comparison with these angels.

577. *Phlegra,* in Macedonia, where the giants attacked the gods, and were defeated by Hercules. According to other accounts, the combat was fought near Cumæ in Italy.

578. *Thebes,* a city of Bœotia, famous for the war between Eteocles and Polyneces, the sons of Œdipus, celebrated by Statius in his Thebaid. *Ilium,* or Troy, still more famous by Homer's Iliad, where, on each side, the heroes were assisted by the gods, therefore here termed "auxiliar gods."

580. *Uther's son.* King Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century, and is highly extolled by Geoffry of Monmouth.

581. *Begirt with British and Armoric knights,* being often in alliance with the King of Armorica, since called Bretagne, from the Britons who settled there.

583. *Aspramont or Montalban,* &c., places mentioned in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso.' *Trebisond,* a city of Cappadocia in Lesser Asia, the reputed country of St. George, the champion of England: all places famous in romances. *Biserta,* the ancient name of Utica, whence the Saracens passed into Spain.

587. *Fontarabbia* is a strong town in Biscay, at the entrance of Spain, where Charlemagne and his nobles are said to have been defeated by the Saracens about A.D. 800. This is on the authority of Mariana, the Spanish historian, but Mezeray and the French writers give a different account, and assert that he was not present at that rout, but died in his bed many years afterwards.

589. *He above the rest,* &c. A noble description of Satan's person. Bishop Newton very justly observes, how different from the common and ridiculous representation of him with horns, a tail, and cloven feet!

591—594. *His form had not yet lost all its original brightness.* Milton's own edition reads *her* instead of *its.* He makes the pronoun feminine because *forma* in Latin is so; a licence which meaner poets could not imitate with impunity. The four lines, too, it will be perceived, are each a foot too long, if computed by the fingers, but the melody is perfect.

599. *Perplexes monarchs.* This passage was assumed by the

licenser of the press to contain some latent treason; on which account there was some danger of the whole poem being suppressed. Such were the deplorable times in which the poet lived!

609. *Amerc'd*, means deprived. The word is used in the same sense by Spencer.

633. *Emptied heaven.* Some say a *third* part of the angels fell with Satan. According to Rev. xii. 4, "his tail drew the *third* part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth." But Satan, talking big, magnifies their number, as if their exile had emptied heaven!

648, 649. *Who overcomes by force, hath overcome but half his foe.* This fine sentiment, though put into the mouth of the father of lies, deserves to be borne in mind. It has long become a proverb.

668. *Clash'd on their sounding shields.* The custom of the Roman soldiers, when they applauded a speech of their general, was to smite their shields with their swords.

674. *Metallic ore the work of sulphur*, under the idea that mercury is the basis of metals, and that sulphur cements this fluid mercury into a hard mass.

678. *Mammon*, a Syriac name, meaning riches, here personified as the god of riches. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Matt. vi. 24.

682. *Heav'n's pavement.* Homer speaks of the pavement of heaven; and St. John, Rev. xxi. 21, in reference to the heavenly Jerusalem, says, "And the streets of the city are pure gold."

694. *Memphian.* Alluding to the pyramids of Egypt, which stand near Memphis.

699. *Hands innumerable.* Diodorus and Pliny say, that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed for near twenty years on one of the pyramids!

713. *Pilasters.* Square pillars, sometimes insulated, but oftener set within a wall, and only showing a fourth or fifth part of their thickness.

715. *Architrave.* The lower member or division of an entablature, that part which rests immediately on the column. The entablature consists of architrave, fricze, and cornice. The architrave is different in the different orders. It probably represents the beam which, in ancient buildings, extended from column to column, to support the roof.

716. *Cornice:* from *coronis*, a summit, or crown: the uppermost member of the entablature of a column, or the highest projecture; that which crowns an order. *Frieze:* the part between the architrave and cornice, usually embossed with figures of animals and other ornaments of sculpture. *Bossy:* embossed; ornamented with bosses or prominences.

717. *Fretted:* ornamented with fretwork or fillets interwoven at parallel distances.

718. *Alcairo*, or *Grand Cairo*, the capital of Egypt, built from the

splendid ruins of Memphis, and called by its founder "Al Kahirah," the victorious.

720. *Belus or Serapis.* Belus was the son of Nimrod, second King of Babylon, and the first man worshipped as a god. By the Chaldeans he was styled Bel; by the Phœnicians, Baal. *Serapis* is the same as Apis, or Osiris god of the Egyptians. The word was generally pronounced Serāpis; but Milton followed the Greek form, in which the *a* is short, and for this he has the authority of Prudentius and Martianus Capella, independently of the privilege of poetry.

728. *Blazing cressets.* Any great light set on high; from the French *croissette*, because beacons had anciently crosses on their tops.

729. *Naphtha and Asphaltus.* Naphtha is an inflammable mineral liquid of the bituminous kind, of a light brown or yellowish colour, sharp taste, and incapable of decomposition, which issues from the earth, and swims on the top of the water of wells and springs. Strabo represents it as a liquation of bitumen. That found about Babylon is in some springs whitish, though generally black. *Asphaltum*, sometimes described as Mineral Pitch, is a solid inflammable substance, brittle, black, and bituminous. It derives its name from the lake *Asphaltites.* See line 411.

739, 740. *Ausonian land*, Italy. *Mulciber*, Vulcan, the god of fire.

746. *Lemnos.* An island sacred to Vulcan, in that part of the Mediterranean Sea leading up to Constantinople. Ægean is here a dissyllable, and the emphasis is on the first syllable in place of the second. So, x. 688, Milton uses Thyēstean for Thyestēan.

750. *Engines* here mean devices.

756. *Pandemonium*, from two Greek words, the dwelling of all the devils.

763. *Covered field.* Covered here means 'inclosed,' *i.e.* for martial exercises or single combat, after the French term, *Champ-clos.* See Tasso, Gier. Liber. iv. 3.

764. *Soldan*, the old English word for Sultan. Milton alludes to the single combats between the Christians and Saracens, of which the old romances are full. He uses Paynim for Pagan, the Mahometans being considered no better than Pagans; they were, in fact, more formidable enemies to the Christian cause. Lord Byron, in his "Childe Harold," and other poems, applies the term Paynim to the Mahometans.

769. *Taurus.* A constellation in the heavens which the sun enters about the 20th of April.

780. *That pygmëan race beyond the Indian mount.* The Pigmies were a fabulous nation of dwarfs, who, according to Homer, had every Spring to sustain a war against the cranes on the banks of Oceanus. Various places have been named as their abode, but Milton here refers to Indian pygmies, who were said to live under the earth, on the east of the river Ganges. See Pliny, "Natural History" (Bohn's translation), vol. i. p. 306; vol. ii. p. 232.

BOOK II.

Line 2. *The wealth of Ormuz and of Ind.* Ormuz, or Hormus, is an island at the entrance of the Persian Gulf. Though a mere barren rock, it was formerly, during the Portuguese supremacy, one of the richest commercial emporiums of the East. The whole gulf was celebrated for its pearl fishery, and there is still a very extensive one about the Barein islands. *Ind* is poetically put for India, the riches of which have been celebrated in all ages. They consisted chiefly of pearls, diamonds, and gold; whence Milton's application of the term 'gorgeous.'

4. *Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.* It was the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of kings, to powder them with gold-dust and seed-pearl. The term barbaric was applied by Herodotus to the Persians, and by Horace and other ancient poets to Asia generally.

11. *Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven.* St. Paul divides the angels into thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers. See Col. i. 16.

18. *Me, though just right.* Me is here in the accusative case, governed by the two verbs 'create' and 'established': a Latinism.

24. *The happier state in heav'n.* The poet means that the higher in dignity any being was in heaven, the happier was his state, and therefore the fitter object of envy.

48. *Cared not to be at all.* The syntax here is faulty, 'cared' being without a nominative. And in the same line the substantive 'care' is, by a figure common to the Latin classics, included in the verb.

69. *Tartarean sulphur.* Tartarus, according to the ancient mythology, was the place in which the spirits of wicked men were punished for their crimes. It is often used as synonymous with Hades, or the lower world in general. Sulphur is extensively used in the manufacture of gunpowder.

89. *Must exercise us.* Meaning to vex or torment, which is one of the senses of the Latin *exerceo*.

91. *Inexorable.* In some editions, 'inexorably.'

92. *The torturing hour calls us to penance.* By calling to penance, Milton seems to intimate, that the sufferings of the condemned spirits are not always equally severe.

97. *Happier far than miserable to have eternal being.* Our Saviour, speaking of Judas, declares, that it is better not to be, than to be eternally miserable! Tennyson probably had these lines in mind in his poem of "The Two Voices."

104. *Fatal throne,* that is, upheld by fate, as it is elsewhere expressed.

124. *Fact of arms.* Feat of arms; from the old French term, 'faict-d'armes,' or possibly from the Italian, 'fatto d'arme,' a battle.

156. *Impotence.* Weakness of mind, or want of discretion, used in the sense of the Latin word *impotentia*.

174. *His red right hand. i.e.* God's red right hand. This term is borrowed from Horace, i. Od. 2, which Anthon explains, "Red with the reflected glare of the thunderbolt; an idea very probably taken from some ancient painting."

185. *Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.* This practice of introducing several adjectives beginning with the same negative, has often been adopted by the best English poets; thus Shakspeare (in Hamlet) has, "unhousell'd, unappointed, unaneled." Spenser (Fairy Queen, VII. vii. 46), "unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen." Goldsmith (Deserted Village), "unenvied, unmolested, unconfined."

234. *The former vain to hope,* that is, to unthrone the King of Heaven, *argues as vain the latter; i.e.* to regain our own lost right.

243. *Hallelujah,* or *Alleluia,* signifies in Hebrew, 'Praise ye Jah, or Jehovah.'

294. *Of thunder and the sword of Michaël.* The words *Michaël, Raphaël,* &c. are sometimes pronounced with three syllables, as is required here, and in book vi. 202, 363, 411.

301. *With grave aspéct he rose.* Milton always accents the word aspect on the second syllable, as Shakspeare and the old writers generally do. "We have here (says Cowper) a description of an orator rising to address a great assembly, such as no writer of antiquity ever equalled. Homer and Ovid both exerted themselves on a similar subject, and evidently bestowed much labour on their respective pieces. But compare this picture of Beelzebub either with the Ajax of the latter, or with the Ulysses of the former, and you will not hesitate a moment to give the praise of great superiority to the English poet."

302. *Seem'd a pillar of state.* Thus James, Peter, and John are called 'pillars' in Gal. ii. 9. And we have the same expression in Shakspeare, 2 Hen. VI. act 1: "Brave peers of England, pillars of the state."

306. *With Atlantean shoulders,* &c. Atlas was the name of a range of mountains in Mauritania, in the north-west corner of Africa. The summit of the principal mountain was so high as to be invisible, whence the fable that a king of that region, called Atlas, supported the heavens. We have two adjectives formed from the name: viz. 'Atlantic' Ocean, because it washes the base of Mount Atlas; and 'Atlantean,' as strong as Atlas.

309. *Still as night or summer's noontide air.* In hot countries at noon there is hardly a breath of air stirring; when men and beasts, by reason of the intense heat, retire to shade and rest, and every characteristic of midnight ensues.

367. *The Puny habitants.* Small, weak, feeble. But Milton probably uses this word in the sense of 'puisne,' from the French, *puis né,* 'born afterwards,' consequently, junior and hence implying also

inferior, as regards the late creation of man. In this sense Bishop Hall, a contemporary, uses the word: "The first antiquity is true: the puisne or posthumous antiquity hath been a refuge for falsehood."

382. *To confound the race of mankind in one root. i.e.* to overthrow and destroy the whole race of mankind in the person of Adam.

391. *Synod of gods.* A synod is an assembly called for consultation, and is now used particularly of ecclesiastics.

406. *Palpable obscure.* An adjective used for a substantive; as in 409, 'the vast abrupt.'

434. *Huge convex of fire.* Convex is spoken properly of the exterior surface of a globe, and concave of the interior: but our poet uses them promiscuously, and what is here the 'convex of fire' is afterwards called the 'fiery concave.'—l. 635.

439. *Unessential night.* Intense darkness, nearest the resemblance of non-entity.

445. *But I should ill become this throne, O Peers.* The whole speech, from this line, is considered wonderfully beautiful.

489. *Clouds ascending, while the north wind sleeps.* The north wind generally clears the sky and disperses the clouds. This simile is considered one of the most striking within the whole range of poetry. The mists rising from the tops of mountains, and overspreading the horizon in stormy clouds, express the gloom and dismay of the angels (420, &c.); and the illumination of the sky is a picture of their joy at Satan's proposition. For a comparison of the same kind, see Pope's Homer's Iliad, xvi. 297.

508. *Midst came their mighty paramount.* Paramount is generally used as an adjective, as 'lord paramount,' a lord of supreme authority; but it is here used as a noun, and means chief.

512, 513. *A globe of fiery seraphim, &c. with horrent arms.* Globe is used in the Latin sense of *globus*, a troop, a crowd; and signifies, a battalion in circle surrounding him; as Virg. Æn. x. 373: and horrent in the sense of *horreo*, to bristle, or look terrible.

517. *The sounding alchemy.* Alchemy here means mixed metal, such as is used for trumpets; and therefore, by the poetical licence of metonymy—the cause for the effect—a trumpet. Alchemy is that part of chemistry which relates to the transmutation of metals.

530. *The Olympian games* were celebrated at Olympia in Elis, on the banks of the Alpheus, every four years, in honour of Jupiter. The crown was of wild olive. The *Pythian games*, in honour of Apollo, were celebrated near Delphi, at first every nine, but subsequently every five, years. The crown was of laurel.

536. *To couch the spear*, is to fix it in its rest; from the French 'coucher,' to place at rest.

538. *The welkin burns.* Welkin is the vault of heaven; obsolete, except in poetry: derived from a Saxon word, signifying 'to roll.' Burns means here in a ferment, or state of commotion; used as the Latin 'ferveo;' Virg. G. i. 456.

539. *With vast Typhœan rage*, that is, with gigantic rage, Typhœus being one of the giants who fought against heaven. See Book I. 199.

542. *As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd.* Hercules is here called Alcides, after his grandfather Alcæus. The madness of Hercules was a frequent subject of tragedy among the ancients, and was dramatised by Euripides. Having killed the king of Œchalia, in Greece, and led away his beautiful daughter Iole as a captive, he raised an altar to Jupiter, and sent off for a splendid robe to wear when he should offer a sacrifice. His wife Dejanira, in a fit of jealousy, sent him the robe, tinged with a certain poisonous preparation. Hercules soon found that the robe was consuming his flesh, and adhered so closely that it could not be separated without tearing off the skin. In the agony of the moment, he seized Lichas, the bearer of the robe, by the foot, and hurled him from the top of Mount Eta into the sea. This name is given to a chain of mountains in Thessaly, the eastern extremity of which, in conjunction with the sea, formed the celebrated pass of Thermopylæ. The story of Hercules and Dejanira is told with many variations. See *Lemprière's* Classical Dictionary.

577. *Abhorréd Styx, the flood of deadly hate*, &c. Styx, according to its derivation from the Greek, signifies 'to abhor,' and is the principal of the infernal rivers. Acheron (from *achos*, grief) is the river of sorrow, that flows round the infernal regions. Its waters are represented as muddy and bitter, and into it both the Phlegethon and Cocytus flow. Phlegethon comes from a Greek word signifying to burn. Cocytus, from a Greek word signifying to bewail, is the river of lamentation; it was one of the streams that washed the shores of hell, and prevented the imprisoned souls from returning to the earth. Lethe signifies forgetfulness, and is the river of oblivion; its waters possessed the quality of causing those who drank them to forget the whole of their former existence.

589. *Dire hail* is a phrase taken from Horace. Everything sent by the wrath of a god ('dei ira') was termed 'dirum.'

592. *A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog.* Serbonis was a lake two hundred furlongs long, and one thousand in compass, between the ancient mount Casius, and Damiatta, a city of Egypt, on one of the more eastern mouths of the Nile. It was surrounded on all sides by hills of loose sand, which, carried into the waters by high winds, so thickened the lake that it could not be distinguished from the land. Here whole armies have been swallowed up. See Herodotus, iii. c. 5; Lucan's Pharsalia, viii. 539.

595. *Burns frore. i.e.* the parching air burns with frost, frore being an old word for frosty. So Virgil, Georgics, i. 93; and Eccles. xliii. 20. "When the cold north wind bloweth—it devoureth the mountains, and burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass as fire."

614. *As once it fled the lip of Tantalus.* Tantalus, who had offended

Jupiter, was punished in the infernal regions by the infliction of a raging thirst, being at the same time placed in the midst of a lake, the waters of which always receded as soon as he attempted to drink them. Over his head also hung branches of fruit, which shrunk from him whenever he stretched out his hand to grasp them.

614—628. *Thus roving on in confus'd march forlorn.* The music of these lines is perfect. In the course of them the poet avails himself of the device of alliteration no fewer than four times,—'*l*amentable *l*ot,' '*d*ark and *d*reary,' '*f*rozen and *f*iery,' '*f*ables yet have *f*eigned.'

628. *Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.* The Gorgons were the three daughters of Phorcys, a marine god, and his wife Ceto. Their names are Medusa, Euryale, and Stheno. They are described as frightful beings, with immense wings, brazen claws, teeth like the tusks of the wild boar, and hissing serpents instead of hair. They were so horrible that they turned into stone every one who gazed at them. Medusa, who alone of the three sisters was mortal, was killed by Perseus, but with great difficulty. Hydra was the name of a monstrous water-snake with a hundred heads. As soon as one of these was cut off, two others grew in its place, if the wound was not immediately stopped with fire. It was one of the labours of Hercules to destroy this dreadful monster. The Chimæra was a monster which the poets feign to have had the fore parts of a lion, the body of a goat (the word itself, in Greek, means 'a goat,') and the tail of a dragon. It had three heads to correspond, and out of them all issued flames.

636—642. *As when far off at sea a fleet descried, hangs in the clouds.* This simile is considered eminently grand and picturesque. Satan towering high with expanded wings, is compared, not to a single ship, however large, under spread sails, but to a whole fleet of the largest ships at that time known, the East Indiamen, seen as they would appear in the distance, 'hanging in the clouds.' *Bengala,* in Milton's time a powerful kingdom, under the great Mogul, is now Bengal, one of the provinces of British India.—*Ternate, and Tidore,* two of the Molucca or Spice Islands in the East Indian Sea.—*Equinoctial winds,* the trade winds that blow about the time of the equinox (21st of March to the 23d of September), from eastward to westward. —*Æthiopian,* the part of the Indian Ocean bordering on Æthiopia. —*The Cape,* the Cape of Good Hope.—*The Pole,* the North Pole.—*Stemming nightly, i.e.* working on against the current at night, expressive of Satan's laborious flight in the dark.

648. *Before the gates there sat.* Here begins the famous allegory of Sin and Death, which is founded on James i. 15: "Then, when Lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin; and Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth Death." In the description of Sin, Milton follows Spenser very closely. See Fairy Queen, book i. canto i. st. 14, 15.

649. *On either side a formidable shape.* This use of the distributive adjective 'either' is poetical, and means 'on both sides.'

655. *Cerberean mouths.* Alluding to the three-headed dog Cerberus, the keeper of Hell.

660. *Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts Calabria.* Scylla was a rock on the Italian side of the Straits of Messina, nearly opposite to Charybdis on the coast of Sicily. Calabria is the peninsula, in that part of Italy opposite the shore of Sicily, and is here called 'hoarse,' both on account of a tempestuous sea breaking upon it, and the noisy eruptions of Ætna, which lay in its vicinity. The story is, that Circe, from motives of jealousy, threw magical herbs into the well in which Scylla, a daughter of Cratæis, was wont to bathe, by means of which the lower part of her body was changed into the tail of a fish or serpent, surrounded by dogs, which were constantly barking, while the upper part remained that of a woman. There are several variations of the story.

661. *Trinacrian shore.* Sicily was called Trinacria, from its three promontories, in the form of a triangle.

665. *The lab'ring moon eclipses at their charms.* The ancients believed the moon greatly affected by magical practices, and the Latin poets call the eclipses of the moon 'labores lunæ.'

671. *Fierce as ten furies.* The 'Furies,' as mentioned at line 596, were only *three*. Milton here assumes *ten*, to make them more terrible; implying that, had there been ten furies such as the ancient poets describe, the monster he now describes would be a match for them all.

693. *Conjur'd against the Highest.* In the sense of the Latin 'conjuratus,' sworn together in conspiracy.

709. *Ophiuchus* (Serpent-holder), the Greek name of Serpentarius, a constellation, including about forty degrees in the arctic sky, or northern hemisphere.

711. *Shakes pestilence and war.* Alluding to the prodigies and disasters which were supposed to follow the appearance of comets.

715—716. *Heav'n's artillery. i. e.* thunder, lightning, hail, &c. Instead of saying, "over the sea" in general, he says, "over the Caspian," because it was celebrated for storms. It is situated in a dreary, solitary, and savage region in Asia, adjoining the northern part of Persia, and is supposed to be about 700 miles long, and half as broad. Horace had already singled out the Caspian as distinguished for its hurricanes; see his "Odes," ii. 9.

722. *To meet so great a foe.* Jesus Christ is here meant.

734. *His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.* Jesus Christ will one day destroy both death and "him that hath the power of death, that is, the Devil." Heb. ii. 14.

758. *Out of thy head I sprung.* Sin is said to have sprung out of the head of Satan, as wisdom, or Minerva, sprang out of the head of Jupiter.

771. *Empyréan,* from the Greek, signifying literally, the highest heaven where the pure element of fire is supposed to subsist.

772. *The pitch of heaven.* That is, the height or summit.

809. *So fate pronounc'd.* Milton here, with great propriety, makes the fallen Angels and Sin attribute events to fate, without any mention of the Supreme Being. This was intended as some palliation for themselves, as if a power superior to God had ruled them.

813. *Mortal dint.* The word dint is now obsolete in its original sense. In the time of Spenser, and even as late as Dryden, it meant a stroke or blow, as it means here. It survives in the Scottish dialect under the form of 'dunt.' "I have a wife o' my ain, I'll take dunts frae naebody." We still speak of convincing a person 'by dint of argument.' Our word 'dent' is apparently its modern form.

815. *The subtle Fiend his lore soon learn'd.* Satan having now learned his lore, or lesson, artfully changes his language; he had just said that he had never seen 'sight more detestable,' but now it is 'dear daughter,' and 'my fair son.'

833. *Purlieus of Heav'n.* Purlieu is compounded of the French word 'pur,' *i. e.* pure or free, and 'lieu,' a place or space. It is a term used in our law-books, signifying all that ground near any Forest, which being added thereto, by the encroachment of some of our ancient kings, was afterwards severed again, by public authority, and made 'purlieu,' *i. e.* pure and free from the Laws and obedience of the Forest.

842. *Wing silently the buxom air.* 'Buxom' is vulgarly understood for merry, wanton; but in the time of Spenser it meant, as it does here, flexible, yielding, from a Saxon word signifying 'to bend.' So in Book v. 270: "with quick fan winnows the buxom air."

868. *The Gods who live at ease.* Sin, who speaks here, speaks according to the Epicurean philosophy. Homer, as Bentley has pointed out, uses the same words.

874. *Portcullis* (from the French 'port' and 'coulisse,' a groove) is a frame of iron or wooden bars, joined across one another like a harrow; formerly placed over the gateways of fortified places, ready to be let down suddenly in case of a surprise.

883. *Erebus.* An infernal deity, the son of Chaos and Darkness. He dwelt in the lowest depth of hell, and the place often goes by his name.

894. *Where eldest Night, and Chaos, ancestors of nature.* All the ancient naturalists, philosophers, and poets, held that Chaos was the first principle of all things; and the poets particularly make Night a goddess, and represent Night, or darkness, and Chaos, or confusion, as exercising uncontrolled dominion from the beginning. Thus Orpheus, in the beginning of his "Hymn to Night," addresses her as the mother of the Gods and Men, and origin of all things. So also Spenser, F. Q. I. v. 22. Milton's system of the universe is, that the empyrean Heaven, and Chaos or darkness, were before the Creation—Heaven above, and Chaos beneath; and that, upon the rebellion of the Angels, Hell was first formed out of Chaos stretch-

ing far and wide beneath; and afterwards Heaven and Earth, another world, hanging o'er the realm of Chaos, and won from his dominion.

900. *Embryon.* Here used as an adjective, and again at vii. 277. These atoms are so called, because they are in their unborn state, as it were, being not yet formed or shaped into substance.

904. *Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil.* Barca is a vast desert between Egypt and Tripoli in Africa, consisting of barren sands, which, by the extreme heat of the sun, become so light, that the southern winds easily overwhelm passengers therewith. Cyrene, a city in that country, is now called Cairoan or Coren. Herodotus says, that Cambyses' whole army, just as they were going to dine, was destroyed and buried in those sands.

905. *And poise their lighter wings.* Give weight or ballast to. Pliny speaks of certain birds, who, when a storm arises, poise themselves with little stones. L. ii. c. 10.

911. *The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.* A line from Lucretius V. 260; as are also, it should seem, the ideas which immediately follow. See also Spenser, F. Q. III. vi. 36.

914. *Mix'd confus'dly, and which must ever fight.* "The elements in war and confusion (says Richardson) blend together and vary every moment; fire, or earth, or air, or water, begins to form itself immediately those atoms are separated; that embryo is destroyed, and another takes its place, but is lost and succeeded by another, and so on throughout the restless, tempestuous, boundless abyss of darkness, noise, and horror."

922. *When Bellona storms.* Bellona was the Roman goddess of war, said by some to be the sister, and by others the daughter of Mars. What an idea have we here of the noises of chaos, when those of a city besieged, and even of heaven and earth running from each other, are small in comparison with them.

927. *His sail-broad vans.* Vans, from the Latin vannus, properly a fan or large winnowing machine. So Book v. 269.

933. *Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops. i.e.* wings or pinions, from the Latin 'penna.' Pennon is properly a small flag, or banner. 'Plumb down he drops;' *i.e.* he drops down like lead. Sometimes, but improperly, written 'plump.'

943. Satan *half on foot, half flying,* in quest of the new world, is here compared to a gryphon 'with winged course' both flying and running in pursuit of the Arimaspian who had stolen his gold. Gryphons are fabulous creatures, with the wings and head of an eagle, and the body of a lion, and are said to guard gold mines. The griffin is the symbol of strength and swiftness, courage, prudence, and vigilance; and hence has been adopted in heraldry as an armorial bearing. The Arimaspians were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who adorned their hair with gold. Herodotus and other authors relate that there were continual wars between them and the Arimaspians about gold, the gryphons guarding it, and the Arimas-

pians taking it whenever they had an opportunity. See Pliny, Nat. Hist. vii. 2. (Bohn's edit. vol. ii. pp. 34, 123, 124.)

964. *Orcus and Ades.* 'Orcus' is generally by the poets taken for Pluto, as 'Ades' is for any dark place, or the world of the dead.

965. *Of Demogorgon.* Demogorgon, from Greek words signifying 'the terror of the people,' was the terrible deity of whom Lucan and other poets speak, when they introduce magicians threatening the infernal gods. The mere mention of his name was supposed capable of producing the most dire effects; he has therefore been designated the nameless deity.

988. *Anarch,* from the Greek, a title invented by Milton, to signify the author of confusion; here, therefore, justly applied to Chaos, who is addressing his infernal majesty.

999. *If all I can will serve.* That is, If all I can do, by keeping here upon my frontiers, will serve to defend that little which is still encroach'd on through your intestine broils, I shall do that all.

1005. *Link'd in a golden chain.*. Homer mentions Jupiter's golden chain, by which he can draw up the gods, and the earth, and the sea, and the whole universe, but they cannot draw him down! It has been ingeniously conjectured that this golden chain may mean the attractive power of the sun, which, superior in force, draws all the rest of the planets towards him.

1011. *His sea should find a shore.* A metaphor expressive of joy, that now his voyage or journey was coming to a termination.

1018. *Than when Argo passed through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks.* Argo was the first long ship ever seen in Greece; in it Jason and his companions sailed for Colchis, to fetch the golden fleece. Bosphorus is the channel between the sea of Marmora and the Black Sea. Its name is derived from two Greek words meaning Ox-ford, either because Io crossed it in the form of a heifer, or because, the strait being so narrow, cattle often swam across it. The justling rocks referred to are the Symplegades (from the Greek, 'dashing-together')—two small rocks at the entrance of the Black Sea, which, according to the fable, alternately struck against and separated from each other, until the ship Argo passed them, after which time they remained fixed. The substance of the passage is, that Satan's voyage was more beset with difficulty and danger than the famous expedition of the Argonauts, which was one of the two most hazardous in all antiquity; the other one being that of Ulysses, through Scylla and Charybdis.

1019. *Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd.* These lines are among the many which have been unsuccessfully attacked by Bentley. Ulysses sailing on the 'larboard' (to the left hand, where Scylla was) did thereby shun Charybdis, which was on the 'starboard,' or right hand. Virgil, whom Milton follows, describes Scylla as a whirlpool (Æn. iii. 425). Scylla is a rock in a small bay on the Italian coast, into which the tide runs so strongly as to draw in the ships which

are within the compass of its force, and either dash them against the rocks or swallow them in the eddies.

1052. *This pendent world, in bigness as a star.* Bishop Newton says, 'pendent world,' here, is not the earth, but the new creation, or Heaven and Earth, the whole orb of fixed stars, to which the earth is but a point in comparison (see 1004). Besides, Satan does not yet see this earth (see iii. 542, 722). 'This pendent world,' or newly-created universe, when seen afar off, appeared, in comparison with the empyreal heaven, no bigger than the smallest star, and even the smallest star near the moon, the superior light of which makes any star near seem exceedingly small and indistinct. Prendeville, followed by Keightley, expunges the comma after 'magnitude,' which all the early editions retain.

BOOK III.

Line 17, 18. *With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre.* Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night, which is extant; and also wrote of the Creation out of Chaos. He was inspired by his mother Calliope, the 'heathen' muse; Milton, by using the term 'heavenly' muse, boasts that he sung with other notes than Orpheus, though the subjects were the same.

25. *So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs.* Milton laboured under the disease of the eyes called in his day 'gutta serena,' which he here translates literally 'drop serene.' It is now known under the name of 'amaurosis,' and is a loss of sight dependent upon defective action of the nerve of vision, and independent of visible injury. By 'dim suffusion' he means the first stage of what was formerly called a cataract, and erroneously supposed to be a film growing over the eye.

30. *Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath.* The brooks Kedron and Siloah flowed at the foot of Mount Sion. Milton was always (as we are told in his "Life"), delighted with the study of the ancient poets, but his chief pleasure was in the songs of Sion, and in the Holy Scriptures: and on these he meditated day and night, notwithstanding his blindness.

33. *Those other two.* Though he mentions four, yet there are but two whom he particularly desires to resemble, and he distinguishes them both with the epithet 'blind,' to make the likeness more striking.

35. *Blind Thamyris and blind Mœonides.* Mœonides is Homer, so called from the name of his father Mæon, or the country where he was born, Mœonia. Thamyris is not so well known (his writ-

ings having been lost); but Homer mentions him, and Eustathius ranks him with Orpheus and Musæus.

36. *And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.* It seems that having at first only intended to mention these two, Milton, by the force of association, mentioned, 'currente calamo,' Tiresias and Phineus; the first a Theban (familiar to the readers of Lucian), the other a king of Arcadia; both famous blind prophets and poets of antiquity. The line commences with an anapest (two short syllables and one long), and 'Tiresias' is scanned as four syllables; the line, therefore, is not faulty, as Mr. Wordsworth has asserted.

37. *Thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers.* A proper definition of poetry. Great stress is to be put on the word 'voluntary.' If the thought does not suggest the 'harmonious numbers,' they are out of place. Mr. Carlyle, in his Lectures on "Hero-worship," has worked out this theory at some length; and Coleridge remarks, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning. For body and soul, word and idea, go strangely together everywhere.

39. *Sings darkling:* that is, surrounded with darkness. The word 'darkling' is found in Shakespeare.

66. *In the happy garden placed.* We have here an instance of the figure of speech called Prosopopœia or Personification. The epithet 'happy' can properly belong only to the inhabitants of the garden, but it is here applied to the garden itself.

72. *In the dun air sublime.* Expressive of the gloomy duskiness of the atmosphere; the 'aer bruno' of the Italians.

84. *Wide interrupt.* Cowper considers 'interrupt' as a substantive; in the sense of 'vast abrupt,' ii. 409. Johnson explains it as an adjective, "containing a chasm: the Chaos that interrupts; the chasm broken in between Hell and the new creation."

93. *Glozing lies;* specious: from the Saxon 'glesan,' to flatter.

147. *Innumerable sound.* A singular expression; but innumerable, though here applied to a singular substantive, 'sound,' as it is to 'force' of spirits in the 101st line of Book i., refers, in sense, to the plural, songs and spirits.

183. *Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,* &c. Bishop Newton remarks that our poet did not hold the doctrine of rigid predestination; he was of the sentiments of the more moderate Calvinists, and thought that though some were elected of peculiar grace, the rest might be saved by complying with the terms and conditions of the Gospel. This is now generally called 'Baxterianism.'

231. *Unprevented.* Prevent is here used according to its sense in the Latin 'prævenire,' to come before; not preceded by anything else. It is used in this manner in one of the prayers of our Liturgy, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings," &c. that is, Let thy grace anticipate us in our designs, and so make them just and holy.

255. *Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell.* Maugre, or malgré, a French adverb signifying 'in spite of.' Now only used in burlesque.

348. *With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd th' eternal regions.* Jubilee is a word of Hebrew origin; properly a festival celebrated every seventh sabbatical year, which was ushered in with trumpets and every indication of gladness and rejoicing. Hosanna is a form of acclamatory blessing or wishing well, which signifies 'Save now!' 'Succour now!' 'Be now propitious!' It occurs only once in the Old Testament, Psalm cxviii. 25, which stands thus in our version: "Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, send now prosperity." It was applied to our Saviour on the occasion of his public entry into Jerusalem,—"Hosanna to the Son of David."

353. *Immortal amarant.* Amarant, or amaranth, comes from two Greek words, and signifies 'a flower that does not fade.' Pliny affirms that, though gathered, it keeps its beauty and recovers its lustre by being sprinkled with a little water. But Milton says, for man's offence it was removed from Paradise to Heaven, where first it grew—it cannot, therefore, be the same as Pliny's amaranth. Cowper's fine lines on the subject deserve quoting here:—

> "The only *amaranthine* flower on earth
> Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth."

359. *Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream.* An allusion to the Elysian fields, or abodes of the blessed, of classical mythology. At first they were supposed to lie in the Atlantic Ocean, not far from the Straits of Gibraltar; but eventually they were transferred to the lower world, in a region favoured with perpetual spring, shaded by groves, and refreshed by never-failing fountains. Here the good lived in continual felicity, following the same pursuits as they had occupied themselves with while on earth. 'Amber stream' is so called because the sands of gold at the bottom gave it a yellow colour.

363. *Like a sea of jasper.* Jasper is a precious stone of several colours, sea-green predominating.

377. *Inaccessible, but when thou shad'st.* The word 'but' is here the same as 'except,' *i. e.* 'only accessible when thou shadest.'

380. *Dark with excessive bright.* Extreme light, by overcoming the organs of sight, obliterates all objects, so as in its effects exactly to resemble darkness. After looking for some time at the sun, two black spots, the impression which it leaves, seem to dance before our eyes.

406. *He, to appease thy wrath.* There is here an ellipsis of the conjunction 'than,' at the commencement of the line.

431—440. *On Imaus bred, whose snowy ridge,* &c. Imaus is a celebrated mountain in Asia; its name, according to Pliny, signifies, in the language of the inhabitants, snowy; and therefore Milton says

here, 'whose snowy ridge.' It is the boundary to the east of the Western Tartars, who are called' *roving* as they live chiefly in tents, and remove from place to place for the convenience of pasturage, their herds of cattle and what they take in hunting being their principal subsistence. *Ganges and Hydaspes* are famous rivers of India; and *Sericana* is a level region between China to the east and Imaus to the west. What our author says, at line 439, of the Chinese, is taken from old travels, and has been confirmed by Sir G. Staunton, who, in the account of his Embassy to China, states that these *cany waggons* are small double barrows of bamboo, with one large wheel between them; and that they are assisted in their progress, when the wind is favourable, by a sail consisting of a mat fixed between two poles arising from opposite sides of the cart.

459. *Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd.* Milton refers particularly to Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, xxxiv. 70), who peopled the moon with various imaginary creations, and gives a large account of things lost upon earth and treasured up in the moon. He has been imitated by Pope in his "Rape of the Lock."

460. *Those argent fields; i. e.* silvery, from 'argentum,' silver; this being suitably applied to the moon, as golden is to the sun.

463. *Ill-join'd sons and daughters.* Alluding to Gen. vi. 4, where, by the "sons of God," is meant the posterity of Seth, who intermarried with the idolatrous posterity of wicked Cain.

467. *Sennaar,* or Shinar, a province of Babylon.

471. *Empedocles,* a Sicilian poet and Pythagorean philosopher, who thinking that if he suddenly disappeared and his body could not be discovered, he would be esteemed a god, threw himself into the crater of Ætna. But his sandals being thrown up by the fury of the fire, showed his folly and defeated his ambition.

473. *Cleombrotus,* a youth of Epirus, who was so transported at reading Plato's book on the immortality of the soul, that he flung himself headlong into the sea, that he might the sooner enjoy the happiness of Elysium.

474. *Eremites,* from the Greek word 'eremos,' a desert, hermits living in desert places.

475. *Friars, white, black, and grey.* The Carmelite Friars, called after Mount Carmel, where it is pretended the order was instituted, wore a large white robe. The Dominicans, so called after their founder Dominick, wore a black, and the Franciscans, from their founder St. Francis, wore a grey one. In this and the following verses Milton ridicules certain opinions and practices existing during the dark ages of Christianity; one of which was, that to be clothed in a monkish habit at the time of death, secured an infallible road to heaven; and this superstition at the time prevailed in England as well as elsewhere (see Brand's Pop. Antiq. vol. ii.) Armstrong, in his "History of Minorca," says: "I have seen an old woman placed on

a bier, dressed like a Franciscan monk, and so conducted by the good brothers of that order, with singing and the tinkling of the hand-bell, to their church." At line 484, Milton uses the word 'wicket,' or small side entrance, to ridicule the notion of St. Peter's having exclusive possession of the keys of Heaven; as if he would not open the broad gate to all Christians, but slily let his own proselytes slip in at the side way.

480—483. *They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fixed,* &c. He speaks here according to the ancient Ptolemaic astronomy. *The planets seven* is the old notion of our solar system; *the fix'd* means the firmament or sphere of the fixed stars; *that crystalline sphere,* the vault of Heaven, clear as crystal, to which the ancients attributed a sort of libration or shaking (the 'trepidation' talked of) to account for certain irregularities in the motion of the stars; *that first moved,* means the primum mobile, the sphere which was both the first moved and the first mover, communicating its motions to all the lower spheres; beyond this was the empyrean Heaven, the seat of God and the angels.

492. *Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls.* Indulgence, a power assumed by the Roman Catholic Church of granting for a certain term, either on earth or in purgatory, remission of the penalty incurred for their transgressions. The practice was first instituted in the eleventh century by Pope Gregory VII., as a recompense to those who embarked in the Crusades. It was the profligate sale of indulgences by Leo X. that first excited Luther to war against the See of Rome. Dispenses, or dispensations, are licences granted by the Papal authority for several purposes—such as to marry within the prohibited degree, &c. Bull, a decree or proclamation of the Pope, for the consecration of bishops, celebration of jubilees, the excommunication of those who offend against the Catholic religion, &c. Bulls are written on parchment, to which a leaden seal is affixed, whence the name from the Latin *Bulla.*

495. *Into a Limbo large and broad.* The word Limbo comes from the Latin limbus, signifying a border. It was supposed by the schoolmen to lie within the precincts of Hell, and to serve as a receptacle for the souls of those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection, and others not admitted to purgatory or heaven. Dante fixed his Limbo, in which the spirits of the distinguished men of antiquity were confined, as the outermost of the circles of his hell. Milton places in his Limbo all who surrender their liberty of judgment to the Church of Rome.

501. *His travell'd steps.* His tired steps, from *travailler,* to labour. Dr. Johnson quotes this passage as an illustration of *travail, v.* signifying to tire, to harass. He says travel is generally supposed to be originally the same with *travail.*

513. *Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz.* Padan-Aram is the northern part of Mesopotamia; but see Kitto's "Scripture Lands." Luz

received on this occasion from Jacob the name of Bethel, the house of God; although that name occurs proleptically in Gen. xii. 8.

522. *Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.* Rapt here means carried away; from *raptus*, borne away. The word is used in the participial form only, there being no verb to *rap* in the sense of *bear away*. Steed from the Saxon *steda* is properly a horse for state or war, and a stock of such is called a *stud*.

535. *Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood.* The Jordan is formed by the junction of two small streams; the one issuing from a spacious cavern, near the village of Paneas, originally called *Dan*, on the northern boundary of the Holy Land; the other from Beersheba, the southernmost city of the land. Hence the names are proverbially used to describe the extent of the country in the phrase "from Dan to Beersheba."

557. *From eastern point of Libra to the fleecy star*, &c. *i.e.* from east to west, for when *Libra* rises in the east, *Aries*, which he calls the fleecy star, sets full west. Aries is said to bear Andromeda *far off Atlantic seas* because that constellation is placed just over Aries, and therefore when Aries sets, he seems to bear Andromeda over the great western ocean, *beyond the horizon*.

560. *Then from pole to pole he views in breadth. i.e.* from north to south, because the ancients, knowing more of the earth from east to west than from north to south, called this longitude, and the other *breadth* or latitude.

564. *Through the pure marble air.* The first epithet *pure* determines the sense of the second, and shows that the air is compared to *marble*, on account of its clearness and whiteness, without any regard to its hardness; and the word *marmor*, marble, used in the same sense by Virgil, is derived from a Greek word, which signifies to shine or glisten. So Shakspeare, *Othello*, act iii. sc. iii.: "Now, by yon *marble* heaven."

568. *Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old:* so called from *Hesperus*, or *Vesper*, because placed in the west under the evening star. These gardens were presided over by the Hesperides, three celebrated nymphs, daughters of Hesperus, and contained the golden apple, which Juno gave to Jupiter. The site of these gardens has not been determined: some suppose them to correspond with the *Cape Verd Islands*, others with *the Canaries*.

588. *A spot like which perhaps astronomers*, &c. *yet never saw.* The spots in the sun are visible through a telescope; but astronomer perhaps never yet saw through his glazed optic tube, or telescope, such a spot as Satan, now that he was in the sun's orb.

593. *But all alike inform'd with radiant light.* Informed here means animated or endued, in the occasional sense of the Latin *informatus*.

596. *Carbuncle most or chrysolite, ruby or topaz.* The *carbuncle* is of a deep red colour, with a mixture of scarlet, and, when held up to the sun, presents the appearance of a burning coal. The

carbuncle of the ancients is supposed to have been a garnet. The prevailing colour of the *chrysolite* is green. The *ruby* is of a deep red colour, but it sometimes passes into other shades of red, and even into blue, green, yellow, brown, black, and white. The ruby, however, is not among the stones on Aaron's breast-plate, but the *sard* is, which is likewise of a deep red. The *topaz* is generally yellow, but sometimes blue or green.

598. *Aaron's breast-plate;* a piece of embroidery about ten inches square, of very rich work, which the high-priest of the Jews wore upon his breast, and which was set with four rows of precious stones, upon every one of which was engraven the name of one of the ten tribes of Israel. See a full description in Exodus xxviii. 15—21.

600. *That stone.* Referring to the philosopher's stone, which was to turn all the baser metals into gold, and also to prolong life indefinitely.

603. *They bind volatile Hermes,* &c. *i.e.* Mercury or quicksilver, which is very fluid and volatile, and difficult to fix. *Proteus,* a sea-god, who could transform himself into various shapes, and so escape, till, being closely pressed and bound in fetters, he returned to his own proper form. By this the ancients understood the original matter or first principle of things out of which the elements arose; our poet therefore very fitly employs this metaphor to express the matter upon which chemists make experiments, and drain through their alembics till it resumes its native and original form. Mr. Keightley says that in Grecian mythology, the water-deities have the power of assuming a variety of forms, from the obvious circumstance that water alone of the elements has that power, becoming, for instance, ice, snow, rain, hail, vapour, etc.

607. *Elixir pure;* the imagined chemical essence of the ancient alchemists, that would transmute metals into gold and cure all diseases. Another name for the philosopher's stone.

609. *Arch-chemic sun,* of the highest chemic power; alluding to the endless changes produced by the sun throughout every part of the creation. This idea seems taken from Shakspeare, "The glorious sun stays in his course and plays the alchemist." See King John, iii.

617. *Culminate from th' equator.* At the equator the sun at noon is directly vertical, and consequently men and objects there cast no shadow. Astronomers term this position of the sun his culmination.

625. *A golden tiar.* Tiara is the Persian word for a round cap, high and ending in a point, worn by princes in the eastern parts of the world.

627. *On his shoulders fledge with wings. Fledge,* for fledged, being softer in its pronunciation; a not unusual abscission, or participial apocope.

634. *He casts to change his proper shape.* He casts, is here used in the sense of the Latin *jacto,* which sometimes means to ponder or *consider;* as we say idiomatically, to *cast* in the mind.

643. *His habit fit for speed succinct;* not to be understood in the literal sense of *girded*, or *tucked up;* but metaphorically, as being *ready* and *prepared.*

648. *Th' Archangel Uriel.* This name is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies *the light of God:* and from this meaning of his name he is represented by Milton as "regent of the sun." See Esdras, Book II. chap. iv. and v.

686. *And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps.* There is not a nobler sentiment, or one more poetically expressed, in the whole poem. The poet shows great art in taking off the dryness of a simple moral sentence, by throwing it into the form of a short and beautiful allegory.

715. *The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire.* These are all cumbrous, that is ponderous, in comparison with the ethereal quintessence or pure spirit.

716. *And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n flew upward.* This notion is borrowed from Aristotle and other ancient philosophers, who supposed that besides the four elements there was an ethereal quintessence or fifth essence, out of which the stars and Heavens were formed, and its motion was orbicular. See Lucretius, v. 450, 470.

730. *With borrow'd light her countenance triform.* The triform face of the moon is: her *increase* when her horns are turned towards the east; her *decrease* when the horns are turned to the west; and her *full.* There is also, perhaps, an allusion to the goddess Diana, who was called *Triformis*, from her three-fold character as *Luna* in heaven, *Diana* on earth, and *Hecate* in the lower regions. Some ancient statues represent her with three bodies; others with only one body but three heads, that of a horse, a dog, and a boar.

742. *Niphates*, meaning snowy, a range of mountains in Armenia, forming part of the great chain of Taurus, and bordering on Mesopotamia, in which Paradise is generally placed. The summit is covered with snow during the whole year: whence the name.

BOOK IV.

Line 1. *O for that warning voice.* Milton here wishes that the same warning voice had been uttered now at Satan's first coming that St. John—who, in a vision, saw the Apocalypse, or revelation of the remarkable events which were to befal the Christian Church—heard, when the Dragon (that old serpent called the Devil and Satan) was put to a second rout; Rev. xii. 12, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth," &c.

24. *Memory of what he was, what is, and what must be.* Memory

is here to bear in mind, or the thinking and reflecting upon any thing, as well present and future as past; as we say, Remember you must die.

30. *Sat high in his meridian tower.* At noon the sun is lifted up as in a tower.

32. *O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd.* This is one of the most sublime and impressive passages in the whole poem, and is so pronounced by Addison. Satan being now in prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of creation, breaks forth into a speech that is softened with transient touches of remorse and self-accusation. Milton, it appears, from the testimony of his nephew Phillips, originally thought of writing a tragedy on the Loss of Paradise, not an Epic, and the first ten lines of this speech formed its opening.

50. *'Sdain'd subjection,* &c. *i.e.* disdained; a contraction formed upon the Italian *stegnò*, used by Spenser in his Fairy Queen.

51. *Quit the debt.* For acquit or discharge the debt.

56. *By owing owes not, but still pays.* This beautiful sentiment is to be found in Cicero's Offices, II. 20.

67. *What to accuse, but Heav'n's free love,* &c. That is, what to accuse, but on the contrary to acknowledge Heaven's free love.

73. *Me miserable!* In exclamations, the accusative (or objective, as the English now call it) of the person or thing wondered at is of classical usage, and Milton follows this construction.

82. *That word disdain forbids me.* That is, forbids me to use the word submission.

110. *Evil be thou my good.* That is, be thou my delight; by thee I now hold at least divided empire with Heaven's King, and by gaining the world shall reign over two of the three realms that arose out of chaos.

115. *His face thrice chang'd with pale.* Each passion affected his countenance, which was thrice blanched by the successive agitations of ire, envy, and despair.

126. *The Assyrian mount.* Eden was in Assyria, and Niphates, the mountain here alluded to, was not far from Eden, on the borders of Assyria and Armenia. See III. 742.

132. *Delicious Paradise.* Satan being now come to the border of Eden, where he has a nearer prospect of Paradise, the poet represents it as situated in a champaign country upon the top of a steep hill, called the *Mount of Paradise.* The sides of this hill were overgrown with thickets, so as to be impassable; and above these grew the loftiest trees, which rose in tiers, like the seats of an amphitheatre. And yet higher than the highest of these trees, grew up the verdant fence of Paradise, but not so high as to hinder Adam's prospect into the country below, which is called his *empire*, as the whole earth was his *dominion.* Within this inclosure was the garden of Paradise, the only entrance into which was through a gate on the eastern side. Both Dante and Ariosto, following, perhaps,

Ezekiel xxviii. 13, had previously to Milton given the garden this site.

162. *Sabean odours.* From Saba, a city and country of Arabia Felix, called 'Araby the blest,' a most fruitful region, famous for aromatic trees, including frankincense.

168. *Than Asmodëus with the fishy fume.* Asmodëus was the evil spirit enamoured of Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, whose seven husbands he destroyed; but after she was married to Tobias, the son of Tobit, he was driven away by the fumes of the heart and liver of a fish; 'the which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him.' See the Book of Tobit, chap. viii.

176. *Had perplexed.* That is, would have perplexed any that passed that way; not an uncommon use of the pluperfect.

181. *At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound.* This is a play upon words, called paronomasia.

193. *Lewd hirelings.* Signifying profane, or *wicked* generally, and not merely *lustful.*

195. *Middle tree and highest,* &c. Thus Gen. ii. 9, "The Tree of Life also in the midst of the garden;" also Rev. ii. 7, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

196. *Sat like a cormorant.* A cormorant, being a very voracious sea fowl, is a proper emblem of the destroyer of mankind. The poet had before compared Satan to a vulture. See III. 431.

200. *What, well us'd, had been the pledge of immortality.* Milton no doubt meant to apply this to our first parents. The expression corresponds with the language of Bp. Patrick on Gen. ii. 9. "This garden being a type of heaven, perhaps God intended by this tree to represent that immortal life, which He meant to bestow upon man with Himself. Rev. xxii. 2. In other trees there was nourishment for man; but in this also a sacrament."

210. *Eden stretch'd her line from Auran eastward.* "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden;" Gen. ii. 8. This province, in which Paradise was planted, extended eastward from Auran or Haran, a city of Mesopotamia near the river Euphrates, to Seleucia, a city built by Seleucus, one of the successors of Alexander the Great, upon the river Tigris. This province was originally the site of *Telassar,* where the children of Eden dwelt (Isaiah xxxvii. 12; 2 Kings xix. 12). It is placed by Ptolemy in Babylonia, upon the common stream of Tigris and Euphrates. But there is no question in ancient geography upon which there has been more discussion than upon the situation of Eden. One places it in Armenia, another at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, another in the vale of Cashmere, while even the country around the sources of the Amazon has had its advocates: all seeming to forget that Moses describes it as it was before the Flood, and that that catastrophe

must have altered the whole face of nature. See Kitto's "Scripture Lands."

233. *Into four main streams runs diverse.* Thus, Gen. ii. 10, "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads." With respect to these streams, see Kitto's "Scripture Lands."

238. *Orient pearls and sands of gold.* Pactolus, Hermus, and other rivers, are described by the poets as having golden sands; but the description is richer here, and the water rolls on *the choicest pearls* as well as *sands of gold!*

240. *The crisped brooks, &c. ran nectar.* Nectar, in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, was the supposed drink of the immortal Gods (ambrosia being their food), and was fabled to contribute largely to their immortality. If we believe the accounts of the poets, the qualities of this liquor must have been of a most delicious character. It imparted youth, bloom, and vigour to the body, and possessed the power of repairing all the defects and injuries of the mental constitution.

250. *Hesperian fables true, if true, here only.* This is to be read as a parenthesis, and means that if what is said of the famed Hesperian Gardens is true, it is true only as applied to the delightful gardens of Paradise.

255. *Irriguous valley.* A well-watered valley, full of springs and rills.

256. *Without thorn the rose.* Part of the curse (Gen. iii. 18) was 'that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles,' whence the general opinion has prevailed that before the Fall there were no thorns. Among others St. Basil and St. Ambrose appear to have entertained this opinion; and the elegant poet Herrick, who wrote previous to Milton, has these pretty lines on the subject:

> "Before man's fall the rose was born,
> Saint Ambrose says without a thorn."

266, 267. *While universal Pan knit with the Graces, &c.* 'Pan' is universal nature; the 'Graces,' the beautiful seasons; and the 'Hours,' the time requisite for the production and perfection of things: these danced a perpetual round, and throughout the earth, yet unpolluted, led eternal spring.

268. *That fair field of Enna.* Enna was a city in Sicily, the principal site of the worship of Ceres, the goddess of grain and harvests. Her daughter Proserpine, while sporting in the fertile fields of Enna with the ocean nymphs, was stretching forth her hand to lay hold of a narcissus of great size and beauty, having a hundred flowers growing from a single root, when suddenly the earth opened, the god of the infernal world—Dis, the Latin name of Pluto—ascended in a golden chariot, and carried off the terrified goddess, to be mistress of his dominions. Her mother, ignorant of the mode of her abduction,

or place of abode, wandered in frantic grief over the earth in pursuit of her, until she enquired of the god Helius (the sun), who gave her the information sought. Milton frequently refers to this story.

269. *Where Proserpine gathering flowers.* Proserpine is here accented on the second syllable, as in the Latin. And so too in Spenser's Fairy Queen, I. ii. 2.

273. *That sweet grove of Daphne.* Daphne was a grove near Antioch, sacred to Apollo, on the banks of the river Orontes, where was also the *Castalian* spring, and a temple famous for its oracles.

275. *That Nyseian isle.* The island Nysa, encompassed with the river Triton in Africa, where Cham, or Ham, the son of Noah (who first peopled Egypt and Lybia, and among the Gentiles goes by the name of Ammon or Lybian Jove) hid his mistress Amalthea and her beautiful son Bacchus from Rhea's eye, the stepdame of Bacchus and wife of the Libyan Jove. See *Lempriere's Clas. Dict.*

281. *Mount Amara* is the modern name of what the ancients called *Pylæ*, which are high hills in Ethiopia, under the Equator. Between these hills there is a plain blessed with the richest productions of nature, and highly ornamented by art. In this place are numerous palaces, Heylyn says thirty-four, where the kings of Abyssinia keep their sons confined, to prevent sedition, and when a king dies, he that is to succeed him is brought from thence and set upon the throne. The appellation of *Habesh*, given to them by the Mahometans, and from which the Europeans have coined such names as *Abassin* and *Abyssini*, is an Arabic term, signifying *a mixed race.*

285. *Assyrian garden.* Strabo comprehends Mesopotamia in the ancient Assyria.

301. *Hyacinthine locks.* Meaning dark and curled. The hyacinth is said to have been a dark flower amongst the ancients.

305. *Golden tresses wore dishevell'd.* Loose or flowing. Golden tresses, as they betoken a fairer skin and a finer complexion, are mentioned in praise of Helen and other famous beauties of antiquity.

323. *Adam the goodliest man of men since born,* &c. That is, Adam was a goodlier man than any of his sons, and Eve fairer than any of her daughters. The superlative is here used for the comparative degree, a peculiarity borrowed from the Greek language.

343. *The lion ramp'd.* That is, stood on his two hinder legs in the posture of climbing, from the French *ramper* to climb. In heraldry a lion in this attitude is said to be *rampant.*

346. *And wreathed his lithe proboscis.* "Lith" is a Saxon word signifying a joint. The Scotch yet speak of a person as being sound in lith and limb. *Lithe* therefore means *full of joints;* whence *flexible, pliant.*

348. *Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine his braided train.* From the Latin *sinuosus*, expressive of the rolling and twisting of the snake. See Æn. xi. 753.—'Gordian twine,' in allusion to the

famous Gordian knot which could not be untied.—'Braided train,' twisted tail. These wriggling motions of the serpent were a type of his fraud.

352. *Bedward ruminating.* Chewing the cud before they go to rest.

354. *To the ocean isles.* That is, the islands in the western ocean; for that the sun set in the sea, and rose out of it again, was an ancient poetic notion, and has become part of the phraseology of poetry. *In the ascending scale.* The balance of Heaven or *Libra* is one of the twelve signs, and when the sun is in that sign, as he is at the autumnal equinox, the days and nights are equal, as if weighed in a balance. From this our author seems to have borrowed his metaphor of the *scales* of Heaven, weighing night and day, the one ascending as the other sinks.

362. *To heavenly spirits bright little inferior.* Psal. viii. 5, Heb. ii. 7, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." This speech of Satan is very beautiful; his admiration of our first parents had rendered him dumb with astonishment.

400. *Mark* and *mark'd.* These repetitions of the noun and verb are so common with the poet, that we may suppose they do not occur from want of attention; and they have classical usage for their excuse.

404. *In some purlieu.* 'Purlieu,' from the French *pur*, pure, and *lieu*, place; originally meant a place pure or free from the operation of the forest laws. From originally meaning the ground near a royal forest, it came to denote the ground surrounding anything, and hence means a limit or district. See Book II. 833.

458. *To look into the clear smooth lake.* It has been sarcastically asked (Spectator, 325) whether some moral is not couched in this part, where the poet lets us know that the first woman, immediately after her creation, ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face that she would never have removed to view any other of the works of nature, had she not been led off to a man. This notion however is more probable and natural, than the story of Narcissus in Ovid's Metaphorsoges iii. 457, whence Milton manifestly took the idea.

478. *Under a platan.* The plane tree, so named from the breadth of its leaves; valuable, according to Virgil in his *Georgics*, for its delightful and extraordinary shade.

499. *As Jupiter on Juno smiles.* The union of Jupiter and Juno, (by which some understand the air and earth,) was deemed by the ancients the prime cause of fruitfulness.

509. *Where neither joy nor love.* A poetical ellipsis for 'where is neither joy nor love.'

515. *Knowledge forbidden?* Satan artfully insinuates that useful and necessary knowledge was forbidden, whereas, the knowledge of evil, by the commission of it, was the only subject of prohibition.

530. *A chance but chance,* &c. The second 'chance' is personified;

and the meaning is, there is a chance or possibility that chance—unknown causes—will lead me, &c. This gingle of words is not uncommon with Milton, and has been used by other poets.

549. *Gabriel, chief of the angelic guards.* One of the Arch-Angels, sent to show Daniel the vision of the four monarchies and the seventy weeks, and to Zacharias and the Virgin Mary to reveal the incarnation of our Saviour. See Luke i. His name in Hebrew signifies *the man of God*, or *the strength and power of God;* therefore properly placed as the chief of the angelic guards about Paradise.

557. *In autumn thwarts the night.* That is, shoots across the sky at night. Shooting stars seem to prevail equally in every climate and in every state of the weather, and at all seasons of the year, but more frequently in summer or autumn.

561. *By lot.* The priests had their lot assigned them in the service of the Jewish temple, whence Milton seems to have derived this idea. See 1 Chron. xxiv. and Luke i. 8, 9.

590. *Return'd on that bright beam.* Milton supposes that Uriel slides back on the same beam that he came upon; which sunbeam he considers not as a flowing line of light, but as a continued inflexible rod extending from the sun to the gates of Paradise. The extremity of this rod, while Uriel was discoursing, and the sun gradually descending, must needs be raised up higher than when he came upon it; and consequently the rod bore him slope downward back again.

592. *The Azores.* Islands in the great Atlantic or Western ocean; nine in number; commonly called the Terceras, from one of them.

594. *Volùbil,* or rolling, from the Latin, to be pronounced long; for the poet, in Book IX. line 436, writes it 'voluble,' when it calls for an accelerated pronunciation.

598. *Still evening.* When Satan made his soliloquy at the beginning of the book, 'The sun was high in the meridian tower.' This is the evening of that day; the first, therefore, in the poem, and a finer evening could not be imagined. I know of nothing, says Bishop Newton, comparable to this among all the treasures of ancient or modern poetry—it must charm every body!

603. *Her amorous descant sung,* &c. A song or chant, run out at length and renewed again, is called a descant; from the Latin *decantare,* to sing over and over again.

605. *Hesperus that led the starry host.* Hesperus, or the Evening Star, is justly celebrated by all the poets.

626. *Yonder alleys green.* 'Yonder' is here used as a comparative of 'yon,' and points to something farther off. An alley (from the French *Allée*) is a walk between an avenue of trees, or passage narrower than a road.

628. *That mock our scant manuring.* Meaning here, manual labour, from the French term *manœuvrer,* to work, to be handy; indeed, the subsequent line affords the proper explanation.

642. *With charm of earliest birds. i.e.* song or chorus, from the Latin *carmen.*

648. *Solemn bird.* The nightingale, as Milton elsewhere expresses it, 'most musical, most melancholy.'

687. *Their songs divide the night. i.e.* into watches, as the trumpet did among the ancients, sounding as the watch was relieved; which was called dividing the night.

691. *Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter.* The original editions read 'chose,' which, though an obsolete form, is preferable here, the line being else a foot too long.

696. *Acanthus.* A shrub with large winding leaves, which furnished the idea to architects of forming their capitals in the Corinthian order in imitation of it.

700. *Wrought Mosaic.* Mosaic is any surface composed of minute materials of various colours, so arranged as to represent different figures: it was first used in the places consecrated to the Muses, whence the name, which in Latin is Musivus.

707. *Pan or Sylvanus.* Pan was the god of the shepherds; Sylvanus, the god of woods and groves; Faunus, the tutelary god of husbandmen.

714. *Pandora, whom the Gods endowed.* The story is this: Prometheus, the son of Japhet, had stolen Jove's authentic fire from heaven, to animate the clay substance of man, in revenge for which the god Jupiter sent him Pandora, (meaning all-gifts,) so called because of the many accomplishments bestowed on her by the gods, to allure and corrupt him with her blandishments. She was brought by Mercury, (Hermes,) but was not received by Prometheus, the wiser son of Japhet, but by his brother Epimetheus, the unwiser son, who married her. He was enticed by his foolish curiosity to open the box which she brought, in which were contained all manner of evils, and these were let loose on mankind.

744. *Whatever hypocrites austerely talk of purity.* This refers to those who in the Church of Rome decry marriage, under a notion of great purity—alluding to the following lines in Paul's Epistle to Timothy, ch. iv. "In the latter time some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of the devil, speaking lies in *hypocrisy*, forbidding to marry," &c.

756. *Charities.* Used in the Latin sense for all the relations and endearments of consanguinity.

769. *Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings.* From 'serenata,' the Italian form; instead of 'serenade,' the French form. Music performed by a lover under the window of his mistress in the evening or at night. The word is derived from the Italian 'sereno' (from 'serar' the evening), which conveys the idea of clearness and coolness; the latter circumstance is here alluded to in supposing the lover to be starved with cold.

775. *And know to know no more. i.e.* if ye have the moral wisdom

to restrain your curiosity. There is a sort of play upon the double meaning of the word 'know.' The figure by which the same word is thus used in different senses is called, as we have said elsewhere, Paronomasia.

777. *Her shadowy cone half way up hill. i.e.* half way towards midnight, at the third hour of night, or nine o'clock, when the first military watch, according to the custom in the Roman camp, took its rounds. As the earth is a globe, her shadow (the sun being much the largest) must be a cone, which moves as the sun moves, and on the opposite side. This cone, to those on the darkened side of the earth, could it be seen, would mount as the sun fell lower, and be at its utmost height in the vault of their heaven when it was midnight. The shadow of the earth sweeps as it were the whole arch or vault of heaven between the earth and moon, and extends beyond the orbit of the moon, as appears in lunar eclipses.

782. *Uzziel,* in the Hebrew, means, the strength of God; *Ithuriel,* the discovery of God; and *Zephon,* a searcher of secrets, a name significant of the office.

785. *Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.* A classical phrase used by Livy and Xenophon, Anab. III. 26. The shield was carried in the left hand, and the spear in the right; therefore, to wheel *to the shield,* is what is now done in answer to the command 'Left face,' and *to the spear* to the command 'right face.'

812. *But returns of force. i.e.* perforce.

893. *To change torment with ease;* that is, for ease, a Latinism.

896. *And wilt object his will who bound us. i.e.* wilt thou object.

920—923. *Courageous chief, the first in flight from pain.* We have here a mixture of irony and sarcasm. Courageous must be interpreted by its opposite, 'cowardly.'

945. *Practis'd distances, to cringe;* that is, with practis'd distances, &c.

962. *Mark what I arreed thee; i.e.* advise thee, an obsolete word from the Anglo-Saxon. Milton uses it again in his *Treatise on Divorce,* but differently spelt, "Let me aread him, not to be the foreman of any misjudged opinion." Prose Works, vol. iii. p. 173 (Bohn's edition).

966. *And seal thee so.* Alluding to Rev. xxii. 3, "And he cast him into the bottomless pit and shut him up, and set a seal upon him."

971. *Proud limitary Cherub.* Limitary is a term either in allusion to what Gabriel had just said, and meaning "Who presumest to set limits to me?" or refers to his office. 'Milites limitanei' were soldiers appointed during the Roman empire to guard the frontiers.

980. *With ported spears.* Borne pointed towards him. Ported is a military term.

997. *Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales.* Thus, before the combat between Hector and Achilles in the 22d book of the Iliad, and before the combat of Æneas and Turnus, in Virgil's Æneid. xii.

Jupiter weighed the event in a balance. And in Daniel v. 27, the King of Babylon is weighed in the balances and found wanting. But Milton's description has a peculiar beauty by his allusion to the sign Libra, or the Scales. This weighing of creation, and its events, gives us a sublime idea of Scripture; and Milton has improved on the fictions of the ancient poets, by uniting them with the eternal truths of inspiration.

BOOK V.

Line 1. *Now morn her rosy steps*, &c. Homer speaks of the 'rosy-finger'd morn;' Milton, therefore, gives her here 'rosy steps,' and, in the third line of the sixth book, a 'rosy hand.' The morn is at first gray (so 'gray dawn,' vii. 373), then rosy upon the nearer approach of the sun.

2. *Sow'd the earth with orient pearl.* Dew-drops have something of the shape and appearance of scattered pearls.

6. *Aurora's fan lightly dispersed*, &c. Aurora was the goddess of the morning. The fanning winds among the leaves may probably be called her fan. (See line 269.) Here were no whistling winds to rattle among the boughs, but only gentle gales to fan the leaves, which did not dispel sleep, but lightly dispersed it!

16. *As when Zephyrus on Flora breathes. i.e.* as when the soft western gales breathe on the flowers. *Zephyrus*, the west wind, being, according to the mythology of the ancients, the husband of *Flora*, the goddess of flowers.

21. *We lose the prime;* that is, the dawn of day. Prime was the early morning service in the Roman Catholic Church, as Vespers is the evening service.

23. *What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed. i.e.* what is dropt or yielded by the myrrh-tree. Myrrh is a bitter resin which issues from the bark. Balm is the juice of a tree growing in Syria.

41. *His love-labour'd song.* Our author takes great liberties in his use of the genders, sometimes using *him*, *her*, and *it*, for the same object. We have a very remarkable instance in vi. 878. The nightingale, though it is the cock that sings, he usually makes of the feminine gender; but here he says, '*his* love-labour'd song,' as his speech is addressed to Eve, and for the same reason he says, 'Heav'n wakes with all *his* eyes:' though commonly he uses Heaven in the feminine gender. The reason of this alteration in the genders, the judicious reader, when he examines each passage, will easily perceive.

56. *His dewy locks distill'd ambrosia.* Virgil, in his description of Venus (Æn. i. 403), has recourse to similar expressions. Ambrosia, though the imaginary food of the gods, is an appellation which signifies anything of a peculiarly grateful odour.

100—113. *In the soul are many lesser faculties, that serve reason as chief,* &c. These lines mean in prose: 'There are in the soul many faculties, which are subordinate to reason; the chief of these is Fancy; she forms ideas from what the senses bring in, which Reason, joining or disjoining, works up into propositions, all that we affirm as certain or only probable, or deny, as not being well proved; and when Nature rests, Reason sleeps also; Fancy is then sometimes awake, and mimics her; but putting things ill together, makes mad work often, and most in dreams.' Dreams are the reveries of people asleep, as what we call reveries are the dreams of those awake.

117. *Evil into the mind of God or man.* God must here signify angel, as it does at lines 60 and 70, and in other parts of this poem, and sometimes in Scripture: see John x. 35. For God cannot be tempted with evil, as St. James says, i. 13.

140. *Wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim.* In allusion to the ancient fables, that the god of the sun dispensed light to the world by driving in a chariot from east to west.

171. *Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul.* Ovid calls the sun the eye, and Pliny calls it the soul, of the world!

176. *With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies.* The fixed stars, according to ancient astronomers, were luminous bodies fixed in the vast concave or orb of heaven; and this orb was supposed to revolve round the earth in twenty-four hours, so that the sky presented the fixed stars to us every evening.

177. *Five other wand'ring fires.* The five planets are here meant, that being the number known in Milton's time: these were Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The word 'wand'ring' is here used in contradistinction to the fixed stars.

178. *That move in mystic dance, not without song.* Alluding to the doctrine of the ancients, and particularly to Pythagoras's notion of the music of the spheres, by which no doubt he understood the proportion, regularity, and harmony of their motions. Shakespeare speaks of it more fully in his Merchant of Venice, act v.

> There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings.

181. *That in quaternion run.* Quaternion is a body of four. The term is here used in accordance with the ancient opinion, which modern chemistry has exploded, that there were four elements. The meaning of the passage is, that the four elements, by mingling constantly with each other, in various forms and proportions, keep all things in existence; which is the doctrine of Heraclitus, borrowed from Orpheus. See also Cicero on the Nature of the Gods, ii. 33.

197. *Join voices all, ye living souls.* Soul is here used, as it sometimes is in Scripture, for other creatures beside man. In the Hebrew, life and soul have frequently the same meaning. So Gen. i. 20.

214. *Their pamper'd boughs.* The French word *pampre,* from the

Latin *pampinus*, means a vine-branch full of leaves; and a vineyard is said to be *pampré* when overgrown with superfluous leaves and fruitless branches, whence our English word pampered, in the sense of overloaded or glutted.

215. *Fruitless embraces.* An expressive contrast to the fruitful embraces of the vine round the elm. For a similar use of the term, see Virgil, Geo. i. 2. ii. 367; Horace, Epod. ii. 9; Ovid, Met. xiv. 661.

249. *Thousand celestial ardours.* Ardour, from the Latin ardor, signifies a 'fiery nature, fervent love,' an appropriate epithet of an angel. Milton uses this term for seraphim, which signifies the same in Hebrew (being derived from saraph, to burn) as ardour does in Latin and English. See Psalm civ. 4.

261—265. *As when by night the glass of Galileo, less assur'd, observes.* Raphael surveying the earth from heaven's gates, is compared to an astronomer looking through Galileo's telescope at the distant objects in the moon, or to a pilot in the Archipelago looking out for the Cyclades, a cluster of islands in the Mediterranean, the largest of them, Delos and Samos, appearing like specks in the distant horizon. *The glass observes* is a poetic figure common to the ancient poets for 'a person through the glass observes.'

269. *With quick fan winnows the buxom air.* Fan means wing, from the Latin *vannus*, an instrument by which chaff is blown away when corn is winnowed, whence anything by which the air is moved may be poetically called a wing.

272. *To all the fowls he seems a Phœnix.* Milton means that Raphael, when at the highest pitch of an eagle's flight, seemed to the birds like a phœnix. The phœnix was, according to ancient mythology, of uncommon size and beauty, and the *sole bird* of its species: after living five or six hundred years, it built for itself a funeral pile of aromatic wood and gums, which were kindled by the rays of the sun. From the ashes arose a full-grown young phœnix, which bore the relics of its sire to Thebes, and there deposited them in the temple of the sun, the other birds attending and gazing on him in his flight. See Pliny's Natural History, x. 2; Ovid's Metam. xv.

276. *To his proper shape returns.* He stood on his feet and gathered up his six wings into their proper shape and situation. See Isaiah vi. 2, "The seraphims each one had six wings."

285. *Like Maia's son he stood. i.e.* like Mercury, in reference to his graceful posture.

326. *Each bough and brake, each plant and juiciest gourd.* The bough, brake, plant, and gourd, are meant to express all the several kind of things that produce fruit. The bough belongs to fruit trees; the plant produces strawberries, &c.; the gourd includes the pumpkin, melon, and all other kinds that lie on the earth; and the brake means here the bushes which yield currants, gooseberries, raspberries, &c.

339—341. *Or middle shore, in Pontus or the Punic coast,* &c. Middle shore is the Mediterranean shore; Pontus, where the rich and powerful Mithridates reigned, is in Asia; and the Punic coast, the maritime country of the wealthy Carthaginians, is in Africa; Alcinous, king of the island of Corcyra, now Corfu, was famous for his gardens.

345. *Inoffensive must, and meaths.* From *mustum,* new wine; not fermented, therefore not intoxicating. Meaths or meads is a sweet drink. This word is found in Chaucer.

382. *Of three that in mount Ida naked strove.* Alluding to the well-known story of the judgment of Paris, in preferring Venus to Juno and Minerva, that is, beauty to power and wisdom.

387. *Blest Mary, second Eve.* Mary, in Luke i. 28, is called second Eve, as Christ is sometimes called the second Adam.

394. *Autumn pil'd.* That is, piled with the fruits of autumn.

396. *No fear lest dinner cool.* The familiarity of this phrase has been objected to by some critics, but defended by others, on the plea that Milton had the authority of Scripture for the use of such colloquialisms.

407. *No ingrateful food.* This singular idea of angels eating is taken from Psalms lxxviii. 25, "Man did eat angels' food." And though the passage admits of a different translation, a poet may be licensed to interpret it literally. See line 436.

413. *And corporeal to incorporeal turn.* The prosody of this line is remarkable; the first foot is a pyrrhic, and the second a trochee. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑. Another critic says, "This verse must be scanned as if beginning with an anapest ⏑ ⏑ —, in order to give the same accent to corporeal and incorporeal," which is pretty much the same thing. But Mr. Keightley scans the line with two trochees, thus — ⏑ — ⏑. We leave the reader to choose.

420. *Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd,* &c. For the eleven lines, 415 to 426, Milton has been severely censured by Dr. Bentley, who thinks they would have been better omitted. But it must be recollected that the poet here speaks according to the notions of the then prevalent system of philosophy; and though modern discoveries have proved that the spots in the moon do not proceed from vapours, but from the inequalities of her surface, and the different nature of her constituent parts, land and water; yet, as a poet writing according to the ancient system of philosophy, he is excusable. It is allowed by all the old philosophers that the sun and fixed stars receive supplies of nourishment from other bodies, but in what manner remains a great question.

426, &c. *In heav'n the trees of life,* &c. *and vines.* In mentioning trees of life and vines in Heaven the poet is justified by Scripture. See Rev. xxii. 2. Matt. xxvi. 29. In speaking afterwards of mellifluous dews and pearly grain he evidently alludes to manna, which is called the bread of heaven. Psalms cv. 40. Exod. xvi. 14, 31.

435. *Nor in mist, the common gloss of theologians.* Referring to some of the fathers and ancient doctors, who contended that angels did not eat in reality, their opinion being founded on some metaphysical notions, and on a passage in Tobit iii. 19. But Milton seems to be justified by the canonical Scripture. See Gen. xviii. and xix.

438. *To transubstantiate,* &c. That is, to convert their food and nourishment into their own substance. *What redounds transpires.* That is, what is superfluous, and not required for nourishment, passes through the pores. This finely distinguishes spirits from mortals, in one of the most humbling circumstances relating to our bodies.

440. *Empyric alchemist.* An alchemist is a person who studies the transmutation or changing of metals; and the empyric alchemist is one who makes bold experiments without much skill in the art, like a quack in physic.

445. *Liquors crown'd.* To crown their cups was a phrase among the Greeks and Romans for filling them to the brim.

468. *To whom the winged Hierarch.* From the Greek, signifying the chief of a sacred order. Raphael's social interview with our first parents is praised by Addison, and has been the subject of general admiration.

478. *Body up to spirit work.* See 1 Cor. xv. 44, &c. where the apostle speaks of a natural and spiritual body.

482. *Spirits odōrous.* Spirits is here a word of two syllables, though in many other places it is contracted into one, particularly in the second line after this, "To vital spirits aspire." And the second syllable in odōrous is to be pronounced long, though the poet makes it short in other places. "So entertain'd those odŏrous sweets the fiend," iv. 166. These are not the only instances where Milton makes use of the same poetical licence.

488. *Discursive, or intuitive.* The difference between these is in degree rather than in kind. *Discursive,* by some of our earlier authors written discoursive, is tracing truth from argument to argument—the deliberate process of reasoning. *Intuitive* is when the mind instantly perceives truth, and all the bearings of it, without any preliminary thought or enquiry; in other words, at the first glance or intimation of it.

509. *The scale of Nature,* &c. The scale (from the Latin *scala,* a ladder) of nature ascends by steps from a centre to the whole circumference of what man can see or comprehend. The metaphor is bold and vastly expressive. Matter, one first matter, is this centre; nature infinitely diversified is the scale which reaches to the utmost of our conceptions all round. We are thus led up to God.

563. *High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men.* There are eleven syllables in this line: in scanning, the *e* in 'me' is to be absorbed. According to the general rules of epic poetry, exemplified in Homer and Virgil, the principal events which happened before the action of the poem commences are introduced by way of episode. So

the angel here communicates to Adam the fall of the angels and the creation of the world.

573. *By likening spiritual to corporal forms.* Spiritual is here a trisyllable, and corporal a dissyllable.

574. *What if earth be but the shadow of heav'n.* That there is a greater resemblance between things in heaven and things on earth than is generally imagined is artfully suggested by Milton as the best apology for those bold figures which he has employed, especially in his description of the battles of the angels. This idea has been beautifully developed by Drummond of Hawthornden.

583. *Heav'n's great year.* Our poet seems to have had in mind Plato's great year of the heavens, which is a complete revolution of all the spheres; everything returning, at the end of it, to the position whence it set out.

584. *Th' empyreal host of Angels.* See Job i. 6, "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord." And again 1 Kings xxii. 19, "I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by Him on his right hand, and on his left."

589. *Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear.* Gonfalons is an Italian word for banners; properly, the Pope's standard, which was displayed with great pomp. The word is used frequently by Ariosto; and in Chaucer, a flag or streamer is called gonfanoun. Milton, it is said, was fond of referring to the splendid scenes and exhibitions he witnessed in Italy. So at 592, 593, he is supposed to have had in view the procession, on the great festivals, of the banners of the saints, on which their miracles were painted.

625. *In their motions harmony divine.* Commonly called the music of the spheres; arising, according to the Pythagorean philosophy, from the wonderful proportions observed by the heavenly bodies in their various motions.

638. *Secure of surfeit.* *i.e.* from or without danger of surfeit.

671. *His next subordinate.* *i.e.* Beelzebub, who is always represented second to Satan. See book i. l. 79.

685. *Tell them that by command,* &c. He begins his revolt with a lie—so well does Milton preserve the character given of him in Scripture, John viii. 44, "The devil is a liar and the father of lies."

689. *Where we possess the quarters of the north.* The passages in Scripture, Isaiah xiv. 12, 13, and Jeremiah i. 14, together with St. Austin's dictum that "the devil and his angels are placed in the north," were sufficient authority for Milton in placing the residence and rebellion of Satan in the north (see vi. 80), without meaning any reflection on his enemies, the Scotch Presbyterians, as some critics fancy. It may be added, that Shakspeare calls Satan "Monarch of the North," 1 Hen. VI. act v. sc. 3.

708. *His countenance, as the morning star.* Satan is here compared

to the morning star, conformably to Isaiah xiv. 12, where he is denominated Lucifer, son of the morning.

713. *The golden lamps that burn nightly before him.* Alluding to the lamps before the throne of God which St. John saw in his vision. See Revelations iv. 5.

738. *Whom their hate illustrates, i.e.* renders illustrious.

753. *From one entire globose.* The adjective classically used for a substantive. Globose, as always conveying the idea of solidity, differs from rotund, which is sometimes applied to a mere surface—as to a circle.

766. *The Mountain of the Congregation.* Alluding to Isaiah xiv. 13, "I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation," &c.

799. *Much less for this to be our Lord.* This passage has occasioned much perplexity to the commentators. We read it: "Much less reason is there for this one to be our Lord." Newton, in a long note, interprets it: "Much less for this can he assume to be our Lord." Warburton understands it somewhat differently; and Prendeville gives the following explanation. "It appears from lines 603—610, that Christ was appointed by the Father vicegerent the day before, and from 856—860, that Satan considered himself and his followers natives of heaven from all eternity—self-created, and therefore independent of the Messiah; the meaning, according to this, would be: 'Much less is it just or expedient that this new functionary should exercise dominion over us, to the abuse and disparagement of our inherent right to govern.'"

805. *The seraphim Abdiel.* The name in Hebrew signifies "the servant of God:" See 1 Chron. v. 15.

842. *Since he, the head, one of our number thus reduc'd becomes.* Mr. Keightley finds a difficulty in this passage which previous critics have not perceived, and thinks it may mean that the Son of God, by becoming King over the angels, reduces Himself to their nature. But as Scripture, Milton's invariable authority, nowhere teaches us that Abdiel or any other angel is on a level with the Son of God, we are more inclined to suppose that "thus reduc'd" means that the angels are reduced, by the appointment of the Son of God, to render Him obedience, as at lines 829—30. Or it may mean that the number of angels is reduced by the secession of Satan and his host, although "thus" is a long way from any antecedent.

861. *When fatal course had circled his full orb.* Milton makes Satan a sort of fatalist; but Bishop Newton observes, that it is no compliment to fatalism to put it into the mouth of the devil.

896. *So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found.* The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us (says Addison) a noble moral of religious singularity; a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.

BOOK VI.

Line 3. *Wak'd by the circling hours.* In Homer's Iliad the hours are feigned in like manner to guard the gates of heaven.

4. *There is a cave within the mount of God.* This fiction is taken from Hesiod.

6. *Where light and darkness,* &c. The idea of their lodging and dislodging by turns is taken from Hesiod, Theognis 748.

14. *Night, shot through with orient beams.* This expression is ingenious and highly poetical, although carped at by an obtuse critic. The rays of light do literally shoot through the darkness.

19. *War in procinct, i.e.* prepared for battle. The Roman soldiers were said to be *in procinctu,* when their loose garments were girded close about them in readiness for battle. Hence the figurative allusion of the apostle, "Gird up the loins of your mind;" that is, be ready to "fight the good fight of the faith." 1 Peter i. 13.

26. *They led him, high applauded, and present,* &c. This is a remarkable instance of a peculiarity of construction (the first of two verbs coupled by the conjunction being in the past time historically, and the second in the present, as if the narrator wished to bring before the reader's imagination the picture of an existing event) of which Homer and the best classic authors furnish parallels.

34. *Universal reproach, far worse to bear.* This line commences with two trochees (— ⏑ — ⏑), and reads harshly, which the learned Dr. Jortin thought was intentional, and observes that Milton often introduces them, because, like discord in music, they heighten the general effect of his poetry.

55. *Tartarus, which ready opens wide his fiery Chaos.* Chaos may mean any place of confusion; but if we take it strictly, Tartarus or Hell was built in Chaos (ii. 1002), and therefore that part of it being stored with fire may not improperly be called a fiery Chaos. Hell is here supposed to be in existence at the time of the revolt of the angels.

58. *Reluctant flames. i.e.* flames struggling violently to break forth; from the Latin *reluctor.*

60. *'Gan blow. i.e.* began to blow. The omission of the sign of the infinitive mood is an ancient poetical licence, and is frequent in Chaucer. So Par. Reg. iv. 410: "And either tropic now 'gan thunder;" and Spenser: "The noble knight 'gan feel his vital force to faint."

62. *In mighty quadrate join'd. i.e.* in a square or quadrilateral phalanx.

69. *Nor obvious hill. i.e.* no hill opposed. See Webster and Worcester.

78. *This terrene.* This earth's surface. The adjective put for the substantive. There are classical instances of 'terrenus' being used substantively: Livy xxiii. 19.

93. *And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet.* Hosting is an old English word for the general mustering of troops. The verb 'wont' was sometimes used by our early poets as it is here; in modern style it would be 'were wont.'

101. *Idol of majesty divine.* Idol, in Greek, is literally an image or resemblance. The word means here a false representation or counterfeit image of the Almighty, and is well selected to express the present character of Satan.

107. *The cloudy van.* The front of the army, like a cloud for multitude. In the sense of the scriptural term, "a cloud of witnesses." See also line 539.

115. *Where faith and realty remain not.* Realty is here used for loyalty, from the Italian *reale,* which means loyal.

147. *My sect thou seest.* The commentators imagine that Milton here intended a sneer at the loyalists of his time, who branded all the dissenters with the name of sectaries. He most probably had no such petty design; but uses 'sect' here (as he often uses words) in the signification of the Latin *secta,* which is opinion; and hence means a party.

160—162. *Ambitious to win from me some plume,* &c. Plume is a token of conquest; the rest of the passage seems to mean that such success over Satan himself would indicate destruction to all the Satanic host. Some commentators, however (with Pope), consider this passage ironical, and to imply ill success.

167. *Minist'ring Sp'rits, train'd up in feast and song.* Heb. i. 14, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" Spirits who are servants. Satan mentions it here in derision.

183. *Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom.* This is said by way of anticipation, or prolepsis.

189. *So say'ng, a noble stroke he lifted high.* Saying is here a monosyllable, or the line would be a foot too long.

193. *Such ruin intercept.* Ruin is used here in the primary sense of *ruina,* a swift and violent descent accompanied with injury.

203. *The vast of Heav'n.* This is an elegant Latinism. So Shakspeare has "the vast of night," Tempest, act i. sc. 2.

209. *Arms on armour clashing bray'd.* The word 'bray' was formerly applied to any loud noise. Thus T. Gray, in his 'Bard:'

> "Heard ye the din of battle *bray,*
> Lance to lance, and horse to horse?"

212—214. *The dismal hiss of fiery darts* is a poetic way of speaking

for hissing darts. The substantive is sometimes classically construed as an adjective when governing a genitive case. So Sydney's Arcadia, p. 2, "opening the cherry of her lips," for her cherry lips.

216. *Both battles main.* Both main or mighty hosts. Battle (from *bataille*, whence the diminutive *bataillon*,) was used to express the corps or body of an army.

222. *These elements, and arm him with the force of all their regions.* The elements had their several districts or quarters appointed, according to their gravity. (See iii. 714.) The least of the angels could wield all the forces of earth, water, air, and fire.

223—228. *How much more of power army 'gainst army, numberless, to raise,* &c. The sentence is obscure, and seems to want the verb was, a word elsewhere omitted by our poet. The sense is, How much more was a numberless army, warring against an army equally large, able to raise dreadful combustion, had not the eternal King overruled, &c.

236. *The ridges of grim war.* A metaphor taken from a ploughed field; the files answering to ridges. Shakspeare in his Rich. III. has a somewhat similar idea: "Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front."

244. *Tormented all the air.* To comprehend the full force of the word tormented, as used here, we must look to the root of the word, which is *tormentum*, an engine used in ancient warfare for the projection of destructive missiles.

247. *And met in arms no equal.* Though Abdiel foiled him before (190), yet Milton seems to think that Satan would have eventually proved an overmatch for him, had not the combat been broken off by the general engagement.

282. *To whom thus the Adversary.* The name Satan is a Hebrew word, which in English signifies the adversary.

286. *Easier to transact with me.* From the Latin phrase *transigere bellum;* meaning here, to bring to a successful issue, or overcome.

297. *For who, though with the tongue of angels, can relate,* &c. Supply *that fight,* and read on: *Or to what conspicuous things on earth can liken it.*

306. *While expectation stood in horror.* So Shakspeare, Hen. V.:

"For now sits Expectation in the air."

313. *Two planets rushing from aspect malign.* Some commentators think that the grandeur of this simile is tarnished by the introduction of the notion of the malignity of planets in a particular aspect; or, as astrologers call it, opposition. But the notion was an ancient one, and there seems no reason why the fancies of astrology should not be as much the province of poetry as those of mythology. So Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Spanish Curate, act i. sc. 1:

"Now they begin to burn like *opposed meteors.*"

316—319. *Together both, with next to' almighty arm uplifted imminent*, &c. The meaning of this difficult passage is this: They both together, each with an arm nearly equal in power to the Almighty one, lifted up and imminent (from the Latin *immiuens*, hanging overhead ready to fall), aimed one stroke which might be decisive, and not need any repetition; there being sufficient power in it at once to terminate the combat.

329. *The grinding sword with discontinuous sound.* The early editions read griding, which is an old English word for cutting, used by Spenser; *discontinuous* is a surgical definition of a wound, which is said to be a dissolution of continuity—a term used by Rabelais.

335. *To his aid was run by angels. i.e.* angels ran. This is a pure Latinism, the neuter verb being used impersonally passive.

348. *Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound receive.* This does not clash with the fiery substance of these cherubims; it signifies pliable, flexible, fluid; and has no more to do with moisture than hardness has with marble in iii. 564. Virgil applies liquid to fire, Ecl. vi. 33.

350. *All heart, all head, all eye, all ear, all intellect, all sense.* This is expressed very much like Pliny's account of God. See Pliny's Nat. Hist. book i. c. 7.

356. *And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array.* An epithet is here given to the ensigns which belongs more properly to the bearers of them, and here includes the whole legion which belonged to those ensigns. See B. ii. 561; vi. 188. It is a figure of speech called metonymy, a part for the whole, often used by poets and orators.

365. *Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai.* Adramelech, in Hebrew, is mighty magnificent king, one of the idols of Sepharvaim, worshipped by them in Samaria, when transplanted thither by Shalmaneser. 2 Kings xvii. 31, "And the Sepharvites burnt their children in the fire to Adramelech." Asmadai is the same as Asmodeus, the lustful and destroying angel, mentioned in Tobit iii. 8.

368. *Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.* Plate is the broad solid armour; mail is that composed of small pieces laid one over another like the scales of fish or the feathers of fowls. See v. 284.

371—372. *Ariel and Arioch, and the violence of Ramiel.* Three fierce spirits, as their names, derived from the Hebrew, signify. Ariel means a strong lion; Arioch, a fierce and terrible lion; Ramiel, one that exalts himself against God.

391. *What stood, recoil'd o'er-wearied*, &c. *i.e.* those who stood in opposition to those who lay overturn'd.

393. *Defensive scarce.* Scarcely in a condition to defend themselves.

399. *In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire.* Commentators think that as the phalanx to be cubic would be as high as it was broad, Milton must mean four-square only, that is, *quadrate*, as at line 62.

But he probably says here what he means, because, as angels did not fight on terra firma, there seems no reason why they should not fight in cubes, which is rather a grand idea.

404. *Unobnoxious to be pain'd.* Not liable, from the Latin *obnoxius.*

410. *On the foughten field.* The passive participle of fight: not formed according to analogy, but used by Shakspeare in Hen. V.: "As on this glorious and well-foughten field."

412. *Their watches round, Cherubic waving fires. i.e.* Cherubim-like fires waving; the Cherubim being described by our author, agreeably to Scripture (Gen. iii. 24), as of a fiery substance and nature. As they were remarkable for their love and fidelity, they are properly made here the sentinels.

418. *O now in dangers tried, now known in arms.* This speech of Satan is generally admired, and has been pronounced very artful. Satan flatters both the pride and vanity of his followers, and persuades them to his own purpose with great ingenuity.

428. *Then fallible, it seems, of future.* Liable to be mistaken as regards the future—a classical use of the genitive.

440. *And worse our foes, i.e.* damage them. The word worse, used as a verb, though analogical enough, is not now used.

447. *Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.* A god of the Ninevites, in whose temple Sennacherib was assassinated by his two sons, 2 Kings xix. His speaking afterwards of pain as the greatest of evils, the doctrine of Hieronymus and others, was suitable to the deity of the effeminate Assyrians. Milton probably called him of principalities the prime, being worshipped by so great a prince, and at the capital city of Nineveh.

467. *To me deserves no less than for deliverance what we owe. i.e.* in my opinion, deserves no less a reward that we should owe for our deliverance.

472. *Which of us who beholds,* &c. Which has been thought by some to be the nominative to survey, at line 476; but the nominative to is understood, *i.e.* which of us is there who beholds, and whose eye so superficially surveys? &c. Milton frequently suppressed the substantive verb, in imitation of the ancient classic poets.

479. *Of spirituous and fiery spume. i.e.* a frothy matter produced by the effervescence of spirituous and fiery particles. See line 512, where sulphur and nitre are named.

482. *The deep shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame.* The deep, though generally used for hell, is here only used in opposition to surface, and is the same as deep under ground, mentioned at line 478. Ariosto (Orl. Fur. ix. 28), and Spenser (Fairy Queen, I. vii. 13) somewhat in the same way describe cannon, and attribute the invention to the devil.

496. *Their drooping cheer enlighten'd. i.e.* brightened or lit up their drooping spirits. Light in Scripture is joined with joy and gladness, as in Esther viii. 16.

514. *Concocted and adusted; they reduced; i.e.* purified and dried by fire. (By a printer's error *adjusted* stands in the text.)

519. *Incentive reed;* a kindling reed or match; from the Latin *incendens.*

520. *Pernicious with one touch to fire;* probably, in the sense of the Latin word *pernix*—quick, speedy; therefore not to be understood in the common acceptation.

526, 527. *In arms they stood of golden panoply;* in armour at all points, from head to foot. Ephes. vi. 11.

535. *Zophiel.* In Hebrew, the spy of God.

539, 540. *So thick a cloud he comes.* This metaphor is used in many languages to express a great multitude. Heb. xii. 1, "A cloud of witnesses;" Hom. Iliad, iv. 274; Virgil, Æn. viii. 793.

540, 541. *In his face I see sad resolution.* By 'sad' is here meant grave or sullen, as *tristis* in Latin; or it may mean serious or earnest, a sense frequent in our old authors.

541. *Secure.* Confident, assured, without fear of the result.

548. *Quit of all impediment.* The carriages and baggage of an army were called in Latin *impedimenta;* and the good angels are said to be quit of all impediment in opposition to the others encumbered with their heavy artillery.

553. *Training his devilish enginery;* drawing in train, from the term train of artillery.

559, 560. *How we seek peace and composure; i.e.* a composition or settlement of differences.

572, 573. *A triple mounted row of pillars, laid on wheels.* Mr. Keightley thinks Milton here and at line 650 must mean three successive rows, and not a triple row, as he "cannot conceive how cannon that were drawn could be ranged over each other like the guns of a battery," and in another place he applies a similar objection to a cubic phalanx of Angels. But as neither the angels nor the cannon were on terra firma, and merely poised in the air, there seems no reason why they should not be placed in either triplets, rows, or cubes.

579, 580. *And in his hand a reed stood waving.* In all Milton's own editions this is the reading, but, as the word *stood* occurs three times in three consecutive lines, Bentley here substitutes *held,* which is a manifest improvement, though not generally followed.

587. *Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air.* Embowelled is to be understood here as the roar of cannon which embowelled (gutted, or emptied) the air with its outrageous noise, and tore all her entrails.

598. *Foul dissipation follow'd; i.e.* they were scattered or dispersed, in the Latin sense of *dissipatio.*

665. *With jaculation dire;* throwing or casting: from the Latin *jaculatio.*

674. *Permitted all, advised;* 'advised' for advisedly. The participle is frequently in the Latin classics used adverbially.

678, 679. *His Son, the assessor of his throne.* Assessor is one who

sits by the side of another, as next in dignity, to assist in council. Christ is so called by some of the old fathers.

681, 682. *Son, in whose face invisible is beheld visibly.* Invisible here is a neuter adjective used for a substantive, and is in allusion to these texts; Rom. i. 20, "The invisible things of God are clearly seen;" and Col. i. 15, "The image of the invisible God." See also John i. 18. The construction and sense is this: Son, in whose face what is invisible, is beheld visibly, that is, "what I am by deity."

683. *In whose hand what by decree I do;* in the work of whose hand is beheld what by decree I do.

690. *Equal in their creation they were form'd,* &c. 'They were formed equal in their creation, and therefore are so now, save to the extent which sin hath impaired them, which however gives as yet no perceptible advantage to the other party, since I delay their doom.' See Matt. viii. 29. Jude 6.

698. *Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main;* that is, dangerous to the whole extent of Heaven.

737. *Rid heaven of these rebell'd;* these who have rebelled; these rebellious.

740, 741. *That from thy just obedience could revolt, whom to obey is,* &c.; *i.e.* the obedience *of thee* whom, &c. This mode of expression, in which the relative refers to the substantive or personal pronoun, understood out of the adjective or passive pronoun, Milton occasionally adopts in imitation of the ancient classic writers.

756. *Of beryl, and careering fires between.* The beryl is a precious stone of a sea-green colour (Exod. xxviii. 20), and careering fires are lightnings darting out by fits. Compare l. 848, and B. i. 766.

757. *Over their heads a crystal firmament.* All this is from Ezekiel i. 22, 26—28.

761. *Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought.* Urim, which signifies *light,* and Thummim, which signifies *perfection,* were something in Aaron's breastplate, but what they exactly were critics are by no means agreed. Milton, however, by applying the word Urim to panoply, evidently agreed with the opinion of Josephus, (Antiq. iii. 8,) and other authors, who describe them as precious stones of the high priest's breast-plate, engraven with the names of the twelve tribes, which, by the nature of their lustre, revealed the will of God. Epiphanius and Suidas think they were epithets denoting a diamond of extraordinary splendour on the pectoral (in addition to the twelve stones), from whose shining the high priest drew his inferences. God was consulted by Urim and Thummim only on occasions of public interest to the church or state. See Exod. xxviii. and Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible.

797. *In universal ruin last.* Tickell's edition here substitutes *lost,* and Bentley adopts the reading without any note or acknowledgment, as though it were so printed in all former editions.

867, 868. *Hell saw heaven ruining,* &c. The word *ruining* is in the sense of the Italian word *ruinando;* and denotes falling headlong with precipitation and ruin. See B. ii. 993, and Tasso, Jerus. del. ix. 39.

879. *Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.* The wall must be understood as included in mural.

893. *Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth.* This line should be remembered, as the best defence that can be made for the bold fictions which pervade the poem throughout.

900. *With Satan; he who envies now thy state.* 'He' is here put in the nominative case, in apposition to Satan, the ablative, but the construction requires the accusative *him:* or it may be understood thus: He (it is) who envies now thy state. The use of the nominative for the accusative is not an uncommon mistake even in the best writers.

BOOK VII.

Line 1. *Descend from heaven, Urania.* The poet here invokes Urania, 'the heavenly Muse,' as in Book i. line 6; and as he there said that he intended to soar above th' Aonian mount, so now he says that he has effected what he intended, and soar'd above the Olympian hill, above the flight of Pegaséan wing; that is, his subject is more sublime than the loftiest flights of the heathen poets.

5. *The meaning, not the name, I call; i.e.* pertaining to Heaven, not the mere name of one of the Muses. Urania was properly the muse of astronomy.

8—10. *Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,* &c. From Proverbs viii. 24, 25, 30. "When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth: Then was I by him, as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, *rejoicing* always before him:" or *playing,* according to the Latin Vulgate (*ludens coram eo omni tempore*), to which Milton alludes, in v. 10.

14, 15. *And drawn empyreal air, thy tempering.* Said in reference to the difficulty of respiration on high mountains. This empyreal air was too pure and fine for him; but the heavenly Muse temper'd and qualified it, so as to enable him to breathe it. Dunster explains the passage as expressive of his confidence of success. Under the Divine guidance of Urania he had successfully ascended the empyreum, or highest heaven, and there breathed the pure air which she had so highly tempered; and now he requests her to guide him back to his native element with equal safety, that he may there describe the creation of the world and of man.

17—19. *As once Bellerophon, though from a lower clime, dismounted.* The story of Bellerophon is told in the Iliad, vi. 190. Being a man of extraordinary bravery and beauty, he excited the love of Antæa the wife of Prœtus, king of the Argives, at whose court he was a guest. Like Joseph in holy writ, he rejected her corrupt solicitations. She then, through revenge, falsely accused him to her husband of an attempt on her honour; who, restrained by the laws of hospitality from putting him to death, sent him on a feigned embassy to his father-in-law Jobates, king of Lycia, with a letter detailing his supposed offence, and requesting of him to contrive his death. Hence the phrase, "carrying Bellerophon's letters," *i.e.* a message fatal to the bearer. Jobates, having hospitably entertained him nine days as the ambassador of a friendly sovereign, before he opened the letter, on seeing its contents, also felt restrained from putting him to death, but sent him on a number of most perilous enterprises. Bellerophon was victorious in all these; which so pleased the king that he gave him his daughter in marriage, and named him his successor. In his old age, however, Bellerophon became melancholy mad, and wandered the Aleian field alone, wasting in spirit and avoiding the path of men. It is added by others, that endeavouring vainglorioously to mount up to heaven on the winged horse Pegasus (the steed of the Muses), he fell on the Aleian plain, where he wandered till he died. Newton remarks, "The plain truth of this story seems to be, that in his old age he grew mad with his poetry, which Milton begs may never be his own case." But the more probable explanation is, that Bellerophon's poetic flight was unsuccessful, which caused his melancholy; and that Milton here prays he may not be so unsuccessful.

21. *Half yet remains unsung.* Milton is supposed by most commentators to mean half of the episode, not of the whole work, as when the poem was divided into only ten books, this passage stood at the beginning of the seventh as it does now. And the argument is that the episode has two principal parts, the war in Heaven, and the new creation; the one already sung, the other remaining unsung. But it is by no means improbable that Milton means half the poem, using the term in its loose and familiar acceptation. Besides which, by altering his poem into twelve books, he may have done at a later period what he originally intended.

25. *Though fall'n on evil days.* A lively picture of the poet's wretched condition. Though fallen on evil days, and in darkness, *with dangers compassed round and solitude,* obnoxious to the government, and having a world of enemies among the royal party, and therefore obliged to live in privacy and alone. "And what strength of mind was it (says Bishop Newton) that could not only support him under the weight of these misfortunes, but enable him to soar to such heights as no human genius ever reached before!"

26. *On evil days though fall'n.* This repetition and turn of words is praised by several critics, who suppose that the passage has

reference to Milton's own persecution, and the profligacy of the court of Charles II. Instances of such repetitions are to be met with in some of the best poets, especially in Homer and Horace. See also lines 182, 184, and 187 of the present book.

34. *That wild rout that tore the Thracian bard.* The poetic allusion is to Orpheus the son of Calliope, torn to pieces by the Bacchanals on Mount Rhodope in Thrace, because he attempted to check their licentiousness. Orpheus by his melody was said to be able to move trees and stones (see Hor. i. Od. xii.); hence the words, "*where woods and rocks had ears to rapture.*"

38. *Fail not thou, who thee implores;* fail thou not *him* who implores thee. A classical idiom; the antecedent of the relative is frequently suppressed in Greek and sometimes in Latin authors.

59, 60. *Whence Adam soon repeal'd the doubts; i.e.* recalled (from *rappeller*) or ended, as a law when repealed is ended. Bentley would read *dispell'd*, and Pearce *repell'd*.

60, 61. *And now led on.* This is the subject to 'proceeded,' at line 69.

79, 80. *The end of what we are; i.e.* to observe the will of God, is the end for which we were created.

89. *The ambient air wide interfused;* the air not only surrounding the earth, but flowing into and between all bodies.

98, 99. *Yet wants to run much of his race, though steep; i.e.* has much to run to complete his diurnal course: *though steep* means though he has passed the meridian, and is now on his descent.

99. *Suspense in heaven.* Milton had scriptural authority, in the sun's standing still at the command of Joshua, and classical precedent, for this assumed suspension of the laws of nature. Virgil (Ecl. viii.) representing the charms of the music of Orpheus, says the rivers stopped.

116, 117. *And infer thee also happier;* and by inference make thee happier.

121, 122. *Nor let thine own inventions hope things not reveal'd;* let not thy vain imaginings (or reasonings) expect to know things not reveal'd. Milton seems here to allude to Eccles. vii. 29, and Psalm cvi. 29.

142. *Us dispossess'd,* &c. Us, according to the rule of English grammar, ought to be *we;* but Milton here imitates the Latin ablative absolute which requires *us*.

143, 144. *Into fraud drew many; i.e.* into evil and its punishment: a Latinism used again in book ix. line 643. So Virgil, Æn. x. 72.

149. *With ministeries due.* Offices, services: from the Latin *ministerium*.

162. *Meanwhile, inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven; i.e.* dwell apart, having more room: *habitare laxè*. This phrase has been censured; though Cicero, in his Oration pro Domo, cap. xliv. in speaking of a powerful personage, uses the same terms, and perhaps furnished Milton with the thought. The sentiment is not so undignified as has

been represented, and is a necessary part of the statement. He assumes a void which would continue in heaven, by reason of the expulsion of the false angels, till filled up by mankind.

163, 164. *By thee this I perform.* The propriety of this Græcism, the present time for the future, is shown in line 176.

168—172. *Boundless the deep, &c. nor vacuous the space,* &c. The sense is, the deep is boundless, but the space contained in it is not vacuous and empty, because though there is an infinitude, I fill it. Though I who am myself uncircumscribed set bounds to my goodness, and do not exert it every where, yet neither necessity nor chance influences my actions.

179. *So told as earthly notion can receive; i.e.* human understanding; this sense is frequent in Shakspeare, but not in use. "Either his *notion* weakens, or his discernings are lethargied." K. Lear, act i. sc. 4.

182. *Glory they sung to the Most High,* &c. The angels are very properly represented as ushering in the creation with a hymn similar to that sung at the birth of Christ, Luke ii. 14. The three glories (lines 182, 184, 187) praise the three great attributes of the Deity, goodness, power, and wisdom.

197, 198. *Were pour'd cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones.* 'Pour'd' is here expressive of promptness and alacrity in obeying his summons. 'Thrones' is used here and in other places for angelic beings: probably taken from Col. i. 16. "Whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers." See book v. line 601.

201. *Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged.* This thought is taken from a passage in Zech. vi. 1:—"Behold there came out four chariots from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass."

215. *And with the centre mix the pole.* As Chaos could not have either centre or pole, the angel uses the words only as an illustration suited to Adam's capacity; as if on earth the sea should heave in mountains to heaven, and mix the centre of the globe with its circumference.

225. *He took the golden compasses.* The golden compasses appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom Plato calls the divine geometrician. Milton had in view Prov. viii. 27: "When he prepared the heavens I was there; when he set a *compass* upon the face of the deep." See also Isaiah xl. 12, Ps. civ. 5, Job xxvi. 7.

228. *One foot he centred; i.e.* of the compasses.

239—242. *Then founded, then conglobed like things to like; the rest to several place disparted,* &c. The reader should compare book iii. lines 708, &c., and the first chapter of Genesis, of which this portion of the poem is a paraphrase. Founded means laid as a foundation. Thus Psalm lxxxix. 11: "As for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast *founded* them." And Proverbs iii. 19: "The Lord by wisdom hath *founded* the earth." *Conglobed* means cemented into one globe; *like things to like,* the different portions of the elements of the

same kind that were scattered all through the abyss, uniting the particles of fire, earth, sea, and air.—*The rest to several place disparted;* the particles that would not harmonise, and were unfit for composing the earth, flew off to other places, perhaps to form the planets and fixed stars; including, it may be supposed, "the æthereal quintessence," which at book iii. line 716, is said to form the luminous bodies. So Lucretius, book V. v. 438: "Afterwards the parts began to separate; and similar things began to be united with similar." Bohn's trans. p. 209. And Cicero, on the Nature of the Gods, II. 39: "First let us examine the earth, whose situation is in the middle of the universe, solid, round, and conglobular by its natural tendency." Bohn's trans. p. 80. Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 12: "The earth did not as yet hang in the surrounding air, balanced by its own weight."

257. *The hollow universal orb they fill'd.* Taken from Job xxxviii. 4, 7. "The great round of the universe, which was concave, and without creatures."

261. *God said, 'Let there be firmament.'* The Hebrew word, which in our translation is rendered *firmament*, properly means an *expanse;* and is so indicated in the margin of our Bible. St. Augustine on Genesis says, "It is not called *firmament* because it is a *firm*, solid body, but because it is a partition, firm and immovable, between the upper and the nether waters."

274. *And heaven he named the firmament.* According to the Hebrews, there were three heavens: the first the air, wherein the clouds move and the birds fly; the second the starry heaven; and the third the habitation of the angels and the seat of God's glory. Milton is here speaking of the first heaven, as he mentions the others in other places.

292. *As drops on dust conglobing.* Conglobing is gathering into a round mass or ball, as at line 239.

299. *With torrent rapture;* with rushing rapidity.

302. *With serpent error wandering; i. e.* in serpentine mazes or meanderings. So Ovid, Metam. i. 582.

303. *And on the washy ooze deep channels wore.* The earth was just emerged from the waters, and therefore one great washy ooze, slime and mud. In this mud deep channels were easily worn by the streaming water, till it became dry everywhere but within the banks, the bounds set to the rivers, where they now perpetually draw along their humid train. Mr. Keightley thinks the term *washy ooze* may have been suggested to the mind of the poet by the circumstance of the river Ouse entering the wash at Lynn Regis!

320, 321. *Forth crept the swelling gourd,* &c. The original reading was *smelling,* which Bentley changed into *swelling,* the mistake being no doubt a misprint; as *gourds* are a numerous family, and *smelling* only suits some kinds, such as the melon.

321, 322. *The corny reed embattled in her field.* Corny reed is generally explained as equivalent to horny, from *cornu,* horn: but some

think it is here used in the sense of resembling a field of corn; others that it may refer to *cornus*, the cornel tree, or Dogwood, whose hard pointed, horny looking branches were used for spears.

323. *And bush with frizzled hair implicit.* Hair, like *coma*, in Latin, is used for leaves, and branches; and implicit, from the Latin *implicitus*, is entangled.

325, 326. *Gemm'd their blossoms.* Put forth their blossoms; from the Latin *gemmare*, to bud forth.

339. *Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there be lights.'* Gen. i. 14, 15. "And God said, Let there be lights." The poet, when he makes the divine Person speak, keeps close to Scripture, but afterwards gives scope to his imagination.

348. *The less by night, altern.* Altern for *alternate*, or for the adverb *alternately*.

355. *A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first.* "It is probable (says Bishop Newton) that the sun and moon were formed along with the earth on the first day, but were not made complete luminous bodies—they did not shine out in their lustre and glory till the fourth day; the air perhaps, or atmosphere, not being sufficiently cleared before to transmit their rays to the earth."

364. *Other stars; i.e.* the planets, as appears by his mentioning the morning star, or planet Venus.

367, 368. *They augment their small peculiar;* their small portion of light, that which is peculiarly their own. From the Lat. *peculium*.

372, 373. *Jocund to run his longitude through heaven's high road.* This passage is according to Psalm xix. 5: "The sun is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course." Spenser alludes to the same text, Fairy Queen, I. v. 2:

> "And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
> Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie haire."

Longitude here means the sun's course from east to west in a straight line. See iii. 576.

374. *The Pleiades, before him danced, shedding sweet influence.* The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus, which rising about the time of the vernal equinox are called by the Latins *Vergiliæ*. Our poet therefore, in saying that the Pleiades danced before the Sun at his creation, intimates very plainly that the creation was in the spring, according to the common opinion. And when he farther adds, *shedding sweet influence*, it is in allusion to Job xxxviii. 31: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?"

376. *In levell'd west was set; i.e.* due west, with no intervening obstructions.

382. *With thousand lesser lights dividual holds.* Dividual from the Latin *dividuus*, divided or shared in common with others. He uses the word in the same sense at book xii. 85.

387. *And God said, 'Let the waters generate,'* &c. This and the eleven following verses are almost word for word from Genesis i. 20—22.

388. *Reptile with spawn abundant.* Reptile here means (in accordance with the Hebrew term) all such creatures as move in the waters; and by *creeping thing* mentioned in the sixth day's creation is meant *creeping things of the earth;* for so both in Milton's account, v. 452, and in Gen. i. 24, the words *of the earth* are joined in construction to *creeping thing.*

391, 392. *And each soul living, each that crept..* Crept is here used according to the literal translation of the Hebrew word, which in our version is rendered *that moveth.*

402, 403. *In sculls that oft bank the mid-sea.* Sculls is synonymous with shoals (from the Saxon *sceole,* an assembly), and means a large collection of fish. What is called a *shoal* in one place is called a *skull* in another. The word is not peculiar to Milton, but common in our old language, and still applied, on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, to herrings. "They fly, or die, like scaled *sculls* before the belching whale." Shakspeare, Troilus and Cressida, act v. sc. 5.

404, 405. *Through groves of coral stray.* Coral is a production of the sea, and was formerly ranked among marine plants. The learned Kircher supposed that entire forests of it grew at the bottom of the sea, which may justify Milton's expression of "groves of coral." It is now known that coral is composed of a congeries of small marine animals, of the polypus kind, mixed with calcareous earth. In warm latitudes, the accumulation of this matter is prodigious and rises into islands. See Mrs. Loudon's Entertaining Naturalist, p. 514, et seq.

406. *Their waved coats, dropt with gold.* Waved means striped, dropt (or bedropt), speckled.

409. *In jointed armour, watch.* The shells of lobsters somewhat resemble armour. Milton is here supposed to have had in mind a regiment of horse in the civil wars, so completely armed that they were called Sir Arthur Haslerig's lobsters.

409, 410. *On smooth, the seal and bended dolphins play.* The seal and dolphin are observed to sport on *smooth* seas in calm weather. The dolphin is called *bended,* not that he really is more bent than any other fish, but because he appears so, as he forms a curve in leaping out of water, and instantly plunging into it again head foremost. This sportive habit is alluded to by Virgil, Æn. v. 594.

412. *Tempést.* Agitate as by a tempest. See book i. line 200, and Ps. civ. 26.

412. *Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,* &c. Tempest is here used as a verb. It is evident, that by leviathan Milton means the *whale,* although some learned critics consider the leviathan in the book of Job to be the crocodile. See note on book i. 200. He distinctly mentions the crocodile in line 474 of the present book as an amphibious animal, whereas the leviathan is here described as a fish. The word appears to have been used formerly, as it is now, for any creature of enormous size or power.

420. *But feather'd soon and fledge.* Fledge, for fledged, as at book iii. 627, a participial apocope, like the more usual ones, satiate for satiated, situate for situated.

421. *They summ'd their pens.* Pens, from *penna*, feather, wing Sum is a term in falconry: a hawk is said to be full summed when his feathers are grown to their full strength. See Par. Reg. i. 14.

422, 423. *Under a cloud in prospect.* The meaning appears to be, 'under the form of a cloud,' as seen in the distance, or from the earth.

424. *On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build; i.e.* their nests, from the German *ey* an egg. Compare Job xxxix. 27, 28.

426, 427. *Wedge their way, intelligent of seasons.* So Jerem. viii. 7. This beautiful description of birds of passage, migrating in winter to warm climates, and flying in the form of a wedge, is taken from Pliny's Natural History, x. 32. "They form a wedge, in order the better to cleave the wind, the leaders being at first in front of the apex, those behind resting their necks on the tails of those before. When the leaders are tired, they fly back to the rear, and those next them take their place; and thus a successive course of laborious duty and relief is kept up during the whole voyage, each taking his turn." See also Cicero, on the Nature of the Gods, ii. 49.

431, 432. *The air floats as they pass; i.e.* undulates, like the waves.

435, 436. *The solemn nightingale ceased warbling.* Milton's fondness for the nightingale is remarkable, and he has described it better than any other poet. His first sonnet is addressed to it, and mention of it occurs several times in the present poem, and also more than once in 'Il Penseroso' and other of his writings.

439, 440. *Mantling proudly, rows her state with oary feet.* Mantling means expanded, spread luxuriantly, like a mantle: a term in falconry: the hawk *mantleth, i.e.* spreads her wings in pleasure. See also v. 279. *Rows her state*, &c. means rows her stately form with feet which serve as oars. Silius Italicus has a somewhat similar line, "Rows with her feet the silent waves." Some commentators think that Milton may have had in view the City State Barge!

441. *The dank.* The waters.

451. *'Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind.' i.e.* living creatures. See Gen. i. 24. Though, in this passage of Genesis, our translation has 'living *creature*,' yet Milton is supposed to follow the Hebrew text, in which it is 'living *soul*.' But his own editions read *fowl*, and we are indebted to the suggestion of Bentley for the substitution of *soul*.

457. *As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons.* 'Lair,' from the Teutonic *lager*, signifies couch or bed, and 'wons,' from *wohnen*, to dwell or inhabit.

461. *Those rare and solitary, these in flocks.* 'Those' refers to the wild beasts, 'these' to the cattle.

463. *The grassy clods now calved.* Milton supposes the beasts to

rise out in perfect form, limbed and full grown, as Raphael had previously painted this subject in the Vatican. To *calve* is an old English word for the earth opening in fissures; it is also a general word signifying to bring forth, and does not relate to cows only. Hinds are said to calve, Job xxxix. 1; Psalm xxix. 9.

466. *Shakes his brinded mane.* Brinded is another form of brended, from the German *brennen*, to burn; it means a reddish brown colour, which in the north of England is often applied to cattle; as, a brinded cow.

467. *The libbard.* An old word for leopard, used by Spenser.

471, 472. *Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved his vastness.* Milton evidently means the elephant, though Bochart and others say that 'behemoth' was the river-horse.

482—485. *Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,* &c. Minims, from the Lat. *minima*, are minute things. Serpent is a general word, and includes several animals which are not *snakes*, and have not *snaky folds. Some added wings;* it is common in poetry to represent the creature as doing that itself, which is done *to* it. So ix. 515, a ship is said to "steer and shift her sail."

490. *The female bee, that feeds her husband drone,* &c. Milton here follows the notion of Butler, as published in his curious work on bees entitled the Feminine Monarchie, 1634. Huber, a century later, gives this account: "There is commonly but one queen, to a hive with perhaps 1,000 males called drones, and near 20,000 working bees of no sex that can be distinguished. The queen or mother-bee is longer than the rest, and will produce one year with another from 30,000 to 40,000 bees. The drones or husbands of this queen live idly and luxuriously upon the finest honey, whereas the common bees live in great measure upon wax; and the queen herself will condescend to wait upon the drones, and bring them honey."

497. *And hairy mane terrific.* Virgil in like manner attributes a *mane* to serpents. See Æneid, ii. 206. And so too Olaus Magnus, Aldrovandus, Gesner, and other early naturalists.

504. *Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd.* 'Frequent' here means in crowds, as in book i. 797, and 'yet remain'd' that there was yet something defective in the work of creation assigned to the sixth day.

505, &c. *There wanted yet the master-work.* Ovid is here copied almost literally. See *Metamorphoses*, i. 76. The term *prone* is used in the Latin sense, and means looking downward, a trait by which brute creatures are characteristically distinguished.

510, 511. *From thence magnanimous, to correspond with heaven. i.e.* in consequence of Man's being elevated both in mind and body, he was fitted to hold intercourse with heaven.

519—534. *'Let us make now man in our image,'* &c. In the account given, in these lines, of the formation of man, Scripture is closely followed. Compare Gen. i. 26—28; Gen. ii. 7, 8, 15.

535, 536. *Wherever thus created, for no place is yet distinct by name.* Implying that man was created in some other place, and afterwards brought into the garden of Eden. The Scripture account seems to sanction this idea. See Gen. ii. 8, 15: "The Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed." See also 2 Esdras iii. 6.

542—544. *But of the tree, which, tasted,* &c. *thou may'st not. i.e.* may not taste, classically understood out of the previous participle, *tasted.*

563. *The planets in their station listening stood.* The station of a planet is a conventional term, meaning when the planet appears neither to go backwards nor forwards, but to stand still and keep the same place in its orbit. See Job xxxviii. 7.

565. *'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung.* So Psalm xxiv. 7: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." This hymn (says Newton) was sung when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount Sion, and is understood as a prophecy of our Saviour's ascension into heaven; and is therefore fitly applied by our author to the same divine Person's ascending thither after he had created the world.

596, 597. *All organs of sweet stop, all sounds on fret.* On the finger-board of a bass-viol are divisions across it, by which the sound is regulated and varied; these divisions are called frets. By organs he means (in the sense of the Greek word *organa*) all wind instruments consisting of pipes, and of stops touched by the hand.

600. *Fuming from golden censers.* See Rev. viii. 3, 4: "And an angel having a golden censer," &c.

602. *'Great are thy works, Jehovah!'* The word Jehovah is here used to intimate the unity of the Father and Son.

604, 605. *Greater now in thy return than from the giant angels.* Giant is not used to signify the stature and size of the angels, but that disposition of mind which is ascribed to the giants, namely, a fierce, aspiring, temper; and this the Hebrew word, *gibbor*, signifies, which is rendered *a giant* in Scripture. Thus, in Shakspeare (Hen. VIII. act i. sc. 2), Buckingham is called "a giant traitor." The word may be also explained by the expression, "spirits *apostate*," 610, *apostate* being the marginal reading in the Latin version of the Bible for the term *giant*, Gen. vi. 4.—Thyer, an early commentator, thinks that Milton may have had in view the fictions of Hesiod and other Greek poets, and that his heaven-storming giants were derived from some existing tradition of the fallen angels.

619. *On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea.* Hyaline or glassy is the same as the crystalline ocean above the firmament, at line 271. The idea is taken from Revelation iv. 6: "And before the throne was a sea of glass, like unto crystal."

621. *Every star, perhaps, a world.* The notion of the *plurality of worlds* is here, in the mouth of an angel, introduced with becoming diffidence.

624. *Earth with her nether ocean circumfused.* To distinguish it from the crystalline ocean, or the waters above the firmament. The idea of the earth being circumfus'd, or surrounded with water, is according to the cosmology of the ancients. See the same word used in the sense of surrounding an army, book vi. line 778.

631, 632. *Thrice happy, if they know their happiness.* This sentiment is from Virgil, Georgics, ii. 458.

BOOK VIII.

Lines 1—3. *The angel ended, and in Adam's ear*
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

These three lines, which are generally admired, were added by Milton to the second edition when he divided the seventh book into two. What is now the fourth line then read: *To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.*

3. *Still stood fix'd to hear.* From *stava* (Italian), remained, or continued: implying his great attention, not his attitude.

12. *Attributed.* The *u* is here pronounced long, according to the Lat. quantity in *attribūtus.* See v. 107, 155, 565.

15. *When I behold this goodly frame.* Milton here takes occasion to adduce the two great astronomical systems, the Ptolemaic and the Copernican; the former making the earth, the latter the sun, the centre of the universe. Adam proposes the difficulties that occur in the first, as most obvious to him.

23. *Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot.* A spot no bigger than a point, *punctum,* in comparison with the firmament and fixed stars.

27. *With superfluous hand. i.e.* over-liberal.

36. *Such a sumless journey brought;* a journey where number fails to compute its speed.

37. *Of incorporeal speed.* Intimating very great speed, such as spirits might use: "speed almost spiritual," as he says at line 110.

42. *With lowliness majestic.* A figure of speech called an oxymōron: like 'cruel kindness.' So again the phrase 'obsequious majesty' at line 509.

70, 71. *This to attain, whether heaven move or earth, imports not. i.e.* it matters not whether heaven move or earth, whether the Ptolemaic or the Copernican system be true, if you reckon the seasons, &c. rightly. *The rest,* that is, more curious points of inquiry concerning the heavenly bodies, God hath done wisely to conceal. So Psalm cxxxix. 6: "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it."

80. *Calculate the stars.* To form a judgment of the stars by com

puting their motions, distance, situation, &c. To calculate a nativity, signifies to form a judgment of the events attending it by computing what planets—in what motions—presided over that nativity.

81, 82. *Contrive to save appearances.* It has been proposed to read *solve* for save, that is, to solve or interpret the stars; which seems an improvement.

83. *With centric and eccentric,* &c. Centric are spheres whose centre is the same with, and *eccentric* those whose centres are different from, that of the earth. *Cycle* is a circle, *epicycle* a circle upon a circle; expedients of the Ptolemaics to solve the apparent difficulties in their system.

98, 99. *Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries officious; i.e.* serviceable, or doing good office, from the Latin *officiosus.*

102. *His line stretch'd out so far.* A Scripture expression. Job xxxviii. 5: "Who hath stretched out the line upon it;" as if God had measured heaven and earth with a line.

107, 108. *The swiftness of those circles attribute, though numberless,* &c. Meaning, that it is God's omnipotence which gives to the circles, though numberless, such a degree of swiftness. Cicero, in his Scipio's Dream, ch. iii. has the same idea.

130. *Insensibly three different motions move?* The three different motions which the Copernicans attribute to the earth are the *diurnal* round her own axis, the *annual* round the sun, and the motion called *libration,* whereby the earth so proceeds in her orbit, that her axis is constantly parallel to the axis of the world.

131. *Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe. i.e.* you must either ascribe these motions to several spheres crossing and thwarting one another with indirect windings; or you must attribute them to the earth, and so *save the sun his labour,* and the primum mobile too, *that swift nocturnal and diurnal rhomb,* or as he elsewhere calls it, "the *wheel* of day and night." This *primum mobile* (or first mover) in ancient astronomy was an imaginary sphere above the planets and fixed stars, said to be *invisible above all stars.* It was supposed to carry all the lower spheres round along with it; by its rapidity communicating to them a motion whereby they revolved in twenty-four hours.

145, 146. *Her spots thou seest as clouds,* &c. "The spots in the moon (says Bp. Newton) cannot be clouds and vapours, because they are observed to be fixed. They are her seas and waters, which reflect only part of the sun's rays and absorb the rest." Mr. Keightley thinks even this erroneous, because the most powerful telescopes have hitherto been unable to discover any traces of water. But recent observations lead us to believe that there may be water, especially on that side of the moon which is always turned from the earth. Milton has previously dilated on this subject. See book v. lines 415—419.

148. *Other suns, perhaps.* Meaning Jupiter and Saturn, whose satellites had been discovered by Galileo.

150. *Male and female light.* The suns communicate male or direct light, and the moons female or reflected light. Thus Pliny says that the sun is a masculine star drying all things; and the moon a soft and female star dissolving humours: and so the balance of nature is preserved. Nat. Hist. b. ii. c. 100.

155. *To contribūte.* The accent here, as in *attribūte*, verse 107, falls on the last syllable of the word.

157. *Down to this habitable.* An adjective used substantively; earth being understood: as in vi. 78, *this terrene:* and at ii. 406, *palpable obscure.*

159. *But whether thus these things, or whether not.* The angel had argued upon the supposition of the Ptolemaic system to v. 122. Then upon that of the Copernican. Now he sums up the whole in words to this effect: "Whether the one system or the other be true, whether heaven move or earth, solicit not thyself about these matters; fear God and do thy duty."

164. *With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps.* These lines, which convey metaphors from the spinning of a top (see Virgil's Æn. vii. 378), obviate the objection to the Copernican system, viz. that, if the earth moved on her axle in twenty-four hours, we should be sensible of the rapidity and violence of the motion.

167. *Solicit not thy thoughts. i.e.* disturb not; a Latinism.

186. *And not molest us.* And bid them not to molest us.

193, 194. *That which before us lies in daily life, is the prime wisdom. i.e.* religion, morals, and the duties of life, in opposition to physical speculations. For precepts of the same tendency see Deut. xxix. 29; Homer's Od. iv. 392; Juvenal, xiii. 20. The *prime wisdom*, according to Socrates, is the consideration of our moral duties, and our conduct in social life.

195. *Fond impertinence.* Fond, here and at line 209, also at iii. 449, and vi. 90, means foolish. So in the twenty-second of our Church Articles, purgatory is declared to be a "fond thing, vainly invented."

197. *Still to seek.* An adverbial mode of speech, meaning at a loss; or without knowledge or experience.

212, &c. *Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst. i.e.* dates, full of sweet and refreshing juice. One species, the Palma Ægyptiaca, was called, in Greek, the thirst-banisher. A similar idea is at Psalm cxix. 103: "How sweet are thy words to my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."

225. *Than of our fellow-servant.* So the angel says unto St. John, Rev. xxii. 9, "I am thy fellow-servant."

232. *Squared in full legion.* Said of an army marching in battle array, fully prepared for the enemy. See note on vi. 62.

242—244. *But, long ere our approaching, heard within,* &c. Astolfo is represented in like manner listening at the gates of hell. Orl. Fur. c. xxxiv. st. 4. See also Virgil's Æneid, vi. 557; and Dante's Inferno iv. 7.

258. *Gazed awhile the ample sky.* Gazed is classically used actively, and means surveyed.

300. *By the hand he took me, raised.* He raised me and took me by the hand; a Latinism. Milton seems here to agree with those commentators who thought man was not formed in Paradise, but placed there afterwards, to show that he had no title to it by nature, but only by grace. See Gen. ii. 15.

316. '*Whom thou sought'st I am.*' In allusion to Exod. iii. 14: "God said unto Moses, *I am that I am;* and he said, Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel, *I AM* hath sent me unto you."

387. *The one intense, the other still remiss.* A metaphor founded on the strings of a musical instrument, and connected with the 'harmony' at line 384.

402. *Though in pleasure, solitary. i.e.* though in Eden, which is the Hebrew word for pleasure.

408. *With whom to hold convérse.* Converse is here, contrary to present usage, accented on the second syllable; so again in book ix. lines 247, 909.

414. *Supreme of things!* Supreme ruler of all things; Latin phraseology.

416, 417. *Not so is man, but in degree. i.e.* relatively, he being of an inferior grade, which is the cause of his desire.

421. *And through all numbers absolute;* perfect in all its parts, a Latinism adopted from Cicero.

423. *His single imperfection.* The imperfection of him while single, a classical mode of speaking often adopted by Milton.—So in the line closely following: *in unity defective; i.e.* man being defective in a state of singleness.

440, 441. *The spirit within thee free, my image.* Milton is a strenuous advocate for the freedom of the human mind, against the notions of the Calvinists of that age; and here, in the same spirit, supposes the *very image of God* in which man was made to consist in this liberty. St. Basil the Great seems to have held the same opinion.

454. *Which it had long stood under.* Had long sustained; a Latinism; so Virgil, Æn. ix. 806.

460. *Mine eyes he closed.* Sleep is here personified by a figure of speech called prosopopœia.

465, 466. *Open'd my left side, and took from thence a rib.* The Scripture, Gen. ii. 21, only says, "And he took out one of the ribs;" but Milton follows those interpreters who suppose this rib was taken from the *left* side, as being nearest to the heart. Hence he uses the word cordial in the Latin sense of *cor*, the heart.

493. *But fairest this of all thy gifts: nor enviest.* Nor dost thou think this gift too good for me. So i. 260; iv. 517; ix. 770. The word is to be connected with *thou hast fulfilled thy words.*

502. *The conscience of her worth. i.e.* consciousness, in which sense the word is often used in the English Bible: thus Heb.

x. 2: "Should have had no more *conscience* of sin:" and at 1 Cor. viii.

511. *I led her, blushing like the morn.* So the bride of Solomon, Cant. vi. 10, is compared to the morning: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" Burke has beautifully applied this comparison, in his Essay on the French Revolution, to the young queen, afterwards beheaded.—"Just risen above the horizon, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

519. *The evening star on his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.* The evening star was the signal among the ancients to light their lamps and torches in order to conduct the bride home to the bridegroom. When this star appeared eastward, in the morning, it was said to rise on mount Ida; when westward, in the evening, it was said to be seen on mount Œta.

547. *Her loveliness, so absolute;* so finished and perfect. See note on line 421.

550. *Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.* The number of superlatives here without a conjunction, that is, in what is called the asyndeton construction, is evidently designed to give emphasis to the line, which is enforced by the necessarily slow motion of the verse. *Virtuousest* is an unusual superlative, and must be considered a latinism.

552, 553. *Wisdom in discourse with her loses, discount'nanc'd. i.e.* becomes insignificant by comparison.

576. *Made so adorn;* made adorn'd; but as two such participles would sound very oddly together, Milton has coined the adjective *adorn*, as the Italians have *adorno* for *adornato*. So *fledge* for *fledged*, iii. 627, vii. 420; *devote* for *devoted*, ix. 901; *abstract* for *abstracted*, 462.

591. *Love . . . hath his seat in reason, and is judicious.* Love is discerning in his choice of proper qualities.

607. *Yet these subject not;* these do not enslave me.

608. *Not therefore foil'd.* Not overcome, because I meet with objects which produce a variety of impressions: book i. 273.

628. *Nor restrain'd conveyance need.* Need not move to meet one another.

631. *Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Isles. i.e.* Cape de Verd, the most western point of Africa, and the contiguous Cape de Verd Islands.

632. *Hesperian, sets;* sets westward, from Hesperus the evening star appearing there; *my signal to depart;* he was only to stay till the evening: v. 376.

633. *Be strong, live happy.* Be strong would here seem to be used like the Lat. *vale, valete*, which has the sense, and is also the form of taking leave. Used again at book x. line 409.

635. *His great command:* not to eat of the forbidden tree.

644, 645. *Whom Adam thus follow'd with benediction.* Benediction

is not here blessing, but good words or thanks. See Paradise Regained, iii. 127. To bless God is a common phrase in religious offices.

645. *Since to part;* since we must part: an ellipsis, something like, *still to seek*, at line 197, still having to seek.

647. *Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore.* That is, from *him* whose goodness. The antecedent is often omitted by Milton, in imitation of the Greeks.

653. *And Adam to his bower.* When the angel rose to depart, Adam followed him from the bower where they had been conversing to a shady walk that led to it, and here they parted.—Bower here means his *inmost* bower, or place of rest, iv. 738.

BOOK IX.

Line 1. *No more of talk.* The poet says that he must now treat no more of familiar discourse with God or angel. In the preceding episode, which was a conversation between Adam and the angel, it is stated that Adam held discourse with God (viii. 455). The Lord God and the angel Michael hold discourse with Adam in the following books; but these discourses are not familiar conversation as with a friend, for the one comes to judge, and the other to expel him from paradise. "The Lord spake to Moses face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend," Exod. xxxiii. 11. See also Gen. iii. and xviii.

5. *I now must change, &c.* As the author is now changing his subject, he professes likewise to change his style agreeably to it. The reader must not therefore expect henceforward such lofty images and descriptions as before; which may serve as an answer to those critics who censure the latter books as falling below the former.

11. *That brought into this world—a world of woe—sin, &c.* Some critics have proposed placing 'a world of woe' in a parenthesis as here printed; but without sufficient reason. It is an Italian form adopted by Milton in several places, especially in book xi. line 627. It is not improbable that he may have taken it in this instance from Harington's translation of Ariosto—

"And brought upon them all a world of woe."—ORL. xi. 2.

13—19. *Argument not less but more heroic than the wrath of stern Achilles.* The anger that he is about to sing, that of the true God, is an argument more heroic not only than the anger of men, or of Achilles and Turnus, as told in Homer and Virgil, but than that even of the gods Neptune and Juno.

17. *Disespoused.* Separated after faith plighted. A word peculiar to Milton.

19. *The Greek, and Cytherea's son.* Ulysses and Æneas.

21. *My celestial patroness.* The heavenly Muse, Urania: i. 6; vii. 1, 31.

22. *Her nightly visitation unimplored.* The poet was accustomed to study and compose his verses by night—*unpremeditated* means that the verse flowed readily; and his *long choosing and beginning late* implies that he was a long time before he fixed on his subject—and therefore it was *late* in life before he indulged himself in these noble strains of epic poetry.

33. *Or to describe races and games.* These have been frequent themes with the epic poets, *e.g.* Homer in the 23d Book of the Iliad, Virgil in the 5th Book of the Æneid, Statius in the 6th Book of the Thebaid, Boiardo, Orlando Inamorato, II. xvi. 22; Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, c. xvii; Spenser's Fairy Queen, iv. 4.

35. *Impresses quaint* &c. Emblems and devices painted on their shields, usually with a motto, from *impresa*, Italian. *Caparisons:* coverings or trappings for horses, from the Spanish *caparazon*, a great cloak.

36. *Bases*, from the French *bas*, because they fall low, a kind of embroidered mantle, reaching from the middle down to the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback. In Butler's Hudibras, I. ii. 769, it is used for a butcher's apron. In Fairy Queen, V. v. 20, a woman's petticoat and apron serve for cuirass and bases.

37—38. *Marshall'd feast, serv'd up in hall with sewers and seneschals.* The marshal placed the guests according to their rank, and saw that they were properly served. The sewer marched in before the meats, and arranged them on the table, and was so called from the French *asseoir*, to set down or place. And the seneschal was the household steward.

41. *Me, of these nor skilled nor studious.* The usual construction in English is, skilled *in* a thing; but the Latin form, skilled *of* a thing.

45. *Years, damp my intended wing depressed.* Milton was near sixty when this poem was published; and it is surprising, that at that time of life, and after such troublesome days as he had passed through, he should have so much poetical fire remaining.

63. *Seven continued nights he rode with darkness.* The sense of this passage is, that Satan was three days compassing the earth from east to west, and four days from north to south, but still kept always in the shade of night, and, after a whole week's peregrination in this manner, on the eighth night returned by stealth into Paradise.

66. *Travérsing each colúre.* The *colures* are two great circles intersecting each other at right angles in the poles of the world, and encompassing the earth from north to south, and from south to north again. They are called the equinoctial and solstitial, one passing through the equinoctial points Aries and Libra, the other through the solstitial points Cancer and Capricorn, and divide the ecliptic into

four equal parts. The points where they intersect the ecliptic are called the cardinal points.

76—82. *Sea he had search'd, and land.* As we before had an astronomical, so here we have a geographical account of Satan's peregrinations. He searched sea and land, northward from Eden over Pontus Euxinus, the Euxine Sea, now called the Black Sea, north of Constantinople, and the Palus Mœotis, now the sea of Azoph, above the Black Sea, and communicating with it by the Cimmerian Bosphorus; *up beyond the river Ob,* a great river in Muscovy, near the north pole; *downward as far antartic,* as far southward. The northern hemisphere being elevated on our globes, the north is called "up," and the south, "downwards;" *antarctic* is south, being the contrary to *arctic,* north (from *arktos,* the Greek word for Bear, the most conspicuous constellation near the north pole). No particular place is mentioned near the south pole, because Milton's time all sea and land there were unknown. *In length west from Orontes,* a famous river of Syria, westward of Eden, running into the Mediterranean, *to the ocean barred at Darien,* the isthmus of Darien in the West Indies, joining North and South America, and barring the ocean as it were from flowing between them (in allusion to Job xxxviii. 10, *and set bars* to the sea). Thence to the *East Indies;* and *thus the orb he roam'd.*

86. *The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field.* So Gen. iii. 1: "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field." The subtlety of the serpent is likewise noticed by Aristotle and other naturalists.

89. *Fittest imp of fraud.* Fittest stock to graft his devilish fraud upon: from Sax. *impan,* or Teut. *impfen,* to graft. Imp in its primary sense is a *scion:* hence *offspring.* Johnson says the word here means, "subaltern, or puny devil, a sense in which the word is still used."

92. *Whatever sleights. i.e.* whatever tricks or artful ways may appear in him; in the sense of *sly.*

102. *For what God, after better, worse would build?* Satan concludes that earth must be best, because created last, and, for the same reason, that Man would be better than angels; a sophistical argument worthy of Satan.

113. *All summ'd up in Man.* The three kinds of life rising as it were by steps, the vegetable, animal, and rational; of all which Man partakes, and he only; he grows as plants, minerals, and all things inanimate; and is besides endued with reason.

127. *Others to make such as I. i.e.* such as I am; the syntax requires *such as me,* unless the verb be understood.

128. *Worse to me redound.* Result, recoil: iii, 85; x. 739.

130. *And, him destroy'd;* properly, 'he destroyed.' What the Latins make the *ablative* absolute, is in English the *nominative* absolute. Milton, however, sometimes adopts the Latin form, as, vii. 142; Samson Agonistes, 463.

156. *Flaming ministers.* Psalm civ. 4: "He maketh his angels spirits, and his *ministers a flaming fire.*"

174. *Since higher I fall short. i.e.* since if I aim higher (*i.e.* at God,) in my revenge I fail.

186. *Nor nocent yet:* from the Latin—hurtful, or of mischievous tendency.

192. *When as sacred light began to dawn.* The morning is often called *sacred* by the poets, being usually allotted to sacrifice and devotion. Perhaps also Milton applied this epithet because Scripture says that "God is light;" and light therefore may well be styled *sacred.* So in the beginning of Book III. he says:

"Hail, *Holy Light!* offspring of heav'n first born!"

200. *The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs.* Milton was an early riser, and takes occasion to commend the practice in several parts of his writings, as well prose as verse.

218. *In yonder spring of roses. i.e.* bed of roses. 'Spring' is used in many parts of England for small groves, or plantations of young trees.

223. *Which intermits our day's work,* &c. Interrupts: ii. 462, generally intransitive; a Latinism.

227. *Beyond compare.* Compare is often used by the old English poets for *comparison.*

239. *For smiles from reason flow, to brute denied.* Adam means that *smiles* are denied to brutes, not *reason;* for Adam told the angel that God had said to him of the brutes: "They reason not contemptibly," viii. 374.

249. *For solitude sometimes is best society,* as affording man opportunity for communing with his own mind, for reflection and meditation. So the well known saying of Scipio: "Never less alone than when alone."

270. *The virgin majesty of Eve.* The ancients used the word virgin (*virgo*) with more latitude than we, as Virgil calls Pasiphæ *virgo,* after she had had three children. It is as a comparative term to denote purity, chastity, modesty, and the other characteristics of a virgin.

288. *Thoughts, which. i.e.* which thoughts, meaning: how found such thoughts harbour in thy breast?

289. *Misthought* is not here a participle, as some suppose, but a noun, meaning 'a wrong notion,' and is so used by Spenser. Several commentators have puzzled themselves over this and the preceding line without any apparent reason.

291. *Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!* As Eve (at line 273) had called Adam *offspring of heaven and earth,* being made by God out of the dust of the earth, so Adam calls Eve *daughter of God and man,* as made by God out of man.

292. *From sin and blame entire.* Entire is here used like *integer* in Latin, to signify *pure,* or wholly free from.

297—298. *With dishonour foul; suppos'd not incorruptible of faith. i.e.* because the tempted is supposed by the tempter to be not incorruptible, nor proof against temptation.

310. *Access in every virtue.* Access here means accession, increase; from the Latin *accessus.*

314. *Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.* Shame to be overcome would unite and strengthen every virtue.

320. *Less attributed to her faith sincere. i.e.* too little, or less than should have been; a Latinism.

335. *And what is faith, love, virtue unassayed,* &c. What merit is there in any virtue which has not stood the test alone, unsupported by exterior help?

339. *As not secure to single or comblin'd.* As not to be secure to us either when separate or when together.

348. *Secure from outward force; within himself the danger lies.* Man's security could not be destroyed by external violence, but only by the mind yielding to temptation. Adam had been warned on this point by Raphael in book v. 520.

358. *Mind thou me;* for remind, warn.

359. *Firm we subsist.* By a firm resistance against temptation we can maintain our present state of existence.

365. *And most likely if from me thou sever not.* Which thou wilt be most likely to avoid, if thou sever not from me.

367. *Would'st thou approve thy constancy,* &c. *i.e.* prove or test.

370. *But, if thou think trial unsought may find us both securer.* The meaning, taken in connection with lines 380 and 381, seems to be: If thou should'st think that trial coming on us unsought may find us both securer (*i.e.* more careless or less on our guard) than thou seemest to be though thus warned, go. Judges viii. 11: "Gideon smote the host; for the host was secure." Bishop Newton thinks it probable that Milton alludes to his own case in this account of Adam and Eve's parting, as in the account of their reconciliation it will appear that he copied exactly what happened to himself.

384. *So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.* If the foe be so bent or inclined as to assail the weaker first, his repulse by her would shame him the more.

386. *Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph,* &c. As this is the last description of Eve in a state of innocence, Milton has bestowed upon her the richest colours of his poetry, and has compared her to every thing most beautiful of the kind in ancient fable.

387. *Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train.* Oread, a nymph of the mountains. Dryad, a wood-nymph. Delia a name of Diana—so called from Delos, one of the Cyclades, where she and her brother Apollo were born. She was the goddess of hunting, and is represented by the poets as accompanied by the Oreads and Dryads, and armed with bow and quiver. See line 390.

392. *Guiltless of fire. i.e.* without knowledge of fire; before fire was as yet stolen from heaven by Prometheus as the ancients fabled.

393. *To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd, likest she seem'd,* &c. Eve being armed with garden tools is beautifully compared to the goddesses who presided over her congenial pursuits, namely: *Pales* the goddess of pastures; *Pomona* the goddess of gardens and fruit trees, afterwards married to Vertumnus; and *Ceres* the goddess of corn and husbandry.

396. *Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.* That is, while yet a virgin, before having conceived Proserpina, who was begot by Jove. An unusual mode of expression, but nevertheless sufficiently intelligible.

402. *And all things in best order. i.e.* and to have all things, &c.

422. *He wished, but not with hope.* Satan wished to find Eve alone, but had little hope that what happened so seldom would happen now.

438. *The hand of Eve. i.e.* the handiwork of Eve.

439. *Gardens feign'd or of revived Adonis.* After he was killed by the wild boar, he is said to have been restored to life at the request of Venus. See Book I. line 446. His votaries in celebrating his rites began by mourning for his death, and ended with rejoicings as if he had returned to life again. At these festivals they carried about small earthen vessels filled with flowers and fruit, in memory of his gardens, which were celebrated for their beauty. These flowers of course soon withered. Thus Shakespeare says of them:

> "Thy promises are like Adonis' garden,
> That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next."
>
> HENRY VI. Part I. Act i.

440. *Renown'd Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son.* The gardens of Alcinous were as greatly celebrated by the poets as those of Adonis, and have already been alluded to in Book V. line 341. They are mentioned conjointly by Pliny, book xix. chap. 4. Alcinous was king of Phæacia, afterwards called Corcyra, now Corfu, one of the Ionian Islands. His magnificent gardens yielded two crops a-year. He entertained Ulysses, the son of Laertes, who was shipwrecked at Corcyra, on his return from the Trojan war to his native kingdom of Ithaca, now Thiaki, another of the Ionian isles.

442. *Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king.* Not fabulous or *mythic*, as some propose to read, but a real garden, which Solomon made for his wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. See Canticles. Comp. iv. 268—285.

449. *Adjoin'd. i.e.* adjacent to the city.

450. *Tedded grass.* Mown grass, which has been tedded or shaken out to dry.

453. *What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more, she most. i.e.* the scenery pleases more on account of her presence, but she most of all.

454. *Sums all delight. i.e.* combines.

461. *And with rapine sweet bereav'd his fierceness;* meaning that Eve's beauty stole away Satan's fierceness and made him forget for the time his malicious designs.

465. *Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd;* passively good, stupified by Eve's beauty.

468. *Though in mid heaven,* &c. 'Though he were' is the usual interpretation of this line, but it seems rather to mean: The hell that always in him burns still burns within him, though in mid heaven, that is, Paradise.

472. *Gratulating,* congratulating himself on his good fortune in finding Eve away from her husband.

483. *Intellectual,* intellect, the adjective used for the noun.

486. *Exempt from wound.* Not susceptible of being wounded, as long as he continued innocent. So in verse 283, *not capable of death or pain.*

491. *Beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate:* *i.e.* when it is not approached by hate stronger than the terror which it occasions.

496. *Not with indented wave:* not going zigzag, like the teeth of a saw. Shakespeare applies the term to the motions of a snake:

> "And with indented glides did slip away."
> AS YOU LIKE IT, Act iv. sc. 3.

499—450. *Fold above fold, a surging maze.* Milton has not only imitated Ovid, Met. iii. 32, in this description, but has ransacked all the good poets who ever made a remarkable description of a serpent. See Metamorph. iii. 32; Virgil's Æneid v. 84. *Carbuncle his eyes.* So Shakespeare, in Hamlet's speech to the players:—

> "With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
> Old grandsire Priam seeks."

505—510. *Not those that in Illyria changed Hermione and Cadmus,* &c. Illyria, in Austria, bordering on the Gulf of Venice. Satan here is compared and preferred to the most memorable of those serpents into which persons were transformed. *Cadmus* and his wife *Harmonia,* here by oversight called *Hermione,* leaving Thebes in Bœotia, which he had founded, and for divers misfortunes quitted, went to Illyria, and were there turned into serpents for having slain a dragon that watched over a fountain sacred to Mars. (See Ovid's Met. iv. 562, &c.) *Æsculapius,* the god of physic, called the god of Epidaurus, because there worshipped, having been supplicated by a deputation from Rome to allay a pestilence raging in that city, was said to have gone across sea for the purpose, in the form of a serpent. See Livy, b. xi.; Ovid's Met. xv. *Ammonian Jove,* as Jupiter Ammon is here called, was said to have been intimate in the form of a serpent with Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great. In like manner *Jupiter Capitolinus* was said to have begotten *Scipio Africanus,* who raised his country to the highest pitch of glory. The critics have observed a difficulty in respect to the meaning of the word 'changed,'

which seems easily overcome by presuming 'were' to be understood. Todd proposes to place a comma after it, considering it as a *neuter* verb, in its usual signification of *underwent* a change or transformation. Mr. Keightley and some others interpret the passage 'changed into themselves.' We leave the reader to choose.

522. *Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.* Alluding to Circe, a goddess, who is said to have transformed the companions of Ulysses into swine. See Ovid's Metam. xiv. 45. ' Milton thus describes her in his "Comus:"

> "Who knows not Circe,
> The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
> Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
> And downward fell into a grovelling swine?"

529. *With serpent-tongue organic, or impulse of vocal air.* As divines were not agreed whether Satan, in tempting Eve, moved the tongue of the serpent so as to produce articulate speech, or whether he caused a voice to proceed by communicating an impulse to the air near the serpent, Milton mentions both opinions without deciding for either.

549. *So gloz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd.* Gloze is to wheedle or flatter; proem, his prelude or introduction.

563. *How cam'st thou speakable of mute.* Able to speak from being mute. The word speakable, like comfortable, is here active; sometimes it is passive. Many verbal adjectives in English ending in *ble* have an active and passive signification.

581, 582. *Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats of ewe or goat.* Serpents are said to be fond of the smell of fennel (Pliny, Nat. Hist. b. xix. c. 9, sect. 56); and they were supposed to suck the teats of ewes and goats.

609. *No fair to thine equivalent or second;* there was no beauty equal to Eve's, or even second to it.

612. *Universal Dame.* Dame was formerly an appellation of honour, and used by the poets to signify *lady* or *mistress.*

613. *The spirited sly snake. i.e.* possessed by a spirit, from the Italian *spiritare.*

622. *Still hanging incorruptible.* Milton holds the doctrine of there being no death before the fall; even the vegetable creation is not liable to decay, and the fruit hangs on the trees incorruptible.

634. *As when a wand'ring fire, compact of unctuous vapour,* &c. Milton here refers to the ignis fatuus, or Will o' the Wisp, which, according to his notion, consisted of some unctuous vapour, condensed by the cold of the evening, and kindled into a flame by its motion. According to modern science, these meteors, which are always seen in bogs and marshes, are produced by the exhalations of inflammable air from these places in hot weather, and are kindled by an electric spark.

637. *A flame, which oft they say, some evil spirit attends.* For an

account of this notion of the Will o' the Wisp, see Keightley's Fairy Mythology.

643. *Into fraud led Eve.* Injury, mischief: see note on vii. 143; Comp. i. 401.

648. *Fruitless to me, though fruit be here t' excess,*—a jingling play on words used in different senses; a paronomasia.

653. *Sole daughter of his voice.* A Hebraism: *bath-kôl*, the daughter of a voice, is a noted phrase among the Jews, who understand by it a voice from Heaven; and this command is called the *sole daughter*, as the only one given to our first parents in Paradise. See iv. 426.

654. *The rest, we live law to ourselves;* as for the rest, *i.e.* in all things else: an idiom common to the Greek and Latin languages. So at Rom. ii. 14: "These, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."

668. *Fluctuates disturb'd.* Moves to and fro.

669. *In act raised;* raised in action, displaying more ardour than he had done before.

673, 674. *Stood in himself collected; while each part, motion, each act, won audience,* &c. Commentators (Bentley, Pearce, Newton, Greenwood, &c.) have proposed various changes in this passage, which we think, with Todd, will be best left alone. The beautiful and nervous expression, 'stood in himself collected,' was probably adopted from the Italian *in se raccoltò*, and appears to have been first used in English by Milton, though since by several poets, and among these Dryden and Pope. *Part, motion, act,* are three distinct things, and signify the commanding form and position of the orator, the movement of his body, and the action of his limbs, which, combined 'won audience,' that is, riveted attention.

675. *Sometimes in height began. i.e.* in the very height or middle of the subject, without any of the preliminary remarks which usually occur at the commencement of orations. Milton no doubt has in mind Cicero's first oration against Catiline.

676. *Zeal of right;* zeal for or in the cause of right: a classical use of the genitive.

685. *Ye shall not die; how should ye?* Gen. iii. 4: "And the serpent said unto the woman, *Ye shall not surely die.*"

686. *It gives you life to knowledge;* life combined with knowledge.

694. *Your dauntless virtue.* Virtue is here used in the sense of the Latin *virtus*, courage: and *pain*, in the sense of the Latin *pœna*, penalty.

698. *Of good, how just?* If it be the knowledge of good, how can the prohibition be just? as some interpret the passage, How just is it that you should have the knowledge of good?

700—702. *God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just.* This is a truly Satanic species of logic: God (says the serpent) cannot hurt ye consistently with his attribute of justice; for to hurt ye, he would be unjust, and then he is no God, and is not to be feared or obeyed;

therefore, your fear of death, which supposes him to be unjust, is unfounded; it destroys itself, because God cannot possibly be unjust.

711. *Internal man;* man internally, as regards the power of speech and reason, although differing *externally.*

712. *I, of brute, human,* &c. *i.e.* if I from being a brute am become human, it is but a meet proportion that you from being human should become gods.

714. *To put on gods;* thus 1 Cor. xv. 53: "For this corruptible must *put on* incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

726. *Attain to know;* attain knowledge: the infinitive used as a substantive. See line 758.

737. *Words, impregn'd with reason,* &c. Impregnated, or imbued with what to her view seemed reason and truth.

739. *Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd an eager appetite.* Eve had eaten nothing since dawn. This circumstance (says Newton) is beautifully added to the Scripture account, in order to make the folly and impiety of Eve appear less extravagant and monstrous.

742. *Inclinable now grown.* The adjective used for the participle; a Latinism.

771. *Author unsuspect.* An adviser or informant whom there is no reason to suspect.

772. *Far from deceit or guile.* Eve has forgotten what she had said in line 560, that the serpent was the 'subtlest beast of all the field.'

782. *Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,* &c. *i.e.* from the innermost recess of the earth. It has often been remarked, that there is nothing within the whole range of poetry at all comparable to this description, and that at verse 1000. Virgil's description of the earth trembling, the heavens flashing, and the nymphs howling on the mountain tops, on the ruin of Dido (Æn. iv. 166), is much inferior in sublimity.

792. *And knew not eating death. i.e.* that they were eating death, by eating the fruit which brought death. A Greek mode of expression, also used by the Latins.

795. *O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees.* The most precious of all trees. The positive degree of the adjective is here used for the superlative. A Greek idiom adopted by the Latins: see Hom. Il. v. 381; Virg. Æn. iv. 576.

796. *Of operation blest to sapience.* Blest with the power of working wisdom.

797. *Hitherto obscured, infamed.* An unusual word, from the Latin *infamatus,* defamed, misrepresented.

798. *Thy fair fruit let hang.* The interjectional case; thy fair fruit left to hang, as if created for no end or object.

805. *Though others envy what they cannot give.* Eve has now

arrived at that pitch of impiety that she attributes envy to the gods (though she forbears directly naming them) as Satan taught her (729), and questions whether this tree was their gift, as he also suggested (719).

815. *Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies.* Such is the name Eve now applies to the Almighty. 'Safe with all his spies about him' seems to mean that God was resting in unconcerned security, relying on his spies, who were too much engaged with other objects to watch her disobedient act.

818. *Give him to partake.* A classical ellipsis, for, Give him the means of partaking. So used by Homer, Il. i. 18; Virgil, Æn. i. 65, 79, 522; and by Milton in Book I. 736.

820. *But keep the odds of knowledge in my power;* the advantage or superiority. Eve, having lost her allegiance to God, is now jealous of her husband's superiority over her. Chaucer, in his Wife of Bath's Tale, has shown with much humour that sovereignty is what women most desire.

829. *I extinct;* a nom. absolute: see 312.

833. *Without him live no life.* So Shakespeare's Othello, act iv. sc. 2: "Where either I must live or bear no life."

845. *Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill.* Divining, or foreboding something ill; a Latinism, from *divinus*. So Hor. iii. Od. xxvii. 10; Virgil, Æn. x. 843.

846. *He the fall'ring measure felt.* The palpitation or faltering of the heart from apprehension. Some think it alludes to the trembling of the earth which followed the eating of the forbidden fruit by Eve. See line 782.

851. *A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd.* Covered with soft down, looked sweetly: Virg. Ecl. ii. 51.

853. *In her face excuse came prologue, and apology too prompt.* The expression of her face told that she had an excuse in readiness, and an apology or explanation of her conduct too prompt to be consistent with innocence. In the former editions the reading was: *apology to prompt.*

860. *What rash untried I sought.* What (the pain of absence from you) till now untried I rashly sought.

890. *Astonied stood and blank.* Astonished, confounded: an old form: Dan. iii. 24; iv. 19; v. 9; used also by Chaucer, from the Latin *attonitus*.

921—925. *Bold deed .... Had it been only coveting to eye that sacred fruit,* &c. *Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.* It was a bold and perilous deed even to eye and covet that sacred fruit, but still more perilous to touch and taste what was so strictly forbidden. Commentators have perplexed themselves, we think unnecessarily, with these five lines.

980. *Oblige thee with a fact pernicious.* Oblige is here used in the sense of *obligare*, which signifies not only to *bind*, but *to render*

obnoxious to punishment. So Cicero de Finib. i. 14; Hor. ii. Od. viii. 5.

989. *And fear of death deliver to the winds.* To deliver to the winds was a sort of proverbial classic phrase, and is used by Horace, i. Od. xxvi.

1019. *Since to each meaning savour we apply.* Since we use the word *savour* in both senses, and apply it to the understanding as well as to the palate. So Cicero de Finibus, ii. 8.

1058, 1059. *He cover'd, but his robe uncover'd more. i.e.* shame (here personified as in 1097) covered them; though they were clothed with shame, yet they thereby the more discovered their nakedness (so Samson Agonist. 841, 842). Samson was of the tribe of Dan. "Let mine adversaries be *clothed with shame;* and let them cover themselves with their own confusion, as with a mantle." Psalm cix. 29.

1064. *Stricken mute.* In Milton's own editions the word is *strucken,* which is an old form of the participle of the verb *to strike.*

1068. *That false worm. i.e.* serpent; worm being a general name, among the old writers, for all terrestrial animals of the serpent form. Donne (Progress of the Soul, st. xi.) had so used it previous to Milton; and Shakespeare in his Ant. and Cleop. designates the serpent *worm of the Nile,* and in his Henry VI. *the mortal worm.* One of the meanings of the Italian word *verme* is Lucifer, and it is used in this sense by Dante and Ariosto. See Book VII. 476.

1101. *The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd.* The fig-tree which Milton describes is no doubt intended for the *Ficus Indica* (Lin) or Banyan tree of India, which corresponds at all points with his description, excepting that the leaves are not so large as his comparison implies. The leaves of the *Ficus Elastica,* or Indian Rubber tree, are considerably larger. But Milton follows Gerard, who quotes as his authority Pliny, Nat. Hist. xii. c. 5, where the term *Amazonian targe* is used, and Quintus Curtius ix. 1; vi. 5. He calls it *the arched Indian fig-tree,* and says, "the ends of the branches hang down and touch the ground, where they take root, and become great trees; and these being grown up do again cast their branches into the earth; so that one tree becomes a great wood, which the Indians use for coverture against the extreme heat of the sun. Some likewise use it for pleasure, cutting down long walks through the thickest part, from which also they cut certain loopholes, to admit the fresh cool air; and that they may see their cattle that feed thereby," &c. This description applies to the Banyan tree, of which a very full and interesting account is given in Forbes' Oriental Memoirs, vol. i. p. 25. Gesenius and other German philologers, followed by Todd and others, thinks that Milton may have meant a large-leaved species of plantain, which is called *Adam's-feige* and bears a fig-like fruit called Banana, and of which the leaves are still used for aprons by the Puliar caste on the coast of Malabar. But it seems more likely that Milton has mixed Gerard's description of the Banyan tree, or *Ficus Indica,*

with the fig-tree of Scripture, the *Ficus Carica*, or common edible fig.

1116. *Columbus found the American, so girt with feather'd cincture.* Columbus, when he discovered America in 1492, found the Americans girt about the waist with feathers, as Adam and Eve were with fig-leaves.

1149. *Or here the attempt;* or had the attempt been made here.

1163. *Is this the love?* Bentley's reading, "Is this *thy* love," seems preferable.

1169. *Not enough severe, it seems, in my restraint.* This is a bitter repetition of Eve's accusation against Adam, 1155, &c. that he was not strict enough in restraining her. The early editions read, *in thy restraint.*

1183. *In woman over-trusting.* The reading of the old editions is *women;* but it is obvious, as Bentley observes, that *woman* is the proper word, on account of what follows—'*her* will,' '*she* will not brook,' 'left to *herself*.' "But," says Newton, "'women' may be justified; such a transition from the plural to the singular being not uncommon in the best classic authors." So Terence, Eunuch. ii. i. 10.

BOOK X.

Line 9. *Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd, complete,* &c. Dunster and Mr. Keightley suggest the omission of the comma after *armed,* so as to connect it with *complete* (citing Ephesians vi. 13); which Mr. Todd opposes, on the plea that *complete* may refer to St. Paul's exhortation to his converts to stand firm in the Christian faith, "Ye are *complete* in him which is the head of all principality and power."

12. *For still they knew:* the antecedent to the plural relative *they,* say the commentators generally, is *Man,* at line 9, referred to here as a collective noun, in the sense of 'mankind,' as in Genesis i. 26: "God said, Let us make *Man* in our image, and let *them* have dominion," &c. But it seems quite as probable that Milton refers to Adam and Eve mentioned at lines 3 and 4.

16. *And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.* Every sin (says Bishop Newton) is complicated in some degree; and the divines, especially those of Milton's communion, reckon several sins as included in this first transgression, viz. pride, ingratitude, infidelity, disobedience, &c., so that for such manifold guilt he deserved to fall from his happy state in Paradise.

24. *Celestial visages, yet, mix'd with pity, violated not their bliss.* Todd, following Warburton and Newton, proposes to introduce a comma after *yet,* as here shown, and this seems required.

45. *Moment of impulse:* impelling force, here applied to the turning of the scale; from the Latin *momentum*. See vi. 239.

56. *To thee I have transferr'd all judgment.* John v. 22: "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son."

59. *Mercy colleague with justice.* Psalm lxxxv. 10: "Mercy and truth are met together."

62. *And, destined Man himself, to judge man fall'n.* Destined to become man, &c. John v. 27: "And hath given him authority to execute judgment also because he is the Son of man."

73. *Whoever judged;* whoever may be judged.

80. *Attendance none shall need;* no attendance will be necessary. The word *need* is here used as a verb neuter, as in iii. 340: "For regal sceptre then no more shall *need*."

84. *Conviction to the serpent none belongs;* the serpent being merely the ignorant instrument of Satan's malice against mankind; now mute and unable to answer for himself.

86. *High collateral glory. i.e.* side by side, at the right hand of the Father, vi. 747; from the right hand of glory where he sat, viii. 426; collateral love, which is the same as in iv. 485

> "To have thee *by my side*
> Henceforth an individual solace dear."

106. *Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought,* &c. Where formerly duty coming to meet me appeared without my needing to seek for it: *obvious* is here used in its classical sense of *hastening to come forward.*

155, 156. *Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part and person: i.e.* thy part and character; in the dramatic sense of the Latin word *persona*. Milton, in the present and other parts of his poem, as well as in his 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' dwells on the propriety of making the wife subject to the husband. Compare book viii. line 568, &c.

157. *He thus to Eve in few.* He thus spoke to Eve in few words. A common classical ellipsis.

169, 170. *More to know concern'd not man.* The meaning is, As man was not yet to have revealed to him the mystery of the redemption, it did not concern him to know that the serpent was but the instrument of the Devil.

171, 172. *Yet God at last to Satan, first in sin, his doom applied.* Though judgment was pronounced merely on the serpent, yet God ultimately applied his doom to Satan, who had been the prime agent in sin.

182, 183. *Then verified when Jesus,* &c. A manifest indication (says Dr. Bentley) that when Milton wrote this passage, he thought Paradise was chiefly regained at our Saviour's resurrection. He

therefore censures the poet for having afterwards founded it on the temptation in the wilderness.

184—192. *Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from heaven,* &c. For the Scriptural allusions in these lines see Luke x. 18; Colossians ii. 15; Psalms lxviii. 18; Ephesians ii. 2, iv. 8; Romans xvi. 20; Genesis iii. 16—19.

198. *Because thou' hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife.* This line contains twelve syllables. In reading, *thou hast* must be pronounced as one word, as also *to the.* There is some little awkwardness in the metre of the whole passage, occasioned by Milton's laudable desire to use, in a subject of such moment, only those words that are authorized by Scripture.

216. *He clad their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,* &c. Some commentators (says Newton) torment themselves and the text (Gen. iii. 21) by asking how Adam and Eve came by the skins of beasts; and therefore our author adds they were *either slain,* but he does not say whether by one another, or for sacrifice, or for food; or *they shed their coats like snakes, and were repaid with new ones.* Pliny mentions some lesser creatures shedding their skins in the manner of snakes, but this is hardly sufficient for so singular a notion.

229. *Ere thus was sinn'd and judged on earth,* &c. Before man had thus sinned and God had judged him, Sin and Death sat in counterview (facing each other) within the gates of hell, &c. A Latinism; two verbs being used as impersonals passive.

245. *Whatever draws me on, or sympathy,* &c. This and the following lines evidently refer to the doctrine of sympathy, which in Milton's time excited considerable attention, at first in consequence of Sir Kenelm Digby's famous sympathetic powder, and afterwards by the publication of his learned and curious book entitled, A Discourse on the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, Lond. 1658, which in less than two years was translated into several foreign languages. He also published, between 1644 and 1665, when he died, Treatises on the Origin of the World; on the Nature of Bodies; on the Nature of Man's Soul; and on the Vegetation of Plants; with all of which, judging from various passages in Milton's works, he was apparently familiar.

246. *Or some connatural force:* of the same nature, congenial, homogeneous.

249. *Thou, my shade inseparable: i.e.* companion. In the sense of *umbra,* a shadow, or inseparable attendant; as used by Horace and other classic authors. So Shaksp. 2 Hen. iv. act 2: "I am your *shadow,* my lord. I'll follow you." The word has a farther propriety here, as Death seemed a 'shadow' (ii. 669), and was the inseparable companion, as well as offspring, of Sin. Rom. v. 12: "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin."

256. *To found a path over this main:* called in ii. 890, 'a dark illimitable *ocean,* without bound.'

260. *For intercourse*, passing frequently backward and forward: *or transmigration*, quitting hell once for all to inhabit the newly created world.

266. *Err the way.* Mistake the way. Latin, *errare viam.*

277. *With scent of living carcasses design'd for death.* We are told by Pliny, in his Natural History, that vultures will fly three days beforehand to places where there will be carcasses: lib. x. c. 6. But Milton's similitude is probably derived from Lucan, who describes the ravenous birds that followed the Roman camps, and instinctively scented the carnage at Pharsalia: vii. 831.

289. *As when two polar winds, blowing adverse upon the Cronian sea.* Sin and Death, flying into different parts of Chaos, and driving all the matter they meet with towards the mouth of hell in shoals, are compared to *two polar winds*, north and south, *blowing adverse upon the Cronian sea*, or frozen ocean (see Pliny's Nat. Hist. iv. 16), *driving together mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way*, that is, the north-east passage which so many have attempted to discover.

292, 293. *Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich Cathaian coast.* Petsora, usually spelt *Petchora*, is a river in European Russia, which rises in the Ural mountains, and enters the Arctic Ocean by a wide estuary containing numerous islands. *The Cathaian coast* is the northern coast of China, Cathay being an ancient name given to this part of China by Marco Polo.

293. *The aggregated soil, Death, with his mace petrific, &c. smote, &c.* The aggregated (accumulated) soil, which was cold and dry, Death smote with his petrifying mace, and thus hardened it: *the rest*, meaning those substances which were not within reach of his petrifying mace, he *bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move*, that is turned to stone, Gorgon being a monster, the sight of whom turned beholders into stone. *Asphaltic slime* (from Asphaltis in Palestine, where Sodom and Gomorrah were situated) is very consistently a cement to the whole. Mr. Keightley considers this passage one of the most difficult in the whole poem, and proposes aggerated (heaped up) for aggregated, conjecturing that the poet may have had in mind the Roman road. But this is changing Milton's words without helping the interpretation.

295. *And fix'd as firm as Delos, floating once.* An island in the Ægean, the centre of the Cyclades, said to have floated about the sea, till it became the birthplace of Apollo, and was then unmoveably fixed by Jupiter. Callimachus tells the story in his hymn called Delos. See Bohn's translation, p. 164.

304. *From hence a passage broad;* from hence is a vicious expression, which has but too generally crept into use even among good authors: *hence* signifies *from this.*

305. *Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.* Inoffensive is used here in the Latin sense, and means without impediment on the road.

The passage brings to mind the familiar line of Virgil, Æn. vi. 126: "facilis descensus Averni," also Matt. vii. 13: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."

307. *Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke.* As Sin and Death built a bridge over Chaos to enslave mankind; so, if great things may be compared to small (Virg. Geo. iv. 176), Xerxes, to bring the free states of Greece under his yoke, *came from Susa*, the residence of the Persian monarchs, called *Memnonia* by Herodotus (after Memnon who built it), and constructing a bridge over Hellespont, the narrow sea which divides Europe from Asia, to march his large army over it, joined the two continents, and *scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves* for the loss of some of his ships. See Herodotus vii. 35; Juv. Sat. x.

312. *With wondrous art pontifical;* belonging to the making of bridges; a Latinism. In Rome the first bridge, which was wooden, was built under the superintendence of the high priest, whence he is by some said to have derived his title of *Pontifex*, from *pons*, a bridge, and *facere*, to make, and with it a revenue for keeping the bridge in order.

322. *And on the left hand, hell.* He places hell on the left hand, according to our Saviour's description of the day of judgment: "Then shall he say unto them on the *left hand*," Matt. xxv. 41. Virgil, too, makes hell lie on the left hand, and Elysium on the right, Æn. vi. 542.

328, 329. *Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering his zenith.* Satan, to avoid being discovered by Uriel, regent of the sun (as he had been, iv. 569), takes care to keep at as great a distance as possible; and therefore *while the sun rose in Aries*, he steers his course directly upwards (*i.e.* to his zenith) *betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion*, two constellations which lay in a quite different part of the heavens from Aries.

348. *This new wondrous pontifice.* The new bridge, or wondrous art pontifical, mentioned at line 312.

369. *Thou us empower'd.* This should be, thou us empower'dst, or thou hast empowered us.

381. *His quadrature, from thy orbicular world.* This world is orbicular or round; the empyreal heaven is here represented as a quadrature or square. Our author had said, ii. 1048, that it was *undetermined square or round*, and so it might be to Satan viewing it at that distance. But here he follows the opinion of Gassendus and others, who say that the empyreum or heaven of heavens is of a square figure, because the holy city in the Revelations is so described, xxi. 16: "And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth."

413. *And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse.* Another play on words. 'Planet-struck' is an epithet used to express a thing as blasted and withered, in reference to the astrological notion of the

malign influence of planets. Here it is applied to the planets themselves.

415. *Satan went down the causey; i.e.* causeway, from the French *chaussée:* a way raised and paved. See 1 Chron. xxvi. 16. In our old language it is *calsey*, Latin *calceatum.*

416. *Chaos over-built exclaim'd; i.e.* roar'd.

426. *Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd; i.e.* paralleled, from the French *paragonner*, to be equal to or like. See v. 761.

431. *As when the Tartar, from his Russian foe*, &c. As when the Tartar retreats from his Muscovite enemy, *by Astracan, over the snowy plains*, part of the Russian dominions, formerly a Tartarian kingdom, near the mouth of the river Volga; *or Bactrian Sophi*, the Persian emperor, named after Bactria (now called Khorassan), one of his richest provinces; *from the horns of Turkish crescent*, from his Turkish enemies who bear the horned crescent on their ensigns; *leaves all waste beyond the realm of Aladule*, the greater Armenia, called by the Turks Aladule, after the name of its last king Aladules, slain by Selymus the First; *in his retreat to Tauris*, a kingdom of Persia, now called Ecbatana, sometime in the hand of the Turks, but in 1603 retaken by Abas, king of Persia; *or Casbeen*, one of the greatest cities of Persia, in the province of Ayrach, formerly Parthia, where the Persian monarchs made their residence after the loss of Tauris.

457. *The great consulting peers, raised from their dark divan.* Divan is properly the grand council of the Turks. The devils are frequently described by metaphors taken from the Turks. Satan is called the *sultan* (book i. 348), as here the council is styled the *divan.* In book i. 795, it is said to *sit in secret conclave.* The Devil, the Turk, and the Pope are commonly assumed to be nearly related, and are often associated.

460. *Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.* Milton in imitation of Homer, who uses the same verse several times, especially in the beginning of his speeches, here repeats this line which he has used before (v. 600, 772, 839), and with great effect, as it was first used by God—v. 600.

471. *Voyaged the unreal. i.e.* unsubstantial.

476. *Th' untractable abyss;* rough, difficult to deal with: used as the Latin *intractabilis.*

477. *Unoriginal Night;* without origin, birth, or source.

480. *Protesting fate supreme;* asserting that it was contrary to the imperative decrees of fate.

484. *Placed in a Paradise, by our exile.* Exile is here accented on the second syllable, as is usual in Milton, though contrary to present usage.

494. *True is;* for 'tis true; a Latinism.

499. *When is not set.* The exact time when is not set or specified.

502. *What remains, ye gods, but up;* what remains but to rise up; a Græcism.

513. *Till, supplanted, down he fell.* Supplanted is here used in the sense of the Latin term *supplantatus*, which signifies tripped up or overthrown.

514. *A monstrous serpent, on his belly prone.* This transformation of Satan into a serpent, reminds the reader of the transformation of Cadmus in Ovid (Metam. iv. 575), only that instead of a man and his wife being changed, here myriads of angels undergo this transformation.

515. *Reluctant, but in vain.* The Latin sense: vainly struggling against it: Hor. Od. iv. 4. 11, *reluctantes.*

521. *His bold riot. i.e.* rebellion; a Græcism.

523. *With complicated monsters, head and tail; i.e.* intertwined, like writhing worms.

524—526. *Amphisbæna dire;* said to have a head at both ends, from a Greek word which means going forward either way. *Cerastes*, horned, from a Greek word meaning a horn. *Hydrus*, the water-snake. *Elops drear*, a dumb serpent which gives no notice by hissing to avoid him; drear means dreadful. *Dipsas*, from a Greek word signifying thirst, because those it stung were tormented with unquenchable thirst. Milton seems to have taken his catalogue of serpents from Lucan, Phars. ix. 696.

528. *Ophiusa.* A small island in the Mediterranean, so called by the Greeks, from *ophis*, a serpent; and by the Latins Colubraria, from *coluber*, a snake. The inhabitants are said to have quitted it for fear of being devoured by serpents. It is one of the Balearic islands, and is now called Fromentera, from its fertility in corn. The drops of blood which fell from the amputated head of the Gorgon Medusa, when borne by Perseus through the air over Africa, were said to have produced the serpents. See Ovid, Met. iv. 616, &c.; Lucan, Pharsal. ix. 698; Apol. Rhod. Arg. iv. 1515; and Dante, Inferno, c. xxiv. st. 85.

529. *Now dragon grown.* Lucan (Pharsal. ix. 698), in his description of the Libyan (or African) serpents, mentions the dragon as the greatest of them all. In Rev. xii. 9, Satan is called the great dragon, and is well said to be larger than the great Python, a monster engendered near Pythia, in Greece, out of the slime of the Deucalion Deluge. See Ovid, Met. i. 438.

536. *Sublime with expectation. i.e.* erect.

540. *For, what they saw, they felt themselves now changing. i.e.* into what they saw. See ix. 505.

546. *Turn'd to exploding hiss.* From the Latin *explodens*, signifying to hiss or shout an actor off the stage (see 508); the opposite of *applaud.*

560. *That curl'd Megæra.* One of the Furies, whose hair was said to consist of twisted snakes. Ovid, Met. iv. 771.

561. *The fruitage fair to sight.* He here alludes to the celebrated *apples of Sodom*, which grow near the lake Asphaltites or Dead Sea,

(over the ancient Sodom,) so called from the quantity of asphaltus found floating on it. These apples, which have been celebrated from the time of Josephus downwards, as being most alluring to the eye, but containing only dust and ashes when tasted, are now found, according to Burckhardt, to be a fruit of a reddish yellow colour, about three inches in diameter, which contains a white substance, resembling the finest silk; and, when fresh, yields an acid milky juice, but when dry, resembles a fungus in its contents, which are injurious to the eyes, and being very ignitible, are used by the Arabians for matches to their firelocks. They are mentioned by Sir John Mandeville in his Travels, and called "the delusive fruit," but see more fully Kitto's Scripture Lands (Bohn), p. 126.

571, 572. *Not as man whom they triumph'd once lapsed.* Whom they triumphed over, when once lapsed or fallen.—'Triumphed' here, and 186, is used in the rare sense of *triumpho*, taken actively.

579. *Their purchase got;* their advantage gained over mankind.

581—584. *Ophion, with Eurynome.* Ophion, according to the Greek etymology, signifies *serpent*, and Eurynome, *wide ruling;* and to show the similitude, Eve is called *wide encroaching*, as expressive of her ambitious notions after she tasted the forbidden fruit. *Ops*, or Rhea, married Saturn, and became the mother of Jupiter. Jove is called *Dictæan*, from Mount Dicte, in Crete, where he was educated. This story is in Apollonius Rhodius, Argonaut. i. 503.

586. *Sin, there in power before, once actual; now in body.* The sense is, that before the fall, sin was in power in Paradise; that once, *i.e.* upon the fall, it was actually there, though not bodily, but that now it was there in body, and dwelt as a constant inhabitant. See Ep. Rom. vi. 6.

589. *Not mounted yet on his pale horse.* This alludes to that wonderfully poetical passage in Revelations (vi. 8): "And I looked, and behold a pale horse! and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him; and power was given unto them," &c. Milton has given a fine turn to this poetical thought, by saying that Death had not *yet* commenced his all-conquering career.

593. *Not better far.* Is it not better far; a very forced ellipsis.

599. *Ravine*, for rapine.

601. *This vast unhidebound corpse;* the skin not tight-braced, but hanging loose about him, as a lean famished monster, and requiring a great deal to fill it.

616. *See, with what heat these dogs of hell advance.* Milton no doubt had in mind the passage of Sophocles, Electra, 1499, and Apollonius Rhodius, iv. 1666, where the dogs of hell are mentioned. And it is not improbable he may allude to Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, act iii. sc. 1:

"With Ate by his side come hot from Hell," &c.

635. *Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave.* Death and the grave, meaning the same, is a pleonasm, or an abounding fulness of

expression, which adds force and energy to the representation, and is a beauty common to the best writers. The Scripture has in the same manner joined *death and the grave:* Hos. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 55; Rev. xx. 13, where the word rendered *Hell* signifies also the Grave. And Shakespeare, Jul. Cæsar, act ii. sc. 2, has "And graves have yawned."

640. *Till then, the curse on both precedes. i.e.* the curse pronounced on heaven and earth, implied in the word *renewed* (638), precedes, or goes before sin and death, to direct them. Some commentators, following Bentley, would read *proceeds*, will go on, and continue till the consummation of all things, and Heaven and earth shall be restored.

643. *The sound of seas, through multitude that sung. i.e.* by reason of the multitude: Rev. xix. 6: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, saying, Hallelujah." Compare also xv. 3; xvi. 7.

645. *Who can extenuate thee?* in the Latin sense of to detract from, or disparage.

647, 648. *New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise.* The millennium, to ages of endless date, as in xii. 549. St. John, Rev. xxi. 2, describes the holy city, or new Jerusalem, as coming down from God out of heaven. 2 Pet. iii. 12.

656. *The blank moon;* from the French *blanc*, white. The Italian poets frequently call her *bianca luna.* Milton probably had in view the candida luna of Virgil, Geo. i. 335. In other parts of his poem he has 'pale moon;' compare i. 787, iii. 732.

658—661. *Their planetary motions and aspects.* If a planet in one part of the zodiac be distant from another by a sixth part of the twelve, *i.e.* by two signs (60 degrees), their aspect is called *sextile;* if by a fourth, *square* or *quartile* (three signs, or 90 degrees); by a third, *trine* (four signs, or 120 degrees); and if by one half, *opposite* (six signs, or 180 degrees), which last is said to be of *noxious efficacy*, because the planets so opposed are thought to strive, debilitate and overcome one another; deemed of evil consequence to those born under, or subject to, the influence of the distressed star.—*To join in synod unbenign; i.e.* in the same sign and degree; an aspect regarded as indifferent. All this partakes of astrology, a fallacious science which Milton did not absolutely reject. And we may add, Melancthon believed in it. See too Hor. Od. ii. 17.

668—677. *Some say, he bid his angels turn askance the poles of earth,* &c. It was eternal spring before the fall (iv. 268); and Milton now accounts for the change of seasons after it, and mentions the two famous hypotheses. One of these is that the change was produced by altering the position of the earth, that is, by turning the poles of the earth above twenty degrees aside from the sun's orb (the poles of the earth are twenty-three degrees and a half from those of the ecliptic). —*They with labour push'd oblique the centric globe.* Assuming it to have been erect before, though oblique now. *Centric* means the centre

of the world, according to the Ptolemaic system. The other hypothesis is that this change was occasioned by altering the course of the sun. The constellation *Taurus*, with the seven stars in his neck, that is, the Pleiades, or *Atlantic Sisters;* and the *Spartan twins*, or Gemini, Castor and Pollux; *up to the tropic Crab* or *Cancer* (the summer solstice); *thence down amain* by the signs *Leo*, *Virgo*, and *Libra* (or the scales), to the tropic of *Capricorn* (winter solstice), which was as far to the south of the equator as Cancer was to the north of it. This motion of the sun in the ecliptic *brings change of seasons to each clime.*

679. *Vernant flowers; i. e.* vernal, from the Latin *vernans.*

686. *Cold Estotiland.* An obsolete name for a tract of land in N. America, towards the Arctic circle. In an old Geographical Dictionary of the time of Milton, is given the following account: "Estotilandia, a great Tract of Land in the North of America, towards the Arctic circle and Hudson's Bay, having new France on the South and James's Bay on the West, said to be the first American shore discovered, having been found by some Friesland Fishermen who were driven there by a Tempest almost two hundred years before Columbus."

687. *Magellan*, the name of a strait that separates the southern point of America from the island of Terra del Fuego, so called after the distinguished Portuguese navigator, Ferdinand Magellan, who discovered it in 1520.

688. *Thyestean banquet.* This phrase is proverbial for a horrid scene, which was the subject of many tragic representations among the Greeks. King Atreus having ascertained that his brother Thyestes had overcome the fidelity of his wife, invited him, deceitfully, to dinner; and, having seized his sons, had them slain and served up to their father, who fed on their flesh. It is related, that the sun stopped its course in horror at the event. The word *Thyestéan* as it occurs in the line would seem to read *Thyéstean*, which Bentley calls "intolerable," as no doubt it would be to classic ears; but there is no occasion for this false accent, as by slurring the first two syllables the cæsura will fall correctly. In this and many other instances the reader is more likely to be in fault than the poet.

693. *Sidéreal blast.* In the original editions spelt Sideral. A blast attributed to the malign influence of the stars.

696. *Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore.* Norumbega, a province of North America.—*Samoieda*, the Russian *Samoweed*, a province in the north-east of Muscovy, upon the frozen ocean.

698. *Stormy gust and flaw.* Gust and flaw seem to be words much of the same import, only that *flaw* is the stronger; derived from the Gr. φλάω (*phlaw*), *to break.* Milton has the same words in his prose works: "These are but winds and flaws to try the floating vessel of our faith." Reason of Church Government, ii. 7. Shakespeare uses both words in his Venus and Adonis,

"Like a red morn that ever yet betokened
Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdsmen and to herds."

It may more probably be derived from the Lat. *flo, flatus*, in the sense of *blast*.

699, &c. *Boreas and Cæcias, and Argestes loud, and Thrascias*, &c. *Boreas* is the north wind; *Cæcias*, the north-east; *Argestes*, the north-west; *Thrascias*, blowing from Thrace, northward of Greece; *Notus*, the south wind; *Afer*, the south-west from Africa.

703. *Thund'rous clouds, from Sierra Liona.* Sierra Leone, or Lion's Mountain, so called because of the perpetual storms there, roaring like a lion. It is an unhealthy British colony in Upper Guinea.

705, 706. *Eurus and Zephyr*, &c. The east and west, called also *Levant* and *Ponent* (rising and setting), the one blowing whence the sun rises, the other whence it sets. *Sirocco*, blowing from Syria, the south-east; and *Libecchio*, blowing from Libya, the south-west; all four being Italian terms used by seamen of the Mediterranean.

711. *To graze the herb all leaving, devour'd each other.* Some object to the word *all*, as including fish among the animals that graze. But Newton very properly replies that Milton says expressly, vii. 404, *they graze the sea-weed their pasture;* and of fowl it is said in Gen. i. 30: "And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, I have given every green herb for meat." Besides which *all* here is not all and every one in particular, but only all in general. Beast, fowl, and fish, all the three kinds, though not all of the three kinds, devour each other.

719. *Thus to disburden sought. i.e.* disburden himself; a metaphor taken from a ship in a storm, unlading or *disburdening*, to preserve it from sinking.

728, 729. *All that I eat or drink, or shall beget, is propagated curse.* The earth having been cursed, meat and drink propagate it by prolonging life, and children by carrying it on to posterity.

735. *Ill fare our ancestor impure!* a curse which may be translated ad libitum. Mr. Keightley, following the opinions of Bentley and Addison, finds fault with its familiarity, which he calls unpleasant; we think, however, notwithstanding the weight of authority, without sufficient reason. The next line, *for this we may thank Adam!* is no doubt somewhat undignified, but a man is not unlikely, in communing with himself, to drop heroics, and in a long, highly-wrought poem, such a descent may be regarded as a resting place.

737. *So, besides mine own that bide upon me; i.e.* the curses mentioned at line 732.

738—741. *All from me shall with a fierce reflux on me redound; i.e.* all the curses derived from me (in consequence of my disobedient act) shall recoil on me with accumulated force. Several commentators, followed by Mr. Keightley, censure these lines as not in keeping with the general excellence of the speech. Milton (ver. 740, 741) is said to make Adam speak according to the notions of the Peripatetics,

which were in vogue in his day, though now exploded, that elementary bodies do not gravitate, or in other words do not weigh anything in their natural places: thus air had no weight in air, and water none in water. He laments, therefore, that, contrary to the course of nature, his afflictions will *weigh heavy* on him, though they are in *their proper place*. An ordinary reader, not troubling himself to seek out the physical allusions, would have read this passage, without perceiving any difficulty, thus: All the curses which will be bestowed on me by my descendants, in consequence of my misdoings, will fall back, with terrible force, on me the natural centre or object of them; but however heavy I deserve them.

758. *Thou didst accept them.* In the expostulations and arguments to which Adam here gives utterance, the change of persons, sometimes speaking of himself in the *first* person, and sometimes to himself in the *second*, is very remarkable. So he sometimes speaks *of* God, and sometimes *to* God. This kind of change has been used by the best classic writers.

773. *What his decree fix'd on this day.* God had said: "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Gen. ii. 17. But it may be questioned (says Bp. Newton) whether it was now *this day;* for the *night* of this day is mentioned before at line 342, and the *sun's rising* at line 329. There appears however to be no anachronism in the order of days if we adopt the ordinary scriptural interpretation of the text, which is: "on the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt forfeit thy immortality and become *subject to death.*"

778, 779. *There I should rest . . . his dreadful voice no more would thunder,* &c. Compare Job iii. 13, xxxvii. 5.

783. *Lest all I cannot die.* A classical phrase. Hor. iii. Od. xxx. 6. Æsch. Prom. v. 1089. Used also in Herrick's Hesperides, "thou shalt not all die."

784. *Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man.* Gen. ii. 7: "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." See also Hor. Sat. ii. 2. 79. Virg. Æn. vi. 746.

799, 800. *Which to God himself impossible is held.* This is the doctrine of the Schoolmen; but as it is here enunciated by Adam, we must suppose that it was communicated to him by the angels.

804, 805. *That were to extend his sentence beyond dust and nature's law;* beyond what he thought implied in the words of the sentence, Gen. iii. 19: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." See 208, 748, 1085.

806, 807. *All causes else, according still to the reception of their matter, act.* An allusion to an axiom of the Schoolmen: "All causes or agents act in proportion to the *reception*, or capacity of the subject matter, and not to the extent of their own power."

816. *Both death and I are found eternal, and incorporate both;*

lodged both together in one mortal body, as St. Paul says, Rom. vii. 24: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" Milton's own editions read *am* found, which Bentley and most subsequent editors have alter'd to *are*, in accordance with present usage. But Mr. Todd, in his last edition, restores the old reading, having found an authority for it in Shakespeare's As you Like it, act i. sc. 3, namely: "Those and I am one."

828. *Him, after all disputes, forced I absolve.* After all disputations and arguments with himself, he is forced to acknowledge the justness of his doom.

834. *So might the wrath! Fond wish! So* is used in the sense of wishing, as in iii. 34: "*So* were I equalled with them in renown!"

840. *Miserable beyond all past example and future.* Adam aggravates his own misery, and concludes it to be greater than that even of the fallen angels, or of all future men, as being in himself alone the source of misery to all his posterity. The accent upon the second syllable of *future* is a Latinism, but not peculiar to Milton, being found in earlier poets. See Fairfax's Tasso, canto xvii. st. 88.

872. *That too heavenly form, pretended to hellish falsehood.* Pretended is used in the original sense of the Latin *prætentus*, held or placed before, like a screen or fence. So Virg. Georg. i. 270; Æn. vi. 60; Pliny's Ep. i. 16.

886. *Bent, as now appears, more to the part sinister. i.e.* the *left* part, or side, from which the rib is supposed to have been taken. Hence the woman is placed, during the marriage-service, on the left of the man; according to directions given in the rubric of our early service books, especially the Salisbury Missal. See Wheatley on the Common Prayer (Bohn's edit.), p. 401. Milton and the old poets place the accent on the second syllable of the word sinister, as here printed, instead of the first. The word having the double meaning of *left* and *unlucky*, one of our commentators assumes that Milton uses it in both senses.

888. *Well if thrown out, as supernumerary to my just number.* The *just number* of ribs in a man is twenty-four, twelve on each side. Some writers have been of opinion that Adam had thirteen ribs on the left side, one more than his just number; and that with the thirteenth or supernumerary rib God formed Eve; to which opinion Milton here alludes.

899—913. *For either he never shall find out fit mate*, &c. The complaints which Adam here makes of the disasters of love may be compared (says Bishop Newton) with what Shakespeare's Lysander says in the Midsummer Night's Dream, act i. sc. 1:

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Hayley and other biographers of Milton think that all these lines allude to some passages in his own life.

933. *There with my cries importune;* here accented on the second

syllable, though generally on the last. In ix. 610, the word is used as an adjective for *importunate.*

940. *Soon his heart relented.* As Milton in his 'Apology for Smectymnuus' (Prose Works (Bohn), vol. iii. p. 118), says that "he who would write well in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem," commentators suppose that the fine feeling displayed in this charming scene is owing to an interview of the same nature which he had with his own wife, and that he is only here describing those tender and generous sentiments which he then felt.

978. *Yet tolerable, as in our evils.* Considering the extent of our evils; an elegant Latin use of the word *as.* Cic. Ep. Fam. iv. 9, xii. 2.

996. *Before the present object languishing;* languishing in presence of the object.

1011. *His more attentive mind;* attending more to what had passed, thoughtfully *calling to mind* their *sentence,* as in line 1030.

1024. *Than so to be forestall'd; i.e.* anticipated or frustrated. This word which now may seem somewhat too commonplace for heroic poetry, was formerly not so regarded. See Comus, 285.

1052. *And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy.* An allusion to John xvi. 21: "She remembereth no more the anguish, for *joy* that a man is born into the world."

1054. *On me the curse aslope glanc'd on the ground; i.e.* the curse pronounced glanced aside and fell on the ground. Bishop Warburton pronounces this expression an *insufferable quibble;* but something must be allowed for the age in which the poet lived.

1066. *The graceful locks of these fair spreading trees.* 'Locks of trees' is a simile used by both the Latin and Greek poets. Hor. iv. Od. vii. 2; Homer, Il. xxiii. 118.

1069. *Ere this diurnal star leave cold the night.* That is, the Sun; as in Lycidas: "So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed." This is spoken as if it were now day, whereas it was night at line 844.

1070. *How we his gather'd beams reflected.* This refers to *which bids us seek* at line 1067. As Adam is supposed to have been taught most of the arts of life, he may have learnt the means of focussing the rays of the sun to obtain fire, as also the use of flint, as is implied in this and the following lines. Bishop Newton thinks Milton had in mind the account given by Lucretius of the origin of fire, book v. 1091: "Lightning first brought flame down upon the earth for mortals, and thence all the fire in the world is spread abroad. For we even now see many substances, struck with fire from heaven, ignite, when the ethereal region has sent down its flames." Bohn's translation, p. 232.

1075. *Tine the slant lightning.* To tine (or tind) is derived from the Saxon *tynan,* to light, kindle; whence we have the word *tinder.*

1090. *With our sighs the air frequenting;* filling the air with repeated sighs, in the occasional sense of the Latin *frequentans,* filling. See Virg. Æn. xi. 191.

1099 to end. A repetition of former lines (1087—1092) in imitation of Homer; as in Iliad, b. ii.

BOOK XI.

Line 1. *Stood praying.* In the last lines of the previous book it is said they *fell prostrate;* 'stood,' therefore, is generally supposed not to refer to posture, but to the continuance of the act. See note viii. 3. But Milton may have meant to use the word in its literal sense, as in lines 8 and 9 he implies a dignified demeanour; besides that to *stand* praying is inculcated in several parts of Scripture. See Mark xi. 25; Luke xviii. 13; Revelation viii. 3.

3. *Prevenient grace;* from the Latin *præveniens,* signifying to anticipate, or go before by way of preventative. The petition used by the clergy, *Prevent us, O Lord,* &c. must admit of a similar interpretation.

4. *The stony from their hearts.* Ezek. xi. 19: "I will *take the stony* heart out of them, and give them *an heart of flesh.*" See also chap. xxxvi. 26; Zechariah vii. 12; Rom. viii. 26.

8. *Yet their port not of mean suitors.* This refers back to the first line; the intermediate lines to be taken parenthetically.

12. *Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha.* Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha are said by the ancient poets to have been the only remains of the human race left after the flood, which happened in their time. Ovid, Met. i. 318, describes them as praying at the shrine of *Themis,* the goddess of justice, that they might obtain the power of restoring mankind after the deluge. Deucalion by throwing stones backward is said to have produced *men,* and Pyrrha by a like act, *women.* The poet (says Newton) could not have thought of a more apt similitude to illustrate his subject. Though Milton has been censured for his frequent allusions to heathen mythology, yet in his defence it may be said that he commonly applies them by way of similitude, and to suit the taste of educated readers; and his partiality for Ovid may result from the fact that many of his subjects have reference to Scripture history, such as the creation, the deluge, the foreshowing of the destruction of the world by fire, &c.

15. *By envious winds blown vagabond; i.e.* made to wander, &c. It is a familiar expression with the ancient poets, to say of such requests as are not granted, that they are dispersed and driven away by the winds. Thus Virgil, Æn. xi. 798; Tasso, iii. 72: *By envious winds.* Ovid, Met. x. 642.

17. *In they pass'd dimensionless through heavenly doors.* The reason why the gates of heaven, which (vii. 205) are represented as "on golden hinges moving, and opening wide," do not here open is, that these prayers were *dimensionless,* that is, of a spiritual nature,

without dimension, or corporeal proportion.—*Clad with incense*, Psalm cxli. 2: "Let my prayer be set before thee as incense." Comp. Revelation viii. 3, 4.

25. *With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring.* Christ, who is repeatedly called our High Priest in the Epistle to the Hebrews, here also sustains that part assigned by St. John to the angel, Rev. viii. 3, 4, of offering up, together with incense, the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne of God.

38. *The smell of peace toward mankind.* Gen. viii. 21: "And the Lord smelled a sweet savour." The peace-offering is frequently called an offering of a sweet savour unto the Lord. See Levit. iii. 5.

44. *Made one with me, as I with thee am one.* See John xvii. 21, 22: "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee."

52, 53. *Purge him off, as a distemper gross, to air as gross.* "The land is defiled; therefore I do visit the iniquity upon it; and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants." Lev. xviii. 25. Newton, followed by Todd and Keightley, insert a comma after 'distemper,' saying that *gross* refers to *him*, not to *distemper*, the sense being, Adam is now gross, he must therefore go to air as gross, for in Paradise the air knows no gross mixture. But Mr. Montgomery has, we think, used a poet's judgment in adhering to Milton's own punctuation.

62, &c. *And, after life, tried in sharp tribulation.* And after this life passed in a state of probation, &c. death resigns him up to *second* life, &c. A classical mode of expression. So iv. 367: "All these delights will vanish, and deliver ye to woe."

74. *He blew his trumpet, heard in Oreb since.* The law was given on Mount Oreb (see note on i. 6, 7,) with the noise of a trumpet, Exod. xx. 18; and 1 Thess. iv. 6, mentions that "the Lord shall descend with the trump of God" at the general judgment.

80—82. *The sons of light*, &c. *took their seats.* Bentley objects to angels taking their seats, and proposes to read, 'took their *stands*.' But, the angels are here summoned to a grand council, and therefore the poet very properly says 'took their seats.' There is, besides, scriptural authority for it: in Rev. iv. 4, and xi. 16, the four-and-twenty elders are described as "sitting on seats, round about the throne" of God; and Christ tells his apostles that they "shall *sit* on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," Matt. xix. 28.

86. *That defended fruit; i. e.* forbidden: from *defendu* (French). So used by Chaucer:

> "Where can you say in any mannerage,
> That ever God *defended* marriage?"

91—93. *My motions in him; longer than they move, his heart I know how variable and vain, self-left.* The meaning of this abstruse passage seems to be: When the emotions I have implanted in him

cease to move or influence him, I know his heart, how variable and vain it is, when left to itself.

99. *Michael, this my behest have thou in charge.* Milton has, with great judgment, selected Michael to this office. It would not have been consistent to select either Raphael, "the *sociable* spirit," whose intercourse with Adam was of a friendly kind; or Gabriel, who was the guardian angel of Paradise, the minister of *mercy*, and the angel particularly employed in conveying *glad* tidings to mankind, relative to the great events of the gospel—such as informing Daniel of the famous prophecy of the seventy weeks, announcing the conception of John the Baptist to his father Zacharias, and of our Saviour to his Virgin Mother. (See iv. 549.) Whereas Michael, who was the principal angel employed in driving the rebel angels out of Heaven according to the Jewish Rabbis, the minister of severity, was the most proper person to perform the divine behest of expelling our first parents out of Paradise.

102. *The fiend, or in behalf of man, or to invade.* In behalf of man; means here on account of man, not out of good will to him, but from a desire to keep him from being driven out of Paradise.

111. *Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.* Excess is a mild term for their transgression; *all terror hide*, means to conceal (in pity) whatever would terrify them.

114. *Reveal to Adam what shall come in future days.* The hint which God thus gives Michael naturally prepares us for the contents of the last two books of Paradise Lost, in which the angel reveals to Adam, partly by vision, partly in words, the destiny of his descendants to the end of time.

115, 116. *Intermix my covenant in the woman's seed renew'd.* Mix with your narrative the promise of my covenant being renewed in the seed of the woman.

128, 129. *Four faces each had, like a double Janus.* Ezekiel x. 12, 14, says, "and their whole body, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about—every one had four faces." Janus was a king in Italy, represented with two faces, to denote his great wisdom, looking upon things past and to come.

131. *Argus.* According to ancient fables, Argus was a shepherd who had a hundred eyes, of which only two went to sleep at a time; the rest kept watch. He was employed by Juno to watch Io. Hermes (Mercury) was sent by Jupiter to slay Argus, which he succeeded in doing by playing on his lute till he lulled him to sleep, and then stroking his eyes with his caduceus or opiate rod, threw him into profound repose. See Ovid, Metam. i. 65.

134, 135. *With sacred light, Leucothea wak'd.* Leucothea, which is a combination of two Greek words meaning the white (or bright) goddess, is held to be the same as Matuta of the Latins, the goddess of dawn, or more properly, according to Lucretius, v. 635, "of the early morning that ushers in Aurora rosy with the sunbeams."

This is the last morning in the poem, and is supposed to be the commencement of the eleventh day in the action on earth.

140. *Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd. i.e.* which feelings of hope and joy his words renewed or resuscitated in the mind of Eve.

159. *Eve, rightly call'd mother of all mankind.* Taken from Gen. iii. 20: "And Adam called his wife's name Eve because she was the mother of all living."

182. *Fate subscrib'd not. i.e.* assented not. From *subscribere*, to underwrite, thence *to agree to.* So Shakespeare in Measure for Measure, act ii:

> "Admit no other way to save his life,'
> As I *subscribe* not that."

185. *The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour.* Stoop'd is here a participle (*having stoop'd*), and a term of falconry, thus explained in Latham's Booke of Falconrie, 1615: "Stooping is when a hawk, being upon her wings at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently down to strike the fowl, or any other prey." 'Tour,' used here in the sense of the French word *tour*, means wheeling flight, such as birds of prey commonly make before their descent. Keightley thinks Milton meant *tower* in its literal sense, but this would not improve either the sense or the poetry, besides that, we are not told of any tower in Paradise.

186. *Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.* Such omens are not unusual in the poets. See Virg. Æn. i. 393; xii. 247. Here they have a singular beauty, as they show the change about to take place in the condition of Adam and Eve; an eagle pursuing two beautiful birds, and a lion chasing a gentle hart and hind to the eastern gate of Paradise, aptly typify that Adam and Eve are to be driven out by that gate.

203—205. *Why, in the east, darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light more orient in yon western cloud.* The contrast between the unnatural darkness of the east, and the brightness of the west in the morning, rendered the prodigy more awful. "The whole theatre of nature," says Addison, "is darkened, that this glorious machine, the descent of the flaming angels, may appear in all its lustre and magnificence." A somewhat similar scene is described by the Italian poet Marino, in his Adoné, ii. 67. Todd thinks that Milton may have here given a reflex of the imagery exhibited in the masks of his time; but such imagery has been familiar to scenic representations at all times, as well as to poets.

214. *Mahanaim.* See an account of the angels appearing to Jacob at this place, Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

215. *The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright.* Pavilioned, for *tented.* So Shakespeare uses the word—

> "And lie pavilioned in the fields of France."

216, 217. *The flaming mount appear'd in Dothan.* See 2 Kings vi. 13—17.

242, 243. *Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain of Sarra.* Of a livelier colour, and a richer dye than any made at Melibœa, a city of Thessaly, famous for a fish called *ostrum*, used in producing the noblest purple dye. Æn. v. 251.—*The grain of Sarra*, the dye of Tyre, called 'Sarra,' from *Sar*, the Phœnician name of a fish there taken, the blood of which also yielded a fine purple colour. Virg. Georg. ii. 506.

244. *In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof: i.e.* in time of peace, because then their robes of state were of a most gorgeous and costly kind. Iris (the classic name of the rainbow), had dipp'd the woof, that is dyed it in grain in its own brilliant hues. So in the *Mask* the Attendant Spirit says:

"——— but I must first put off
These my sky robes *spun out of Iris's woof.*"

246, &c. *By his side, &c. hung the sword . . . and in his hand the spear: i.e.* he held the spear; as 'hung,' does not refer to the spear; a classical and not uncommon ellipsis. Transposed, the passage would read correctly without any second verb, thus: *in his hand the spear . . . and by his side, &c. hung the sword.*

252, &c. *Death then due . . . defeated of his seizure.* Death is here, by poetical license, both impersonal and personal.

259, 261, 262. *But longer in this Paradise to dwell,* &c. These three lines are repetitions of 48, 97, and 98; in imitation of Homer, who repeats messages in the very words in which they were received, even in the heat of a battle.

267. *The place of her retire.* Retire is here used as a substantive for *retirement*, as in several old English poets.

269, 270. *Must I thus leave thee . . . native soil?* Paradise was the native place of Eve, but Adam having been formed out of the dust of the earth, was, it is assumed, brought into Paradise after his creation.

283. *Into a lower world; to this obscure: i.e.* compared to this obscure.

284, 285. *How shall we breathe in other air less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?* These lines are manifestly unconnected, as breathing can have no reference to immortal fruits. We must therefore presume that the remainder of the clause connected with fruits is interrupted by the angel.

297, 298. *For such of shape may seem prince above princes. i.e.* whether thou art one of the order of princes, or the highest of them, for such a shape may belong even to the highest.

325, 326, &c. *In memory or monument to ages,* &c. In the primitive ages, before the invention of writing; altars, tombs, pillars, and heaps of stones, were the representative symbols of past transactions, and memorials to posterity. We find from various parts of

Scripture that the patriarchs raised altars, when God had appeared to them. Genesis xii. 7, and xxxv. 7; Joshua iv. 8.

332. *Skirts of glory.* An allusion to Exod. xxxiii. 22, 23: "And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by," &c.

336. *His omnipresence fills land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives.* So Acts xvii. 28: "In him we live, and move, and have our being." Pope, in his Essay on Man, i. 259, &c. has enlarged upon the same sentiment, with great sublimity of thought and force of language. A heathen poet (Lucan, ix. 578) has a remarkable passage, to which no doubt Milton alluded. "The abode of God is wherever is earth, and sea, and air, and sky, and virtue. Why further do we seek the Gods of heaven? Whatever thou dost behold and whatever thou dost touch, that is Jupiter." Comp. Jerem. xxiii. 24: "Do not I fill Heaven and earth, saith the Lord." Also the 139th Psalm. Milton has before expressed the idea conveyed in these lines in book vii. 168: "I am who fill infinitude."

367, 368. *Ascend this hill; let Eve,* &c. *here sleep below.* Eve is probably lulled asleep, to spare her sensibility the shock it would sustain at the scenes about to be exhibited.

376, 377. *So both ascend in the visions of God.* A Scriptural expression. Ezekiel viii. 3: "He brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem;" and xl. 2: "In the visions of God brought he me unto the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain."

383. *Our second Adam;* meaning Christ; see 1 Cor. xv. 45—47; Mat. iv. 8. This scene is part of the subject of Paradise Regained, iii. 250, &c. Addison has remarked how much grander is this vision of the whole species, than Æneas' vision of his descendants. Virgil, Æn. vi.

384—411. *All earth's kingdoms, and their glory,* &c. The places enumerated in these lines do not follow in very strict geographical order. The poet first takes a view of northern Asia; the term *destin'd walls,* at line 387, is applicable to all the cities enumerated, which of course were as yet not formed but only designed. *Cambalu,* the principal city of Cathay, a province of Tartary, the ancient seat of the *Chams,* or rulers (see x. 293). *Samarcand,* the chief city of Zagathaian Tartary, between the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes, the royal residence of the great Temir, better known as Timour, or Tamerlane. Thence he proceeds to the eastern parts of Asia, to *Paquin,* now called *Pekin,* the royal city of China, the country of the ancient Sinæ mentioned by Ptolemy. From the northern he passes to the southern parts, *to Agra and Lahore,* two great cities in the empire of the *Great Mogul, down to the golden Chersonese,* that is the Burman Empire and Peninsula of Malacca, the most southern promontory of the East Indies, called golden on account of its riches, to distinguish it from the other Chersoneses or peninsulas. Thence to *Persia,* of which *Ecbatana* (now called Hamadan) was the ancient capital, and *Ispahan,* the modern. Thence he proceeds to *Moscow,* the residence of the Russian Czar, or

emperor; and to Constantinople (the ancient *Bizance*, or Byzantium), the capital of the grand Sultan, emperor of the Turks, who is here called *Turchestan-born*, because his ancestors, in common with all the Turks, orginally came from Turchestan, a province of Tartary. Milton includes these in Asia, as they are adjoining, and a great part of their territories lie in Asia After this AFRICA is surveyed:—first the empire of *Negus*, the upper Ethiopia, or land of the Abyssinians, subject to one sovereign, styled in their own language, *Negus*, or king, and by the Europeans Prester John; *Ercoco*, or Arkesko, on the Red Sea, at the north-western extremity of Abyssinia; *and the less maritime kings* are the lesser kingdoms on the sea coast, *Monbaza, Quiloa, and Melind*, all near the line in Zanguebar, a great region of the Lower Ethiopia, on the Eastern or Indian Sea; *and Sofala, thought Ophir*, is another city and kingdom further south, on the same sea, mistaken by Purchas and others for *Ophir*, whence Solomon brought gold; *Congo*, a realm in the Lower Ethiopia on the western shore, and *Angola* further south. *Niger;* this river divides Negro-land into two parts; *Mount Atlas*, the most western part of Africa; *the kingdoms of Almansor* are *Fez, Sus, Morocco, Algiers*, and *Tremisen*, all in Barbary. After Africa he comes to EUROPE, of which, as it is so well known, *Rome* only is mentioned. The poet then mentions the most important empires in AMERICA; *in spirit, perhaps, he also saw* (he could not see it otherwise, as it was on the opposite side of the globe) *rich Mexico*, the seat of Montezuma, who was subdued by the Spanish general Cortes; and *Cusco*, the capital of *Peru, the richer seat of Atabalipa*, its last emperor, subdued by the Spanish general Pizarro; *yet unspoil'd Guiana*, another country of South America, not then invaded and spoiled, *whose great city*, Manhoa, *Geryon's sons* (*i.e.* the Spaniards, assumed to be descended from Geryon, an ancient king of Spain, one of the heroes of Grecian mythology) *called El Dorado*, or the golden city, on account of its riches and extent. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh placed his imaginary gold mine, which he made several attempts to reach but without success; hence the term 'El Dorado' has become proverbial, as applied to places of unbounded riches, real or imaginary.

412. *Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd.* The angel "removed the film from Adam's eyes," as Minerva removed the mist from Diomede's, Il. v. 127, and Venus from Æneas', Æn. ii. 604; and also as does the same angel from those of Godfrey, in Tasso's Gier. Lib. xviii. 93.

414. *Then purg'd with euphrasy and rue the visual nerve.* Euphrasy or eye-bright is a herb so named from its clearing virtue. *Rue* was used in exorcisms, and is therefore called *herb of grace.* See Shakespeare, Rich. II. act iii. sc. 7; Hamlet, act iv. sc. 7.

427. *Nor sinn'd thy sin.* This mode of expression is scriptural, as well as classical. Exod. xxxii. 30: "Ye have sinned a great sin." 1 John v. 16: "If any man see his brother sin a sin."

427, 428. *Yet from that sin derive corruption.* Rom. v. 14:

"Death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression."

430. *Tilth;* tilled land.

433. *Of grassy sward.* Milton's own editions read *sord,* which is the old word for green sward or turf, commonly pronounced green-sord. The word is used by Shakespeare, Winter's Tale, iv. 3: "Ran on the greene-sord," which some editors have alter'd into *sod,* and Collier into *sward.*

434, &c. *A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought first-fruits.* This scene represents the murder of Abel, a shepherd, by his brother Cain, an agriculturist. See Gen. iv. 2—8. The poet makes them both offer sacrifices on the same altar, and describes the sacrifice somewhat in the manner of Homer. Cain makes no selection in the choice of the things offered, but Abel does; and in this indifference as to selection some scriptural commentators say the guilt of Cain mainly consisted, which rendered his offering not acceptable, as being insincere.

439. *Then, sacrificing, laid the inwards:* entrails, intestines.

445. *Smote him into the midriff;* the midriff or diaphragm, a nervous muscle separating the breast from the belly.

447. *Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effus'd;* so Virgil, Æn. x. 908, "pours forth life in the blood streaming on his armour."

479. *A lazar-house;* from Lazarus, in the parable; a hospital for persons infected with pestilential diseases: Ital. *lazaretto.*

486, 487. *Pining atrophy, marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.* Atrophy is a disease in which food has no power to sustain the body. Marasmus, signifies a feverish consumption which wastes the body by degrees. It is remarkable that lines 485, 486, and 487, were added by the poet in the second edition; the captious Dr. Bentley wished them out again, but Pope, with better taste, pronounces them "three admirable lines."

489. *Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: Despair,* &c. This is entirely in the picturesque manner of Spenser, and seems particularly to allude to that beautiful passage (Fairy Queen, II. vii. 21—24), when describing "Pluto's grisly reign," he represents Pain, Strife, Revenge, &c. as so many persons assembled; and over them sat Horror soaring with grim hue, and beating his iron wings.

496, 497. *Compassion quell'd his best of man, and gave him up to tears.* In these expressive lines Milton seems to borrow from Shakespeare:

> "I had not so much of man about me
> But all my mother came into my eyes,
> *And gave me up to tears.*"—HEN. V. Act 4.

517, 518. *Ungovern'd appetite, and took his image whom they serv'd,* &c. Appetite is here personified; the image of ungovern'd appetite, *a brutish vice,* was *inductive* to the sin of Eve. See ix. 1057, 1129.

531. *Not too much.* From the Latin *ne quid nimis;* an old maxim of philosophy.

532. *In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence.* From thence is not according to present notions of grammar. See note on line 304, book x.

544. *A melancholy damp of cold and dry.* Damp here means depression of spirits, dejection. The notion of cold and dry seems taken from a description of old age given in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

551. *Patiently attend.* Instead of these words and the line next following, the first edition had only *Michael to him replied.*

553. *Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest live well.* This line is evidently in reference to one of the most elegant of Martial's Epigrams (book x. Ep. 47), which has been versified by at least a dozen of our English poets. The last line of it, literally translated, is, "Neither fear nor wish for your last day," which Fanshawe versifies, "Death neither wish nor fear to see." (See Bohn's translation of Martial, pp. 469—71.) *What thou livest* is a Latinism, from *quod vivis*, whatever life you live.

561. *Volant touch;* flying touch or nimble fingers. Thus in Crashaw's Music's Duel, the musician

> "Lightly skirmishes on every string
> Charg'd with a *flying touch*,
> His nimble hands instinct then taught each string
> A capering cheerfulness," &c.

563. *The resonant fugue.* A fugue, in music, is the correspondency of parts, answering to one another in the same notes, either above or below; therefore exactly and graphically styled *resonant*, as sounding the same notes over again.

565—570. *Two massy clods of iron and brass had melted,* &c. These lines are from Lucretius, v. 1240, &c. "Brass, and gold, and iron were discovered, as well as heavy silver, and the substance of lead, at a time when fire had consumed mighty forests upon the high mountains, either from lightning having been hurled upon them, or because men, warring among themselves in the woods, had set fire to them for a terror to their enemies." (Bohn's translation, pp. 237-8.)

573—580. *After these, but on the hither side, a different sort,* &c. *down to the plain descended.* The descendants of Cain are first mentioned, and after these, the descendants of the younger brother Seth; *but on the hither side*, Cain having been banished into a more distant country; *a different sort*, the posterity of Seth, wholly different from that of Cain, having their habitations in the mountains near Paradise; *down to the plain descended*, where the Cainites dwelt. The Scripture speaks of them as the worshippers of the true God (Gen. iv. 26; vi. 1, 2), and Josephus (Antiq. book i. c. 2) says that they were addicted to the study of natural philosophy, especially of astronomy; nor was it their *last* study to know those things which might preserve *freedom and peace to men.* Our author seems to have

taken his account of the Sethites chiefly from the oriental writers, and particularly from the annals of Eutychius.

582. *A bevy of fair women* (called a troop at 614); a company, from the Italian *beva*, a covey of partridges; used by Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, and others as a *company;* and by Shakesp. Hen. VIII. act i.:

> "None here he hopes,
> In all this noble *bevy*, has brought with her
> One care abroad."

590, &c. *And bid invoke Hymen*, &c. The description of the shield of Achilles is one of the finest pieces of poetry in the whole Iliad; and Milton has plainly shown his admiration of it by introducing, in this visionary part of his work, so many analogous scenes and images. Thus, this passage, and ver. 583 and 584—

> ——' To the harp they sung
> Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on;'

is a beautiful copy of Homer, Il. xviii. 491. See also Hesiod, Scut. Hercul. 272; Apollonius Rhodius, iv. 1196.

607. *Tents of wickedness.* Psalm lxxxiv. 10: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in *the tents of wickedness.*"

613, &c. *Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget; for that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd of goddesses*, &c. These lines, which seem intelligible enough to an ordinary reader, have given rise to much discussion among critics as to their exact meaning. Bentley, at line 614, proposes to substitute *ev'n* for *for*, and Mr. Keightley seems to agree with him; Pearce, at line 616, would read, *yet were empty;* and there are other conjectures equally wide of the mark. Bishop Newton, Todd, and Major, adopt the following construction, which seems the correct one, *for thou saw'st that fair female troop, that seem'd of goddesses* (that is beautiful as goddesses), which is a sufficient proof of the posterity of Cain *begetting a beauteous offspring.*

620. *To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.* To troll has several significations, one of which is to move volubly, in singing: as to troll a catch, or ballad, and is so used in Walton's Angler. But the context shows that it is here used in the wanton sense of rolling the tongue.

621. *To these that sober race of men*, &c. *shall yield up all their virtue.* Gen. vi. 2: "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose," a passage now generally understood of the sons of Seth, the worshippers of the true God, making matches with the idolatrous daughters of wicked Cain. Milton puts this construction on it here, but seems in a former part of the poem (v. 447), and in Par. Reg. ii. 179, to incline to the old exploded conceit of the angels becoming enamoured of the daughters of men. See note on iii. 463.

625, 626. *Now swim in joy, ere long to swim at large.* To swim in joy, in mirth, in bliss, or in pleasure, is a common mode of expression in the old poets; *to swim at large* (a paronomasia or play on words) is probably in allusion to the deluge.

632, 633. *The tenor of man's woe holds on the same, from woman to begin.* Another play on words, which Mr. Todd calls an ungallant jingle on *man's woe*, and *woman*, and quotes the following lines from Austin's Hæc Homo, 1639:

> "How ill did he his grammar scan
> That called a woman woe to man."

642. *Bold emprise:* bold enterprise: it is so used in the *Mask:*

> "Alas! good vent'rous youth,
> I love thy courage yet, and *bold emprise.*"

647. *A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine. Beeves*, cattle, is the plural of beef: *kine*, for cowen, plural of cow.

661. *The sceptred heralds call to council, in the city gates.* Assemblies were anciently held in the city gates, and there the judges used to sit. Gen. xxxiv. 20. Deut. xvi. 18; xxi. 19. Zech. viii. 16.

665. *Till, at last, of middle age one rising.* Meaning Enoch, who is said to be *of the middle age*, because he was translated to heaven when but 365 years old, deemed only a middle age at that early period of the world (Gen. v. 23). He remonstrated against the wickedness of mankind, and denounced the heavy judgment of God against them, Jude 14.

669. *Him old and young exploded:* hissed, treated with contempt; a Latinism. See x. 546.

683. *These are the product:* result: usually accented *próduct.*

687. *Such were these giants, men of high renown.* There are two interpretations of the word "giants" (Gen. vi. 4), some conceiving them to have been men of great stature, others, tyrants and robbers. Milton includes both.

694, 695. *And for glory done of triumph.* Newton says, "this is one of the most difficult passages," and explains it thus: "To overcome, to spoil, shall be the highest pitch of glory, and shall be done for glory of triumph, *i. e.* shall be achieved for that end and purpose, to be styled great conquerors," &c. Pearce explains it thus: *it shall be held the highest pitch of glory to subdue nations*, &c.; and it shall be held the highest pitch *of triumph for that glory* obtained, *to be styled great conquerors.* Stillingfleet observes, that the construction is, "to overcome in battle, &c. shall be held *the highest pitch of human glory, and of triumph, for that glory achiev'd;*" which seems the meaning. According to this interpretation the passage might be printed thus:

> ——'Shall be held the highest pitch
> Of human glory, and (for glory done)
> Of triumph, to be held great conquerors.'

700. *He, the seventh from thee.* Jude 14: "Enoch also, the seventh from Adam," &c.

711. *Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.* The construction is remarkable; 'which' is not governed by the next verb, but by the last.

723, 724. *Triumphs or festivals; and to them preach'd conversion,* &c. Triumphs, here means processions. This account of Noah's preaching is founded chiefly upon 2 Pet. ii. 5, and 1 Pet. iii. 19, 20. What follows of Noah's desisting when he found his preaching ineffectual, and removing into another country, is taken from Josephus, Antiq. i. 3.

730, 731. *Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height, smear'd round with pitch.* Cubit is a foot and a half, or the measure from the elbow to the fingers' ends. *Smear'd round with pitch,* Gen. vi. 14: "Rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without," &c.

732. *Provisions laid in large; i.e.* largely; the adjective used adverbially, as Milton often uses it in imitation of the Latins.

735. *Came sevens and pairs.* Sevens of clean creatures, and pairs of unclean. Gen. vii. 13—16.

738. *Meanwhile the south wind rose.* Addison and Newton have noticed the superiority of the English poet to Ovid, in the description of the Deluge. Homer, who is supposed to allude to the Mosaic account in the fine verses, Il. xvi. 384, appears to have escaped their notice. (Bohn's prose trans. p. 300.)

743. *Like a dark ceiling stood.* The word ceiling may be thought too mean a word in poetry; but Milton had a view to its derivation from the Latin, *cœlum,* Heaven.

765. *Each day's lot enough to bear.* Matt. vi. 34: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

766. *Those now, that were dispensed the burden of many ages,* &c. Those evils that were dealt out or distributed to be the burden of many ages, now light on me at once. The word dispensed is here used in its primitive sense. *Pensum,* from *pensare,* to weigh, was the quantity of wool weighed out to the maids to spin.

773, 774. *Which neither his foreknowing can prevent; and he,* &c. *Neither* is not always followed by nor, and is here used as a simple negative. This manner of speaking is frequent and elegant in Latin.

798. *Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose.* Aristotle, and other masters in politics, inculcate this sentiment, that the loss of liberty is soon followed by the loss of virtue and religion.

824. *All the cataracts of heaven set open.* Gen. vii.: "The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the *windows* of heaven were opened." The *windows* of heaven are translated *cataracts* in the Syriac and Arabic as well as in the Septuagint and Vulgate Latin versions, which rendering Milton

follows. Those who have seen *waterspouts* descending in hot countries can best understand the force of 'cataracts' here.

829—831. *Then shall this mount of Paradise by might of waves be moved out of its place, push'd by the horned flood.* Paradise was doubtless destroyed by the flood, and hence all the attempts to give it a present locality have proved vain. *Horned flood* is a term commonly used by the poets both ancient and modern. Newton explains it thus: "The flood is called *horned*, as, before it was universal, the waters pushed their way along, like vast rivers: and when anything obstructed their passage, they divided themselves, and became *horned* (forked?) as it were, and hence the ancients have compared them to bulls."—This may be the meaning, but it seems quite as likely that the curling of the waves, such as takes place in rough weather, gave rise to the simile.

833. *Down the great river to the opening gulf;* down the river Euphrates to the Persian gulf; the Euphrates, which flowed through Eden, is particularly called in Scripture *the great river, the river Euphrates*, Gen. xv. 18.

835. *The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang.* Orcs, a species of whale or sea monster, with a round mouth; mentioned by Ariosto. Clang is used to express the rustling flight and screams of large flocks of birds.

840. *Saw the ark hull on the flood.* Hull is here a verb, and means to rock to and fro without sail or rudder.

846. *Which made their flowing shrink. Their* is supposed to refer to *wave* (in the previous line), as a noun of multitude. But probably Milton wrote *waves*.

847. *Tripping ebb, that stole with soft foot.* Tripping, from *tripudiare*, to dance, step lightly upon the toes, a natural description of *soft ebbing*, as in vii. 300. The bold personizing in *that stole with soft foot* is common among Greek and Latin poets (Hor. Epod. xvi. 47), and is used by our English poets, Drayton, Darwin, and others.

865, 866. *In the cloud a bow conspicuous, with three listed colours gay.* Listed, from the Italian *listato*, means striped, or in streaks. He calls it at 897, *his triple-coloured bow*, and probably means the three principal colours, red, yellow, and blue, of which the others are compounded. Aristotle, and our old poets Sylvester and Drummond, assign the same number. Gen. ix.

884. *To whom the Archangel: Dextrously thou aim'st*, &c. Nearly the whole of this speech is founded on Scripture,—Gen. vi. 6—12; viii. 22; ix. 11, 14, 16. 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13.

895. *Nor rain to drown the world, with man therein or beast.* Beast, here, includes *birds* also. The poet (ver. 733 and 822) has spoken of the inhabitants of the ark under the title of *man* and *beast*. In Scripture, man and beast comprehend all living creatures. See Psalm xxxvi. 6; Jer. xxi. 6, and xxxii. 43.

gels, vi. 15; their signal and march, v. 56; signal to engage, and engagement, vi. 202; prevail, 386; disposition to re-engage, 524; retreat, 597; rally again, and renew the fight, 634; their song on the creation, vii. 180, 252, 557, 602; on its dissolution and renovation, x. 641; guardians of Paradise, their parade, watches, &c. iv. 778, 782, 861, 977; v. 287; re-ascent to heaven on Adam's fall, x. 17; appointed to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise, xi. 127; descent there, vii. 208; post assigned, viii. 220; march possessing it, and expelling him, &c. xii. 626; (*Vide*, God the Father and Son. Similes;) guardians of mankind, ix. 152.

Angels, fallen, their after-state, i. 50, 339; numbers, 331; v. 743; names, i. 374; various pursuits, &c. ii. 528; loss supplied by man's creation, iii. 677; embattled against the angels celestial, vi. 79; engagement, 202; defeat, 386; disposition to re-engage, 507; their artillery—cannon, &c. 572; prevail, 597; entire defeat and expulsion from heaven, 831—877; transformed to serpents, x. 519; further punished with an illusion of the forbidden fruit, 547; both annually continued, 575. (*Vide* Satan. Similes.)

Angola, ii. 401.

Antarctic, ix. 79.

Aonian, i. 15.

Apocalypse, iv. 2.

Apostles, their mission, &c. xii. 439; gift of the Holy Ghost, 497; successors, (wolves, false teachers, &c. described,) 508.

Appaid, xii. 401.

Araby, iv. 163.

Architrave, i. 715.

Arctic, ii. 410.

Argument of the poem, i. 1; ix. 1.

Ariel, Arioc, and Ramiel, (fallen angels,) vanquished, vi. 369.

Ark, its building by Noah, described, xi. 728. (*Vide* Noah.)

Ark of the covenant described, xii. 249.

Ashtaroth and Baalim, (fallen angels,) i. 422.

Astoreth, or Astarte, (a fallen angel,) i. 438.

Asmodeus, or Asmodai, iv. 168.

Asphaltic, i. 411.

Astonied, or astonished, ix. 890.

Athens, ix. 671.

Atlas, iv. 987.

Atrophy, xi. 486.

Attune, iv. 265.

Author's hymn on conjugal love, iv. 750; to light, iii. 1; invocations, i. 6; iii. 61; vii. 1; xi. 20; reflection, in prospect of Adam's, &c. fall, ii. 380; on Satan's premeditated attempt, iv. 1; on Eve's parting with Adam preceding it, ix. 404; on their nakedness after the fall, 1114; on his own blindness, &c. iii. 22.

Azazel (a fallen angel), Satan's standard-bearer, i. 534.

Azores, iv. 592.

Azotus, i. 464.

B.

Baalim and Ashtaroth, (fallen angels,) i. 422.

Babel, the city and tower, built by Nimrod, &c. xii. 38; the confusion of languages there described, 48.

Bacchus, iv. 279.

Backside, iii. 494.

Baptism, what the sign of, xii. 442.

Baptized, the Holy Ghost given primitively to all such, xii. 497.

Barbaric, ii. 4.

Barca, ii. 904.

Battailous, vi. 81.

Battle, &c. between the celestial and fallen Angels, (God the Son

concluding it,) described, vi. 202—877. (*Vide* Angels Celestial, and Fallen.)
Beasts, part of the sixth day's creation, described, vii. 453.
Beelzebub, (a fallen angel,) i. 79; described, ii. 299; his answer to Satan's first speech after their fall, i. 128; to his second, 272; speech in council, called by Satan thereon, ii. 310; promotes an attempt on the world, 345.
Behemoth, vii. 471.
Belial, (a fallen angel,) i. 290; described, ii. 108; his speech in council, 119; to Satan, on their advantage gained in the re-engagement with the celestial angels, vi. 620.
Bellerophon, vii. 18.
Bellona, ii. 922.
Bengala, ii. 638.
Beryl, vi. 756.
Bickering, vi. 766.
Birds, part of the fifth day's creation, described, vii. 417.
Bizance, xi. 395.
Blasts, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 692.
Boreas, x. 699.
Bosphorus, ii. 1018.
Bridge from hell-gates to the world over Chaos, the work, &c. described, x. 293.
Brigades, ii. 532.
Brinded, vii. 466.
Broidered, iv. 702.
Busiris, i. 307.

C.

Cadmus, ix. 506.
Cæcias, x. 699.
Cain and Abel, their story related, xi. 429.
Caravan, vii. 428.
Career, i. 766; vi. 756.
Casius, ii. 593.
Cassia, v. 293.
Catarrhs, xi. 483.
Causey, x. 415.
Centaur, x. 328.
Centric, viii. 83.
Cerastes, x. 595.
Cham's story, xii. 807.
Chance, the common notion of it exploded, ii. 909.
Chaos described, ii. 890; vii. 210; its court, ii. 959; answer to Satan's speech there, 989; bounds since the angels' fall, the creation, &c. 998; state before it, v. 577; a bridge made over it from hell-gates to the world, at Adam's fall, x. 282. (*Vide* Similes.)
Charity, its praises, &c. xii. 576—587.
Charlemagne, i. 586.
Charybdis, ii. 1020.
Chemic, iii. 609.
Chemos, or Peor, (a fallen angel,) i. 312, 406.
Chersonese, xi. 392.
Cherubim. (*Vide* Angels Celestial, &c. Similes.)
Chrysolite, iii. 596.
Church, hirelings in it, compared to the Devil in Paradise, iv. 192.
Clang, vii. 422; xi. 835.
Cleombrotus, iii. 473.
Cocytus, a river of hell, ii. 579.
Colure, ix. 66.
Comparisons. (*Vide* Similes.)
Conglobed, vii. 239.
Conjugal love, the praises, &c. of it, iv. 750; distinguished from an amour, 765; consists in reason, not passion, viii. 586; defined, 589; expressed (on the woman's part) in practice, 50; in words, xii. 615; a reciprocal duty of it, ix. 357.
Conjugal obedience, woman's happiness, &c. iv. 635.
Conjugal union, the reasons and obligations of it, viii. 494; ix. 955, 961.
Conscience, God's umpire in man, iii. 194; the terrors of it, iv. 23;

139. *From Hamath northward to the desert south.* Hamath was a city of Syria, and the "entering into Hamath," so frequently mentioned in Scripture, is the narrow pass leading from the land of Canaan to Syria, through the valley which lies between Libanus and Antilibanus. This is set down as the northern boundary of the land: Num. xxxiv. 7, 8. *To the desert south*, the desert of Arabia, or the wilderness of Zin, Num. xxxiv. 3.

141. *From Hermon east, to the great western sea.* From Hermon, a mountain beyond Jordan, on the north-east, to the Mediterranean. Num. xxxiv. 6.

144. *The double-founted stream, Jordan.* This celebrated river is said by the old commentators to take its name from the junction of two streams, the *Jor* and *Dan* (as the Thames or Thamesis is called from the junction of the Thame and Isis), which rise at the foot of Mount Libanus. The derivation of its name, however, is now differently represented. See a full account of the river in Kitto's Scripture Lands, pp. 108—112.

145. *True limit eastward;* as in Num. xxxiv. 10, 12. The name of Canaan peculiarly belongs to no more than the country westward of the river Jordan; and the Jews themselves make a distinction between the land promised to their fathers, and the lands of Sihon and Og to the eastward of the river. Deut. ii. 29. The land on this side Jordan was esteemed more holy than the other. The one was merely called the land of your possession, the other the land of the possession of the Lord. "But his sons shall dwell in Senir or Shenir," (which is the same as Hermon.) See line 141. "Which *Hermon* the Sidonians call *Sirion*, and the Amorites call it *Shenir*," Deut. iii. 9. See the subject at large in Kitto's Scripture Lands, pp. 83—107.

152. *Abraham due time shall call.* For though *Abram* signifies a *great father*, yet *Abraham* is of larger extent, and signifies a *father of many nations*. See Gen. xvii. 5.

155. *With twelve sons increased.* A Latinism.

165. *Suspected to a sequent king:* disliked by: a Latinism. Exod. chap. i.

173. *Denies to know their God:* a Latinism: refuses to acknowledge: see Josh. xxiv. 27.

191. *The river-dragon, tamed, at length submits.* The river-dragon here means Pharaoh, an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile; taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel xxix. 3: "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, *the great dragon* that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself."

193. *As ice more harden'd after thaw.* Ice gently warmed into a thaw is made more receptive of those saline and nitrous particles which fill the freezing air, and insinuating themselves into the water, already hardened, are the cause of a harder concretion. Virgil's Georgics, iii. 366: "Icicles freeze, as they drop, into a wonderful

hardness." This is the explanation adduced by Todd, but it is not admitted by modern Physicists.

207. *Darkness defends between till morning watch.* To defend here means to forbid, hinder, prevent, as the Lat. *defendo*, and the Fr. *defendre*. See xi. 86. The intervention of darkness prevents his approach till the morning watch, alluding to Exod. xiv. 19, 20.

210. *Craze their chariot-wheels.* Bruise or break them in pieces: from the French *écraser*. See i. 311. Exod. xiv. 25.

255. *Seven lamps, as in a zodiac, representing the heavenly fires.* That the seven lamps signified the seven planets, and that therefore the lamps stood slopewise, as it were to express the obliquity of the zodiac, is the gloss of Josephus (Antiquities, iii. 6, 7; Wars of the Jews, v. 5), from whom probably our author borrowed it. Exod. xxv. 37.

274. *Mine eyes true opening. i.e.* the true opening of mine eyes; this alludes to the false promise of the serpent, Gen. iii. 5: "Your eyes shall be opened," &c.

277. *But now I see his day.* John viii. 56: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day."

283. *So many laws argue so many sins,* &c. Newton shows that these lines are a condensation of many precepts and declarations in St. Paul's Epistles, especially those to the Romans, Galatians, and Hebrews. He says, it is really wonderful how he could comprise so much divinity in so few words, and at the same time express it with so much strength and perspicuity. Compare Gal. iii. 11, 12, 19, 23; iv. 7; Rom. iii. 20; iv. 22—24; v. 1; vii. 7, 8; viii. 15; Heb. vii. 18, 19; x. 1, 4, 5; ix. 13, 14.

302, 303. *Disciplined from shadowy types to truth.* In allusion to Gal. iii. 24: "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith."

307—309. *And therefore shall not Moses . . . his people into Canaan lead.* See Deut. xxxiv. i. Josh. i. Moses died on Mount Nebo, in the land of Moab, whence he had a prospect of the promised land; but the honour of leading the Israelities to it was reserved for Joshua. The historical cause of his exclusion is that when God instructed him to speak to the rock to bring forth water, he, as if doubting the efficacy of the divine injunction, struck it twice with his rod. Numb. xx. and xxvii. But Milton treating the history as typical, represents Moses as debarred by reason of the imperfection of his human nature, and not from any particular act.

310. *Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call.* Joshua was in many things a type of Jesus; and the names are the same, Joshua being the Hebrew, Jesus the Greek form. The Septuagint always renders Joshua by Jesus; and there are two passages in the New Testament, where Jesus is used for Joshua; Acts vii. 45; Heb. iv. 8. The name Joshua or Jesus signifies a *Saviour*.

322. *And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive.* Here and in the

next eight lines Milton has digested the substance of the following texts of Scripture, Gen. iii. 15; xxii. 18; 2 Sam. vii. 16; Psalm lxxxix. 34—36; Isaiah ix. 7; Luke i. 32, 33. Comp. Matth. xxii. 42; Rom. xv. 12.

342. *To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st.* Babylon was not built for many years after. We must not therefore understand the expression literally; for verbs of *seeing* (says Newton) are often extended beyond the bare act, and are applied to other senses and other faculties of the mind.

355—358. *Their strife pollution brings upon the temple itself.* A contest between Jason and Menelaus for the high priesthood gave occasion to Antiochus Epiphanes to come to Jerusalem, where, according to Jewish notions, he polluted the temple by entering it. See 2 Macc. v. *At last they seize the sceptre:* Aristobulus, eldest son of Hyrcanus, high priest of the Jews, was the first who assumed the title of king after the Babylonish captivity, B. C. 107. *And regard not David's sons,* none of that family having had the government since Zerubbabel. *Then lose it to a stranger,* to Herod, an Idumæan, in whose reign Christ was born. See Josephus.

392. *Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound.* Todd, following previous editions, places a comma after the word 'disabled,' which renders the passage unintelligible. Without the comma, as here printed, the passage means, "Whose fall from heaven did not disable him from giving Adam his death's wound."

393. *Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure:* heal, recover, as in 2 Kings v.: "To *recover* a man of his leprosy." The word is frequently used by Spenser, but is now obsolete.

401. *So only can high justice rest appaid:* appaid means paid to the full, satisfied; from *appagato,* Ital; frequently used in Chaucer and Spenser, but now obsolete.

407—410. *All who shall believe . . . His merits to save them, not their own,* &c. A Latinism, which, according to Todd, has perplexed commentators; the meaning is, all who shall believe that his merits will save them, and not their own works, though fulfilled according to the law. Comp. Rom. iii. 20.

434. *A death, like sleep.* In some late editions (but not in Milton's own) these words are printed *a death-like sleep,* which, though so quoted by Dr. Johnson, gives an erroneous view of the passage. The poet clearly intends a reference to the *temporal death* cited in the previous line, calling it a death, like sleep, in allusion to what St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xv. 51. See also 1 Thessal. iv. 13—15.

442. *Baptizing in the profluent stream; i.e.* flowing forward, running: from the Latin *profluens.* Milton was of opinion that baptism should take place in running water.

487, 488. *The promise of the Father, who shall dwell his Spirit within them.* A classical mode of expression. "Who shall dwell in spirit within them." Some commentators say 'dwell' here means, *cause to*

dwell, that is *implant;* the meaning, however, is pretty much the same. See John xiv. 17: "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Comp. John xvi. 13; Luke xxiv. 49; Heb. viii. 10; Ephes. vi. 11.

493. *What man can do against them, not afraid.* Not afraid of what man can do against them, though to the death; though it be persecution to death itself. Ps. lvi. 11.

508. *Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves.* Acts xx. 29: "After my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock."

514. *Though not but by the Spirit understood.* Alluding to 1 Cor. ii. 14: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Understanding the passage (says Bishop Newton) as some enthusiastic sectarists have understood it. Keightley calls it "a most convenient doctrine for those who have not learning and who dislike the trouble of patient inquiry, as it enables them to invest their own fancies with the authority of Revelation."

522. *Laws, which none shall find left them enroll'd,* &c. Laws neither agreeable to revealed or natural religion, neither to be found in holy Scripture, or written on their hearts by the Spirit of God, according to that divine promise, Jer. xxxi. 33: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."

536. *Truth shall retire bestuck with slanderous darts:* stuck all over; copiously assailed: only used by Milton.

539, 540. *Till the day appear of respiration:* meaning relief. This is what the Scripture calls *the times of refreshing,* Acts iii. 19. The Greek word is rendered in the Protestant Latin version of Junius and Tremellius, by *respiratio.* Rom. viii. 22.

546. *To dissolve Satan with his perverted world.* Probably borrowed from 2 Pet. iii. 11—13: "Seeing that these things shall be dissolved," &c. See line 459.

548. *Conflagrant:* burning together: an expressive word borrowed from the Latin, for the English use of which Milton is the only authority.

549, 550. *New Heavens, new Earth, ages of endless date, founded in righteousness.* These fine lines are founded on 2 Pet. iii. 13. The notion of a new heaven and earth springing from the ruins of this world at its dissolution, and made the habitation of angels, and just men made perfect, is often broached in this poem, iii. 333; x. 638; xi. 65, 900; xii. 462.

552. *Thus Adam last replied;* replied for the last time.

567, 568. *Accomplishing great things; by things deem'd weak subverting worldly strong,* &c. 1 Cor. i. 27: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are

mighty." Comp. also 1 Sam. xv. 22; 1 Pet. v. 7; Ps. cxlv. 9; Rom. xii. 21.

581. *Only add deeds to thy knowledge*, &c. 2 Pet. i. 5, &c.: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience," &c.

588. *Let us descend now, therefore, from this top of speculation: i. e.* from this visionary height or hill of prophecy and prediction; *speculation*, in its Latin sense, is watching on a tower, from *specula*, a watch tower or high place; hence applied to the prophets, who are called *seers* and *watchmen*. Ezek. iii. 17; xxxiii. 3—7. So Par. Reg. iv. 236: "This specular mount."

611. *For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise.* God is *aiso* in sleep, and admonishes by dreams, as well as by visions, according to Numb. xii. 6: "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and I will speak unto him in a dream." And thus Homer, Il. A. 63. The application is very appropriate in this place, as Adam's was a *vision*, and Eve's a *dream*.

628, 629. *On the ground gliding meteorous; i. e.* like a meteor. The motion of the gods is said to differ from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels. Compare viii. 302: "*smooth-sliding*, without step."

630. *Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides.* An old word for *marsh*, from the French *marais*, and the Latin *mariscus*, rushes commonly growing there. The word occurs in 1 Macc. ix. 42: "They turned again to the *marish* of Jordan;" and again, 45: "The *marish* likewise and wood." It is also used in Shakespeare, Hen. VI. Part I. Act i:

"Our ile be made a *marish* of salt tears."

640. *The subjected plain.* The plain below. *Subject* and *subjected* are used in this sense by the best old English poets. See Spenser, F. Q. III. vii. 4.

643. *Waved over by that flaming brand.* Brand is an old word for *sword*, from *brando*, Italian. The word is frequently used by Spenser and Fairfax. The ancients formed their swords in imitation of a flame; and thus from brand, a *sword*, came our English phrase, to brandish a sword.

648. *With wandering steps and slow.* 'Wandering,' because, though Providence was their guide, they were left to choose their own place of abode.

END OF THE NOTES.

INDEX

OF

SUBJECTS TO PARADISE LOST.

A.

Aaron and Moses, their mission to Egypt, xii. 170.
Abarim, i. 408.
Abassin, iv. 280.
Abbana, i. 469.
Abdiel (a seraph) opposes Satan promoting the angels' revolt, &c. v. 803; reply to his answer, 877; his fidelity, &c. celebrated, 896; retreat from Satan's party, vi. 1; soliloquy on view of him at their head, 114; speech to him thereon, 130; reply to his answer, 171; encounters him in the battle, 189; vanquishes Ariel, Arioc, and Ramiel (fallen angels), 369.
Abel and Cain, their story related, xi. 429.
Abjure, viii. 480.
Abominations, i. 389.
Abrupt, ii. 409.
Abstract, viii. 462.
Abraham and the patriarchs, xii. 113; all nations his sons by faith, 446.
Acanthus, iv. 696.
Accaron, i. 466.
Acheron, a river of hell, ii. 570.
Actual, x. 585.
Adam and Eve, described generally, iv. 288; particularly, 295; their state of innocence, 312, 492, 738, v. 211, 303, viii. 510 (*vide* Innocence); night orison, iv. 720; morning orison, v. 153; preparations to entertain the angel Raphael, 313; the table and entertainment described, 391; their nuptial bed, iv. 708; nuptials celebrated, viii. 510; parting preceding the temptation, ix. 385; behaviour after their fall, 1004; find themselves naked, 1051; make themselves breeches of fig-leaves, 1099; recriminate on, and reproach, each other, 1187; hide themselves from God (the Son), x. 97; appearance before him, 109; repentance, 1098; expulsion from Paradise, xii. 625. (*Vide* Similes.)
Adam, his discourse with Eve on the prohibition of the tree of knowledge, iv. 411; to her at night, 610; answer to her question about the nightly luminaries, 660; viewing her sleeping, v. 8; answer to her relating her dream, (the subject of Satan's first illusive temptation,) 94; to her weeping, 129; invites the angel Raphael to his bower, &c. 361; discourse with him, 460; continued on various subjects, viii. 651 (*vide* Raphael); his creation and dominion, &c. over the creatures, ix. 524; prohibited the tree of knowledge, vii. 542, viii. 332; account of himself and objects about him, &c. on his creation, 253; of his first view of the Divine Presence, instationed in Paradise, &c. 311; speech to God thereon, and on his solitude there, 357; reply to God's answer, 379; sleep on the formation of Eve

described, 451; his first view of her, 481; passion for her, 521; valediction to Raphael, 644; discourse with Eve preceding the temptation, (on Satan's subtilty, and the means to resist it, &c.) ix. 205—384; care and fears for her in absence, 838; meets her returning with the forbidden fruit, 847; soliloquy lamenting her transgression, 896; resolves to die with her, 907; speech to her thereon, 921; eats the forbidden fruit, 996; incites her to carnal fruition, (the first effect of it,) 1011, 1016; the place, &c. described, 1037; after-speech to her on their fall and nakedness, 1067; another, charging her as the aggressor, 1132; reply to her answer (recriminates her affected self-sufficiency, &c.) 1162; answer to God (the Son), calling him to judgment, x. 115; reply to him, (accuses Eve,) 124; the sentence pronounced on him, 197; soliloquy thereon, 720; continued, 854; wishes for his dissolution, 746, 771; reflections on the immortality of the soul, &c. 782; repulsory speech to Eve attempting to consolate him, 866; relents towards her, 937; reply to her, (accusing herself as the first in transgression,) 947; answer, (to her reply advising to die by their own hands,) 1013; resolves the contrary, (submission to God's will, and repentance,)1028; speech to Eve, (on the efficacy of prayer, &c.) xi. 140; hails her the mother of mankind, 158; speech to her on the omens preceding their expulsion from Paradise, 193; on the view of Michael approaching, 226; behaviour on receiving the message, 263; speech to Michael thereon, 295; resignation, 370; discourse with Michael, discovering to him in vision what should happen in the world to the flood, 450—867; discourse with him, relating what should happen to the general resurrection, xii. 61—551; general reply to him, (resolutions of future obedience, dependence on God's providence, &c.) 552. (*Vide* Eve. Michael. Raphael. Similes.)

Address, v. 868.

Adonis, a river in Syria, i. 450.

Adramelec and Asmadai, fallen angels, wounded, and put to flight, vi. 365.

Adria, i. 520.

Adust, xii. 635.

Ægean, i. 746.

Ætna, i. 233; iii. 470.

Afer, x. 702.

Affable, vii. 41.

Affront, i. 391.

Agra, xi. 391.

Ahaz, i. 472.

Aimed, vi. 317.

Air first clouded on Adam's fall, xi. 182.

Ajalon, xii. 266.

Alabaster, iv. 544.

Aladule, x. 435.

Alcairo, i. 780.

Alchemist, v. 440.

Alchemy, ii. 517.

Alcides, ii. 542.

Alcinous, v. 341; ix. 441.

Alëian, vii. 15.

Allusions. (*Vide* Similes.)

Altern, vii. 348.

Amalthea, iv. 278.

Amarant, a flower transplanted from Paradise to heaven, iii. 352.

Ambition censured, ii. 482; a cause of Satan's fall, iv. 86.

Amerced, i. 609.

Amiral, i. 291.

Amphisbæna, x. 524.

Anarch, ii. 988.

Andromeda, iii. 559.

Angels (celestial) obey God of choice, not necessity, v. 535; imbattled against Satan, and the fallen an-

BOOK XII.

Line 1. *As one who, in his journey, bates at noon.* This and the four following lines were added in the second edition, when the last book was divided into two.

5. *Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.* Transition is here used in the classical sense of *transitio orationis*, which is thus defined by Cicero in his *Rhetorica ad Herennium*, iv. 35: "Transition showeth briefly what hath been said, and proposeth likewise in brief what followeth. This embellishment contributes to two things, it reminds the reader of what hath been spoken, and prepares him for what is to come." Quintilian often speaks of *transition* as a graceful decoration to a speech.

11. *Henceforth what is to come I will relate.* Milton having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narrative. Addison objects to this mode of treatment, and compares it to the act of an historical painter who should put one half of his subject in colours and write down the rest. But Todd successfully defends Milton's arrangement, and approving the ingenious reason which the angel assigns for discontinuing the vision and introducing the narration, observes, that there are many circumstances in this concluding book which were not capable of being represented to the sight.

16. *With some regard to what is just and right shall lead their lives.* This answers to the *silver age* of the poets, the Paradisiacal state is the *golden age*. The *iron age* begins at verse 24.

24, 25. *Till one shall rise of proud ambitious heart.* It is generally believed that Nimrod was the first who laid the foundation of kingly government among mankind; the primitive government being by families and tribes. In Gen. x. 9, it is said, that "he was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Milton, on the authority of several learned commentators, understands this in the worst sense, of hunting *men*, not beasts (line 30.) The phrase "before the Lord," that is openly in the face of God, St. Augustine translates "*against* the Lord," and Vatablus and others interpret it as meaning "*under* the Lord," usurping all authority to himself next under God, and claiming it *jure divino*, as was done in Milton's own time. Milton takes in both interpretations (lines 34, 35), as he often does when quoting a scriptural passage of various meaning. So he adopts the most unfavourable derivation of "Nimrod," which some give, from the Hebrew *marad*, to rebel, line 36.

43, 44. *Of that stuff, they cast to build a city and tower,* &c. This

narration of the erection of Babel is closely borrowed from Gen. xi. What our translation calls *slime* is in the Latin *bitumen*, and in the Greek *asphaltos*. (See I. 411, 729, and notes.) It boiled up in fountains out of the ground in the plain of Babylon, and was the cement used for the brickwork. Newton says, the poet calls this pool "the mouth of hell," by the same poetic figure by which the ancient poets called Avernus, the jaws of hell.

48. *But God, who oft descends to visit men unseen*, &c. So Gen xi. 5. Scripture speaks here after the manner of men; thus the heathen gods are often represented as coming down to observe the actions of men, as in the stories of Lycaon, Baucis and Philemon, &c.

53. *Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase. i.e.* a spirit producing variety of language, consequently confusion, and the eventual failure of the work. Gen. xi. 9.

59. *Great laughter was in heaven.* Some critics think this and the line immediately following beneath the dignity of the epic: but there are passages somewhat analogous both in Homer and the Psalms. Homer, Il. i. 599, says, "laughter inextinguishable rose among the happy gods," and in Psalm ii. 4, it is said, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision." See also Psalm xxxvii. 13; ix. 8.

62. *The work Confusion named.* Babel, in Hebrew, means *confusion*.

101, 102. *Witness the irreverent son of him who built the ark.* See Genesis ix. 22—25: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren," &c.

111. *One peculiar nation to select.* The angel, from this point, confines his narration henceforward to the one peculiar natiion, the race of Abraham, from which the Messiah was to descend.

114. *Him on this side Euphrates yet residing;* that is *yet* when God resolved to select *one peculiar nation* at l. 111. *Him* is the same him as at l. 120, and is governed by *call* at l. 121. This history of Abraham and description of the Holy Land, is copied from Gen. xi. and xii. See also Joshua xxiv. 2; Numbers xxxiv.; Deut. iii. It appears that Terah, Abraham's father, was born 222 years after the flood, and that Noah did not die till 350 years after the flood (Gen. ix. 28) so that he witnessed idolatry for at least 128 years.

120, 121. *Him, God the Most High vouchsafes to call, by vision, from his father's house.* Gen. xii. 1—3: "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country," &c. *Him* is repeated from l. 114.

130. *Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford to Haran.* Ur, a city of Chaldea, a province of Asia, east of the Euphrates and west of the Tigris, the country of Terah and Abraham. *Passing now the ford to Haran, i.e.* over the Euphrates, where it was fordable to Haran, on the road to Canaan. See Genesis xi. 31.

136. *His tents pitch'd about Sechem.* Sechem, or Sichem, was a town of the province of Samaria. Gen. xii. 6.

x. 842; laws to force it censured, xii. 515; no infallibility against it, 529.
Constellations, their appearances, motion, &c. iii. 577.
Contraction, vi. 597.
Cowls, iii. 490.
Creation, the universal, described, iii. 708; vii. 221.
Creatures, animal, in Paradise, described, iv. 340; have degrees of knowledge and reason, viii. 369; their discord an effect of Adam's fall, x. 707; entry of Noah's ark, xi. 733.
Crocodile, vii. 474.
Crocus, iv. 701.
Cronian, x. 290.
Cyclades, v. 264.
Cycle, viii. 84.
Cyrene, ii. 904.

D.

Dagon, (a fallen Angel,) i. 457.
Damasked, iv. 334.
Dam, ix. 612.
Damiata, ii. 593.
Damned, the vicissitudes of their torments described, ii. 596.
Damp, xi. 544.
Danaw, i. 353.
Daphne, iv. 273.
David, his throne why eternal, xii. 320.
Day and night in heaven described, vi. 4.
Death and sin, their station at hell-gates before Adam's fall, ii. 648; their union, x. 249; make a bridge from thence over Chaos to the world, after it, 282; meet Satan in his return to hell from thence, 326; their journey thither, and influences described, 410; arrival at Paradise, 585; after-conduct in the world, 610. (*Vide* Similes.)
Death described, ii. 666; answer to Satan at hell-gates, 688; the son of Satan and Sin, 727; its birth, 777; answer to Sin on Adam's fall, x. 264; to Sin's speech in Paradise, 596. (*Vide* Similes.)
Death natural, the causes, and variety of it, described, xi. 466—493; more terrible in view than reality, 469; of the faithful, a sleep to immortality, xii. 425—434; the gate of life, 571.
Death eternal considered, x. 808.
Deluge universal. (*Vide* Noah.)
Demogorgon, ii. 965.
Descant, iv. 603.
Despair, the degrees and colours of it, iv. 108.
Devils, why eternally excluded from grace, iii. 129.
Dipsas, x. 526.
Discord censured, ii. 496; daughter of Sin, &c. x. 707.
Dominion absolute in man, over men, an usurpation, xii. 64.
Dreams illusive, &c. their source, iv. 799; natural, v. 110; divine, xii. 611.

E.

Eagle, a bird of prey, an effect of Adam's fall, xi. 185.
Earth and Heaven. (*Vide* Heaven and Earth.)
Earth, its general creation described, iii. 715; vii. 231; the shadow of heaven, v. 574; separated from the waters, part of the third day's creation, described, vii. 276; the fruits of it, &c. 313; its motion, or of the heavens, speculations thereon censured, viii. 70; its praises, ix. 99; the centre of the creation, 107; destruction by Noah's flood described, xi. 743; restitution after it, xii. 852; an universal Paradise at the Messiah's coming to judgment, 463. (*Vide* World.)
Eden, the country bounded, iv. 210.

Eden, the garden of it. (*Vide* Paradise.)
Egypt, the plagues of it described, xii. 173.
Election asserted, iii. 183.
Elements, &c. subsist on each other, xi. 415.
Enoch, his story and translation, xi. 664, 700.
Eve and Adam. (*Vide* Adam and Eve. Innocence. Similes.)
Eve particularly described, characterized, &c. iv. 712; v. 379; viii. 470, 482, 546, 596; ix. 386, 431, 457, 489, 538, 603, 896; answer to Adam's discourse on the prohibition of the tree of knowledge, iv. 440; recounts her first view of the creation, Adam, &c. 449; answer to him at night, 635; to him waking her, (relates her dream, the subject of Satan's first illusive temptation,) v. 27; weeping described, 129; attending the entertainment of Raphael, 443; her formation from Adam, viii. 460; behaviour on view of him, &c. 500; discourse with him preceding the temptation, (she prevailing on her own sufficiency, and his fondness,) ix. 205—384; answer to Satan (in the serpent), 552; the discourse (Satan tempting her to eat the forbidden fruit) continued, 732; soliloquy before her eating it, 745; plucks and eats, 780; soliloquy after it, 795; resolution to tempt Adam, 830; speech to him thereon, 856; reply to his answer resolving to die with her, 960; behaviour thereon, 990; gives him the fruit, 995; repeats the transgression with him, 1005, is incited by him to carnal fruition, (the first effect of it,) 1014, 1035; the place, &c. described, 1037; answer to him (accusing her as the aggressor) imputes it to his indulgence, 1142; answer to God (the Son) calling her to judgment, (accuses the serpent,) x. 159; the sentence pronounced on her, 192; behaviour and speech to Adam's repulse of her, and her offers of consolation, (accuses herself,) 909; after behaviour thereon, 937; reply to his answer, (advises to die by their own hands,) 966; to him, hailing her the mother of mankind, xi. 162; soliloquy, lamenting the threatened expulsion from Paradise, 268; speech to him on quitting it, (affection, conjugal resolution, and consolation on the promise of the Messiah,) xii. 610. (*Vide* Adam. Similes.)
Evening described, iv. 598.
Evil—in thought unapproved—blameless, v. 117.
Experience—a guide to wisdom, ix. 807.

F.

Faith, unnecessary endeavours to approve it, suspicious, ix. 1139.
Faith in Christ, with works, eternal life, xii. 420; laws to force it censured, 515; no infallibility against it, 529.
Fancy (a faculty of the soul), its office, v. 100; the eye of the soul, viii. 460.
Fame (or glory), the common notion of it censured, xi. 688.
Fate, the will of God, vii. 170.
Fig-tree, of which Adam, Eve, &c. made aprons, described, ix. 1101.
Firmament, the second day's creation, described, vii. 261.
Fish, part of the fifth day's creation, described, 391.
Flaming sword in Paradise on Adam's, &c. expulsion thence, described, xii. 632. (*Vide* Similes.)
Flood universal. (*Vide* Noah.)
Freedom, with the loss of it, virtue, &c. degenerates, xi. 797.

Free grace asserted, iii. 173; defined, 227.
Free-will asserted, iii. 95; v. 235, 520; viii. 635; ix. 350; x. 43; reason, the same, iii. 108; ix. 350; the image of God, viii. 440.
Fruition, carnal, the passion of it censured, viii. 579.

G.

Gabriel (the Archangel), chief of the guardian angels of Paradise, his station, &c. described, iv. 443; informed by Uriel of Satan's descent there, 561; undertakes to detect him, 576; his charge to Uzziel, Ithuriel, and Zephon (three other of the guardian angels) thereon, 782; speech to them, &c. on their taking, and return with him, 866; to Satan thereon, 877; reply to his answer, 902; to another, 946; to another, 1006; appointed one of the chiefs of the celestial army against the revolted angels, vi. 45; his prowess, &c. in the battle, 354.
Glory (or fame), the common notion of it censured, xi. 688.
God the Father contemplating his works, &c. iii. 56; speech to God the Son, on Satan's design on the creation, man, &c. 80; reply to his answer, 168; proposes the manner, &c. of fallen man's redemption, 203; answer to the Son undertaking it, 274; decrees his bodily resurrection as God and man, 303; his the Father's attributes, &c. 372; visibly seen in the Son, 383; vi. 680; charge to Raphael to warn Adam against his fall, v. 224; speech to the whole celestial hierarchy, convened at the inauguration of God the Son, 600; to the Son on Satan's, &c. revolt thereon, 719; army against the revolters described, vi. 15; speech to Abdiel on his quitting their party, 29; appoints Michael and Gabriel chiefs of the celestial army, 44; battle, &c. between them and the revolters described, 202—607; appoints God the Son to end it, 680; chariot (the Father's) described, 749; speech to the Son, resolving the creation of the world, vii. 139; commits the work to him, 163; his (the Father's) omnipresence, 168, 588; goodness, free, 170; will, fate, 173; institution of the Sabbath (by God the Father and Son) the seventh after the six days of the creation, 581; the solemnity of it described, 594; speech (the Father's) on the guardian angels' return from Paradise upon Adam's, &c. fall, x. 34; appoints the Son judge of it, 55; speech to the celestials on Sin and Death's entrance into the world thereby, 614; promise of their dissolution, and renovation of heaven and earth, 633; charge to the angels, touching the changes in the creation on the fall, 649; answer to the Son's intercession on Adam's repentance, xi. 45; speech to the celestials, convened at his decreeing his expulsion from Paradise, 84; to Michael thereon, 99.
God the Son, at the right hand of the Father, iii. 62; his (the Father's) essence, &c. 138; his word, &c. 169; vii. 163; answer to him on Satan's design on the creation, man, &c. iii. 144; on his proposing the manner, &c. of man's redemption, 227; undertakes it, 236; love to man, and filial obedience, 266; the second Adam, 285; his merits alone imputative to man, 290; xii. 406; his resurrection, as God and man, decreed, iii. 303; equal to the Father, 305; his (the Son's) at-

tributes, 383; answer to the Father on Satan's, &c. revolt, vi. 733; the image of the Father, iii. 383; vi. 680, 736; the Messiah, 718, 881; answer to the Father, appointing him to end the battle between the celestial and revolted angels, 723; undertakes it, 730; his armour, equipage, &c. described, 760; speech to the celestial army, 800; solely attacks the revolters, 824; entirely defeats them, 838; the action and defeat described, 631—877; returns in triumph, 878; his person, equipage, &c. in the work of the creation described, vii. 192; re-ascent to heaven after it, 550; institution of the Sabbath (by God the Father and Son) the seventh after the six days' creation, 581; the solemnity of it described, 594; answer (the Son's) to Adam, on his solitude in Paradise, viii. 369; to his reply, 398; to another, (promises him a consort,) 437; appointed by the Father judge of Adam's transgression (fall), x. 55; all judgment committed to him, 56; the mercy of it, 58; answer to the Father thereon, 68; descent to Eden, 85; call to Adam there, 103; reply to his answer, (accusing Eve,) 119; to his reply, 144; to Eve, (accusing the serpent,) 157; sentence pronounced by him on the serpent, 163, 175; explained, 182; on Eve, 192; on Adam, 197; clothes them with skins, &c. 211; re-ascent to the Father, and intercession for them, 224; the justice of his sentence, 754; his intercession on their repentance, xi. 22. (*Vide* Messiah.)

God, purity of adoration more acceptable to him than ritual, iv. 736; all good proceeds from, and returns to him, v. 469; to be contemplated in the works of the creation, 508; acts immediate, vii. 176; the centre of heaven, ix. 107; his absolute decrees, xi. 311; omnipresence, goodness, &c. 335; the fear of him, &c. with loss of freedom, degenerates, 797; particular presence, xii. 48; to obey, love, depend on his providence, &c. the sum of knowledge, 557; and wisdom, 575.

Gospel, how to be understood, xii. 511.

Grace of God, man its object, and devils eternally excluded from it, why, iii. 129; man's long resistance of it alone exclusive, 198; repentance a fruit of it, xi. 22; the spirits of it, and liberty, consorts, xii. 525.

Gratitude exerted, a discharge of its debt, iv. 55.

Gunpowder, guns, &c. the original invention ascribed to the Devil, vi. 478, 484; discharge described, 584.

H.

Heaven and earth, their final renovation by fire, xi. 898; xii. 547; after-happiness therein, 463, 549.

Heaven, the joys, &c. of it described, iii. 344; its gate, 501; v. 253; passage from thence to the world, iii. 526; its general creation, 716: visible, the study of it how necessary, viii. 66; speculations of its motions, or the earth's, censured, 70; how situated, respecting the world, and hell, x. 320.

Hell described, i. 60, 228; ii. 587, 618; its gates, 645; first opened by Sin, 871; how situated, respecting heaven, and the world, x. 322. (*Vide* Similes.)

Hierarchies of heaven, before the revolt of the fallen angels, described, v. 579.

Hinnom, the valley of, whence called Tophet and Gehenna, i. 399.

HOLY GHOST, its effusion, &c. at the creation, vii. 195; descent, &c. on the apostles, and all baptized, xii. 485; promised and given alike to all believers, xii. 518.
Hospitality, an incitation to it, v. 316.
Hymn to light, iii. 1; to God, the Father and Son, 372; on conjugal love, iv. 750; on the creation, vii. 180, 252, 557, 602.
Hypocrisy visible to God alone, iii. 682.
Hypocrites, Satan the first, iv. 121; pretenders to supernatural purity, &c. 744.

I.

Idolatry, the original rise of it assigned, i. 364; of the postdiluvian world, xii. 115.
Jealousy, the lover's hell, v. 449.
Immortality of the soul discussed, x. 782.
Innocence, the state of it described, iv. 312, 492, 738; v. 211, 303, 443; viii. 40, 510.
Intellectual beings, a faculty of them, ii. 146.
Invocations, the author's, i. 6; iii. 51; vii. 1; xi. 20.
Jove, (a fallen angel,) i. 512.
Israelites, the story of their bondage, and deliverance from Egypt, related, xii. 163; of the settlement of their civil and sacred economy in the wilderness, 223; establishment in Canaan, 260; reason, use, &c. of the ritual laws, 280; government by judges and kings, 315; captivity in Babylon, 335; return from thence, after dissensions, &c. to the birth of the Messiah, &c. 345—359.
Isis, (a fallen angel,) i. 478.
Ithuriel, (a guardian angel of Paradise,) iv. 788; detects Satan's first attempt on Eve there, 810.

K.

Knowledge of good and evil, the tree of it, how situated, iv. 220; ix. 626; described, ix. 575; forbidden to Adam, vii. 542; viii. 343; Satan's encomium of it, ix. 679; Eve's, 795, 863.
Knowledge (or opinion) the result of reason and fancy, v. 100; without restraint, folly, vii. 126; viii. 188; xii. 560; of things necessary, wisdom, viii. 192.
Knowledge of future events, the desire of it reprehended, xi. 770; its sum, the love, fear, &c. of God, xii. 557; in animal creatures asserted, viii. 369. (*Vide* Similes.)

L.

Lethe, a river of hell, described, ii. 582; Medusa the guard of it, 610.
Leviathan described, i. 201.
Liberty, with the loss of it, virtue, &c. degenerates, xi. 797; Adam's fall, the first cause of it, xii. 82.
Liberty, the same with reason, xii. 83.
Life, the tree of it described, iv. 218; where situated, ix. 69.
Life, long, by temperance, xi. 530; the great rule of it respecting itself, 553.
Light, hymn to it, iii. 1; the first day's creation described, vii. 243.
Lightning, how produced, x. 1073.
Limbo, or fools' Paradise, where, iii. 495.
Lion, a beast of prey, an effect of Adam's fall, xi. 187.
Love, conjugal, its praises, iv. 750; distinguished from that of an amour, 763; consists in reason, not passion, viii. 586; defined, 589; in spirits celestial, the expression of it what, and how, 620; smiles the food of love, ix. 239; founded in reason, one end of human life, ix. 241.

Lucifer, Satan why so called, x. 425; (*Vide* Satan.)
Lust carnal, the effect of Adam's, &c. fall, ix. 1011; the solace of it, 1042.

M.

Mammon, (a fallen angel,) i. 678; his speech in the council called by Satan after their fall, ii. 229.
Man, fallen, the object of grace, why, iii. 130; his long resistance of it alone exclusive, 198; redemption proposed by God the Father, 203; undertaken by God the Son, 227; the Son's merits alone imputative to him, towards it, how, 290.
Man created to repair the loss of the fallen angels, iii. 667; ix. 143; his creation (part of the sixth day's) described, vii. 524; dominion over the rest, 520; love to woman, how consistent with his superiority, viii. 567; the whole creation in little, ix. 109; angels his guardians, 154; his superiority over the woman given him by God, x. 145, 195; pursuing his appetites, disfigures not God's image, but his own, xi. 515; conformity to the divine will, the true end of his creation, xi. 603; absolute dominion over his brethren (men) an usurpation, xii. 64; given him by God only over the creatures, 67.
Matches, conjugal, the modern censured, viii. 57; respecting the woman particularly, x. 888.
Medusa, the guard of Lethe, ii. 610.
Mercy, God's first and last attribute, iii. 132.
Messiah promised, x. 181; the promise explained, x. 182; xii. 386; his birth, &c. and kingdom described, 359; why called the seed of the woman, 376; life and passion, 388; resurrection, and mission of the apostles, 420; ascension, &c. 451; coming to judgment, &c. 458, 543.
Michael (the Archangel) appointed one of the chiefs of the celestial army against the revolted angels, vi. 44; his prowess, &c. in the battle, 250; speech to Satan encountering him, 262; the combat described, 296; wounds Satan, 320; the revolters defeated, encamps on the field of battle, 410; prepares to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise, xi. 126; his appearance, &c. there described, 238; speech to Adam thereon, 251; reply to Eve lamenting the threatened expulsion, 286; to Adam on the same subject, 334; discovers to him (in vision) what should happen to the time of the flood, 423—867; the story of Cain and Abel, 429; death, with its causes and variety, 466; the state of the antediluvian world, (in common,) 556; the state of it, (civil, or in propriety,) 638; the story of Enoch, 664; of Noah, 700; the flood, 738; God's covenant to destroy the world no more by water, 890; discovers to him (relatively) what should happen from the flood to the general resurrection, xii. 6—551; the patriarchal government, 13; Nimrod's tyranny, 24; the building and confusion at Babel, 38; the story of Cham, 101; of Abraham and the patriarchs, 113; of the Israelites' bondage in Egypt, and deliverance thence, 163; of the settlement of their civil and sacred economy in the wilderness, and establishment in Canaan, 223; of their various ritual laws, their reason, use, &c. 280; of their government by judges and kings, 315; of their captivity in Babylon, 335; of their return from thence,

after-dissensions, the birth and kingdom of the Messiah, 345—371; of his life, passion, resurrection, mission of the apostles, ascension, &c. 388—465; of the mission of the Holy Ghost, gift of tongues, miracles, &c. 485—504; of the apostles' successors, (false teachers, &c.) their ambition, innovations, &c. the effects of them, and the Messiah's coming to judgment, 507—551; his answer to Adam's resolution of future obedience, &c. commends, advises him, and warns him to quit Paradise, 575; leads him and Eve out, 637. (*Vide* Similes.)
Mind, the force of it, i. 254; discourse, its food, ix. 237.
Moloch, (a fallen angel,) i. 392; his speech in the council called by Satan after their fall, ii. 51; defies Gabriel in the battle between the celestial and revolted angels, vi. 357; is wounded by him and flies, vi. 360.
Moon, supposed inhabited by translated saints and middle spirits, iii. 459; its office, 726; rising described, iv. 606; the spots in it, vapours not yet consolidated with its body, v. 418; part of the fourth day's creation, vii. 356; receives its light from the sun, 375; motion, aspects, 379.
Moon and stars, their courses, influences, &c. iv. 661.
Moon and planets, their noxious motion, aspects, &c. an effect of Adam's fall, x. 656.
Morning in heaven described, vi. 12.
Morning, natural, described, v. 1, 20; ix. 192; xi. 133.
Moses and Aaron, their mission to Egypt, xii. 170.
Mulciber, (a fallen angel,) i. 740.

N.

Night in heaven described, v. 642.
Night and day in heaven described, vi. 4.
Night natural described, iv. 604, 776; v. 38; ix. 48; at Adam's fall, x. 846.
Nimrod, (the first monarch,) his tyranny described and censured, xii. 24.
Nisroch, (a fallen angel,) vi. 446; his answer to Satan in council after their defeat by the celestial angels, vi. 451.
Noah, his reprehension of the antediluvian world, xi. 719, 808; building the ark, &c. 728; entering it with his family, the creatures, &c. 733; the flood described, 738, 824; its abatement, the ark's resting, &c. 841; his descent from it, the appearance of the rainbow, &c. 861.
Noon described, v. 300.

O.

Obedience, conjugal, woman's happiness, &c. iv. 635; of will, not necessity, only acceptable to God, v. 529.
Old age described, xi. 535.
Omens of Adam's expulsion from Paradise, xi. 182.
Opinion (or knowledge). (*Vide* Knowledge or opinion.)
Orbs celestial, and terrestrial, notions about their motions, appearance, &c. doubtful, and not necessary to the improvement of happiness, &c. viii. 78—178.
Orus, (a fallen angel,) i. 478.
Osiris, (another,) *ibid.*

P.

Pandemonium (the court of hell) described, i. 710. (*Vide* Similes.)

Paradise (or the garden of Eden) described, iv. 131, 214; v. 291; vii. 537; viii. 304; ix. 439; the eastern gate of it, iv. 542; guarded by Gabriel, 549; the bower of Adam and Eve there, iv. 690; the parade, watches, &c. of the guardian angels in Paradise, iv. 778, 782, 861, 977; the hill there, from whence Michael discovers to Adam in vision what should happen to the time of the flood, xi. 377; Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise described, xii. 625; the flaming sword, &c. guarding the east gate of it, 632; the seat of it described by Noah's flood, xi. 829. (*Vide* Similes.)
Passions inordinate, an effect of Adam's fall, ix. 1120.
Patriarchal government, from the flood to Nimrod's tyranny, xii. 13.
Patriarchs, (Abraham's, &c.) their story related, xii. 113.
Peace, the corruptions of it equal to the wastes of war, xi. 783.
Peor or Chemos, (a fallen angel,) i. 412.
Persecution in matters spiritual, the rise of it, xii. 508—533; its effects, 533.
Phlegethon, (a river of hell,) ii. 580.
Plagues of Egypt described, xii. 173.
Planets and moon, their noxious motions, aspects, &c. an effect of Adam's fall, x. 656.
Pleasures sensual censured, xi. 603.
Poles, north and south, perpetual day under both, but for Adam's fall, x. 668, 680.
Prayer, the efficacy of its spirit, xi. 5, 14, 146; unavailable against God's absolute decrees, 311.
Predestination defined, iii. 111.
Priests occasion the first dissension in the Jewish church and state, xii. 353.
Prosopopœia, on Eve's eating the forbidden fruit, ix. 782; on Adam's, 1000.

R

Rainbow, its first appearance after Noah's flood, xi. 865; sign of God's covenant to destroy the world no more by water, 895.
Ramiel, Ariel, and Arioc, (fallen angels,) vanquished, vi. 369.
Raphael, (the Archangel,) his descent to Paradise to warn Adam against his fall, v. 247; his person described, 276; answer to Adam's invitation to his bower, and entertainment there, 371, 404; salutation of Eve, 388; discourse with Adam on various subjects, v. 468 to viii. 651; on the perfection, variety, and gradual economy of the creation, v. 468—543; on obedience, as a duty of choice, not necessity, 520—543; on the revolt and defeat of the fallen angels, 577—897; thence warns him against Satan's temptations, vi. 893; vanquishes Asmadai, and puts him to flight, 363; on the creation, &c. vii. 111—640; on the motion, appearances, and influences of the celestial and terrestrial bodies, viii. 15—178; reply to Adam's account of himself on his creation, &c. 560; reply to his question concerning love, and the expression of it in spirits celestial, 620; advice to Adam at parting, and re-ascent to heaven, 630. (*Vide* Similes.)
Reason, and free-will, the same, iv. 95, 108; ix. 350; the chief faculty of the soul, v. 100; the being of the soul, discursive of men, intuitive of angels, 486; in animal creatures, viii. 369; the law of nature, ix. 653; correlative with liberty, xii. 83; with virtue, 97.
Redemption of man, proposed by God the Father, iii. 203; undertaken by God the Son, 227.
Repentance, the grace of God, iii.

185; sincere endeavours towards it acceptable, 191; an act of it, x. 1086; its efficacy, xi. 22.
Reprobation, the state of it, iii. 198.
Reptiles, part of the sixth day's creation, described, vii. 475.
Revolt, and defeat of the fallen angels, v. 577 to vi. 892.
Rimmon, (a fallen angel,) i. 467.

S.

Sabbath, its institution, the seventh after the six days' creation, vii. 581; the solemnity of it described, 594.
Salvation, not only to the sons of Abraham's loins, but his faith, xii. 449.
Satan, (the prince of the fallen angels,) his fall from heaven, i. 34; why so called, i. 81; v. 657; speech to Beelzebub, after their fall, i. 84; reply to Beelzebub's answer, 157; ascent from hell, 192; his stature, looks, &c. described, 193; iv. 985; v. 706; speech to Beelzebub thereon, i. 242; his shield described, 284; his spear, 292; speech to the other fallen angels, 315; his standard described, 531; speech to the fallen angels reimbattled, 622; calls a council, 752; speech to them in council, ii. 11; undertakes an attempt on the world, (the result of it,) 430, 465; ascent to the gates of hell, 629; speech to Death there, 681; the father of Sin, and Death, 727; answer to Sin's speech, 737; to her reply, 817; flight into Chaos, 917; arrival at the court of Chaos, 951; speech there, 968; brought Sin and Death first into the world, 1024; ascent to light, &c. 1034; alights on the convex of the world's outermost orb, iii. 418; view of the world from the first step to heaven gate, 540; descent to it described, 561; stops at the sun, 588; discovers Uriel, the angel of it, there, 621; transforms himself to a cherub, 634; speech to Uriel, 654; deceives him, 681; is directed by him to the world, 724; and Paradise, 733; alights on Mount Niphates, 739; soliloquy, contemplating the sun, iv. 32; the first hypocrite, 121; arrives at Paradise, 131; sits on the tree of life, 194; soliloquy on view of Adam and Eve in Paradise, 358; descends from the tree of life, and assumes several animal shapes, 395; listens to Adam's discourse with Eve, on God's prohibition of the tree of knowledge, 408; soliloquy on the subject of it, 505; resolves thence to tempt them to disobedience, 512; first attempt, in the assumed shape of a toad, on Eve asleep, 799; answer to Ithuriel and Zephon, reprehending him thereon, 827; reply to their answer, 854; answer to Gabriel, 886; reply to his answer, 925; to another, 968; inauguration of God the Son, the occasion of his revolt, v. 657; speech to the next subordinate angel of his party thereon, 673; the seat of his hierarchy before his fall, described, 756; speech to the angels of his hierarchy thereon, 772; reply to Abdiel's answer, on his speech to the hierarchs of his party, 853; his army described, vi. 79; his port, and post there, 99; answer to Abdiel's reply, 150; battle between his and the celestial army, described, 205—385; his prowess in the battle, 246; encounters Michael, 253; answer to Michael's speech thereon, 281; the combat described, 296; wounded by him, 320; carried off, 335; his army

defeated, 386; retreats, and calls a council, 414; speech in council, 418; reply to Nisroch there, 469; gives the word for renewing the battle, 458; renewed by his army, and the second battle described, 569, 670; speech on the celestial army's retreat, 608; his army's entire defeat and expulsion from heaven described, 831—877; returns from compassing the earth to Paradise by night, in a mist, in order to his temptation, ix. 53; his circuit, &c. described, 62; soliloquy thereon, 99; enters the serpent, 182; view (in that shape) of Eve, 424; soliloquy thereon, 473; behaviour to her, 523; speech to her, 532; reply to her answer, 567; the discourse (his temptation of Eve to eat the forbidden fruit) continued, 732; leaves her after eating it, 784; his sentence thereon (virtually) pronounced by God the Son, x. 171; returns to hell to avoid his presence in Paradise, 337; meets Sin and Death upon their journey to the world on Adam's, &c. fall, 345; answer to Sin's speech, 383; parts with them, 410; ascends his throne at Pandemonium, 443; speech to the fallen angels assembled there, 459; applauded with a hiss, 504; he and they transformed to serpents, 510; farther punished with an illusion of the forbidden fruit, 549; both annually continued, 575; himself (the serpent) dragged in chains at the ascension of the Messiah, xii. 453; dissolution (with the world) at his coming to judgment, 545. (*Vide* Similes.)

Saturn, (a fallen angel,) i. 512.

Scriptures, how to be understood, xii. 511.

Seasons, their changes, respecting each clime, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 677.

Serpent described, ix. 182; after entered by Satan, 495; his sentence (formally) pronounced by God the Son, as the assumed tempter of Eve, x. 163, 175. (*Vide* Similes.)

Sidereal blasts, &c. an effect of Adam's fall, x. 692.

Similes.

Adam and Eve, after their fall—to the Americans, at first seen by Columbus. ix. 1115; their repentance—to Deucalion and Pyrrha's address to restore human race after their flood, xi. 8.

Adam caressing Eve—to Jupiter with Juno, (May-showers,) iv. 499; his address to her sleeping—to Zephyrus breathing on Flora, v. 15; bower, to Pomona's arbour, 377; desires to know the story of the creation, prior to his own—to thirst unallayed, increasing, vii. 66; awaked after carnal fruition, the first effect of his fall—to Samson shorn by Dalilah, ix. 1059; sorrow on the vision of Noah's flood—to a father's mourning his children all destroyed in his view at once, xi. 760.

Angels celestial, the spears (of the guardians of Paradise)—to ears of corn ripe for reaping, iv. 980; their march against Satan's army—to that of the birds in Paradise to receive their names from Adam, vi. 72; their hallelujahs—to the sound of seas, x. 642; appointed to expel Adam, &c. (from Paradise)—their faces to a double Janus (four), xi. 128; their eyes—to those of Argus, 129; their appearance there—to the angels appearing to Jacob in Mahanaim, 213; to those in Dothan against the king of Assyria, 216; their motion—to an evening mist, xii. 628.

Angels fallen (or infernal)—to au-

tumnal leaves, i. 302; to floating sea-sedge after a storm, 304; rousing at Satan's command—to sentinels waking from sleep on duty, 331; imbattling against the angels celestial—to the Egyptian plague of locusts, 338; to the irruptions of the northern barbarians, 351; their disposition to engage—to that of the heroes of antiquity, 549; with them—the greatest armies in all ages since the creation—pigmies, 573; themselves—to oaks or pines blasted, 612; their searching, &c. for the materials of Pandemonium—to pioneers intrenching, &c. 675; their manner of raising it—to the wind of an organ, 705; assembling thereat—to bees, 768; to pigmies, 780; to fairies, 781; their applause of Mammon's speech in council—to the hollow wind after a storm, ii. 285; their rising from council—to thunder afar off, 476; their pleasure on the result—to the evening sun after a foul day, 488; their after various pursuits, passions, &c.—to the Olympic, or Pythian games, 530; to the phænomena of armies in the clouds, 533; to Hercules on Œta, 543; their numbers composing Satan's army against the celestials—to the stars, v. 745; to the dew drops, 746; their applause of Satan's reply to Abdiel—to the sound of deep waters, 872; thronged together after their entire defeat by God the Son—to a herd of goats, vi. 856; their retreat to Pandemonium from the frontiers of hell during Satan's expedition to the world—to the Tartars' flight before the Russ—and the Persian from the Turk—wasting the intermediate country, x. 431; transformation to serpents—to those sprung from the gorgon's blood, &c. 526; their appearance on the tree illusive of the forbidden fruit—to the snaky hair of Megæra, (one of the furies,) 558; the fruit—to the apples of Sodom, 561.

Chaos. Atoms, their motion—to the Libyan quicksands, ii. 900; confusion there—to storming a town, 920; to heaven and earth (supposed) falling, &c. 924.

Death, and Sin, their making a bridge over Chaos to the world—to polar winds, driving the ice together in the (supposed) north-east passage, x. 289; the work—to Neptune's fixing the isle of Delos, 293; to Xerxes making a bridge over the Hellespont, 306.

Death's instinct of Adam's fall—to the flight of birds of prey to a field of battle, x. 273; his and Satan's frowns on each other—to two thunder clouds meeting, ii. 714.

Eve—her hair—to the vine's tendrils, iv. 305; her looks—to the first blush of morning, v. 122; herself—to Pandora, iv. 713; to a wood-nymph, or Venus, v. 379; to a Dryad, or Delia (Diana), ix. 387; to Pales or Pomona, 393; to Ceres, 395; her temptation by Satan—alluded to by the story of Ophion and Eurynome, x. 578.

Flaming sword in Paradise, on Adam's and Eve's expulsion thence—to a comet, xii. 632; its heat, &c.—to the Libyan air, 634.

Hell—to mount Ætna, (in Sicily,) i. 230; to the bog or lake Serbonis, (in Palestine,) ii. 592.

Knowledge—the desires of it—to a thirst unallayed, increasing, vii. 66.

Michael—his combat with Satan—to two planets (the frame of nature, supposed, dissolved) rushing in opposition to each other, vi. 310; appearance to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise—to a man in a military vest, &c. xi. 239.

Pandemonium, (or the court of hell,) its sudden rise—to an exhalation, i. 710.
Paradise, the air of it—to the effluvia from Arabia Felix, at sea, iv. 159; itself—to the field of Enna (in Sicily,) 268; to the grove of Daphne, &c. (in Thessaly,) 272; to the isle of Nysa, (where Bacchus was brought up,) 275; to mount Amara (in Ethiopia), 280; to the gardens of Adonis, ix. 439; of Alcinous, 440; of Solomon, 442.
Raphael, his view of the world in his descent from heaven to Paradise—to that of the moon through an optic glass, v. 261; of Delos or Samos from the Cyclades (isles), v, 264; himself—to a phœnix, 271; to Mercury, 285.
Satan—to Briareus, Typhon, and the Leviathan, i. 199, 201; to the sun rising in a mist, 594; in eclipse, 596; to the longest train of a comet, ii. 707; to mount Teneriff or Atlas, iv. 985; his shield—to the moon, i. 284; his spear—to a mast, 292; his standard—to a meteor, 337; the phænomenon of his ascent to hell-gates—to a fleet in the offing, ii. 636; his and Death's frowns on each other—to two thunder clouds meeting, 714; flight to the court of Chaos—to a griffin's in the wilderness, 943; towards heaven—to (the ship) Argo through the Thracian Bosphorus, i. 1016; to Ulysses' voyage between Scylla and Charybdis, ii. 1019; arrival at light, &c.—to a weather-beaten vessel towards port, 1043; on the convex of the world's outermost orb—to a vulture seeking his prey, iii. 431; first view of the world—to a scout's casual prospect (after a dangerous journey) of a new country or city, 543; of the stars' orbs—to the Hesperian gardens, &c. 568; appearance in the sun's orb—to a spot in it differing from all astronomical observations, 688; meditation on his intended attempt on the world—to a gun recoiling, iv. 14; in Paradise—to a wolf preying on a fold, 183; to a thief breaking in at a house top, &c. 188; to a tiger in view of a brace of fawns, 403; detected by Ithuriel there—to gunpowder taking fire, 814; reprehended by Zephon—to a steed reined, in a fret, 857; his army against the celestials in number—to the stars, v. 745; to the dew drops, 746; their applause of his reply to Abdiel—to the sound of deep waters, vi. 872; himself recoiling on a blow received from Michael—to a mountain sinking by an earthquake, 193; his combat with Michael—to two planets (the frame of nature, supposed, dissolved) rushing in opposition to each other, 310; view (in the serpent) of Paradise and Eve there—to a citizen's taking the air in the country from his home confinement, ix. 445; shape (transformed to a serpent) on his return to hell after the temptation—to the serpent Python, x. 529; his tempting Eve—alluded to by the story of Ophion and Eurynome, 578.
Serpent, that entered by Satan—to those Hermione and Cadmus were transformed to, ix. 504; to that assumed by Æsculapius, 506; to those by Jupiter Ammon and Capitolinus, 508; his motion, wreathings, &c.—to the working of a ship in shifting winds, &c. 513; his crest (preceding Eve to the forbidden tree)—to an exhalation flaming (Will i'th'wisp), 634; his address introducing the temptation—to that of an orator of the Athenian or Roman commonwealths, 670.

Sin, her middle parts—to the (supposed) dogs of Scylla, ii. 659; of the night hag, 662.
Spears—to ears of corn ripe for reaping, iv. 980.
Stars, their orbs—to the Hesperian gardens, &c. iii. 568.
Sun, his course turned at Adam's, &c. eating the forbidden fruit—as at the banquet of Thyestes, x. 688.
Uriel, his descent from the sun on Paradise—to a shooting star, iv. 555.
Waters, their flux into seas, &c. on the creation—to drops on dust, vii. 290; to armies forming themselves on sound of trumpet, 294.

Sin and Death. (*Vide* Death and Sin.)
Sin described, ii. 650; her speech to Satan, and Death, at hell gates, 727; reply to Satan, 747; her birth, 752; reply to his answer, 850; opens hell gates to him, 871; speech to Death on Adam's fall, x. 235; to Satan, (meeting him returning to hell,) on her and Death's journey to the world after it, 354; to Death on their arrival at Paradise, 591; reply to Death's answer, 602. (*Vide* Similes.)
Sin, original, lust carnal the first effect of it, ix. 1011; its solace, 1042.
Slavery, original of it the inordinancy of the passions, xii. 86; the justice of it, as consequential on deviating from virtue, &c. 97.
Soul, its faculties, v. 100; its immortality discussed, x. 782.
Spirits, their essence, and power, i. 423, 789; their invisible existence on earth, iv. 677; the elect, their hymn to God the Father, and Son, iii. 372; material, &c. faculties in spirits, v. 404, 433; vital, animal, and material spirits progressive from material nutrition, v. 482; their existence in life, intellect, shape, &c. defined, vi. 344.
Spring perpetual within the tropics, but for Adam's fall, x. 678.
Stars, their places, appearances, &c. iii. 565; fed by the air, v. 417; part of the fourth day's creation, vii. 357; receive their light from the sun, 364. (*Vide* Similes.)
Stars, and moon, their courses, influences, &c. iv. 661.
Storms, &c. an effect of Adam's fall, xi. 695.
Styx, a river of hell, ii. 577.
Sun, its appearance, place, and power, iii. 571; brightness described, 591; orb fed by exhalations from the grosser, v. 423; part of the fourth day's creation, vii. 354; the fountain of light, 364; setting described, iv. 352, 539, 590; viii. 630; x. 92; its annual course, producing intense heat and cold, an effect of Adam's fall, 651; its oblique motion from the equinoctial, from the same cause, 671. (*Vide* Similes.)

T.

Teachers (false) of the Christian religion described, xii. 508.
Temperance, the effect of it long life, xi. 530.
Thammuz or Adonis, (a fallen angel,) i. 446.
Thunder, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 666.
Time, respecting eternity, defined, v. 580.
Titan, (a fallen angel,) i. 510.
Tradition censured, xii. 511.
Tree of Life. (*Vide* Life.) Of knowledge. (*Vide* Knowledge.)
Truth, suffering for it, fortitude, &c. xii. 569.
Tyranny, Nimrod's, described and censured, xii. 24; origin of it,

the inordinancy of the passions, 86; no excuse of the tyrant, (though just in consequence of the subject,) 95.
Tyrants, their plea for conquest, &c. compared with Satan's first attempt on man, iv. 390.
Twilight described, iv. 598.

V.

Vacuity, God's omnipresence an argument against it, vii. 168.
Valour, (or heroic virtue,) the common notion of it censured, xi. 688.
Virtue, &c. with loss of freedom degenerates, xi. 797; reason, and virtue, the same, xii. 98.
Union conjugal. (*Vide* Conjugal union.)
Uriel, (the angel of the sun,) iii. 622; his answer to Satan, 694; directs him to the world, 724; and Paradise, 733; descends thither himself, and informs Gabriel of Satan's predescent, iv. 555, 561; encounters Adramelec, (a fallen angel,) wounds, and puts him to flight, vi. 363. (*Vide* Similes.)
Uzziel, (a guardian angel of Paradise,) iv. 782.

W.

War, property the original of it, xi. 638; the corruptions of peace equal to its wastes, 783.
Waters separated from the earth, part of the third day's creation, vii. 282. (*Vide* Similes.)
Wife, her duty in danger, distress, &c. ix. 267; xi. 290.
Wind, the tempestuous power of it, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 661, 695.
Wisdom, the sum of it, the love, &c. of God, xii. 575.
Wolves, (or false teachers,) the apostles' successors, described, xii. 507.
Woman, conjugal obedience her happiness, &c. iv. 635; man's love towards her, how consistent with his superiority, viii. 567; two of her loveliest qualities, ix. 232; the effect of leaving her to her own will, 1182; his superiority over her given him by God, x. 145, 195; a novelty, defect of nature, &c. (sarcastically) 888; the advantage of her social over her artificial accomplishments, xi. 614; every way the cause of man's misery, (sarcastically,) 632.
Works, with faith in Christ, eternal life, xii. 420.
World, the convex of its outermost orb described, iii. 418; by whom possessed, (sarcastically,) 444, 463; the creation of the world, committed by God the Father to God the Son, vii. 163; described, 218; situation of it, respecting heaven and hell, x. 320. (*Vide* Earth.)

Z.

Zephon, (a guardian angel of Paradise,) iv. 788; reprehends Satan's first attempt on Eve there, 823; reply to his answer, 834.
Zophiel, (a cherub,) vi. 535; alarms the celestial army, on the approach of Satan's to renew the battle, 537.

00043031

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 09 July, 2016